

BRITANNIA and EVE



SEPTEMBER
1938

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These entries in the competition appeared in "The Sketch" of June 8 & 15 respectively.



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OTHER REGULAR FEATURES INCLUDE:

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING"—an entertaining article dealing with the sport of the angler.

A weekly TENNIS article by Miss Helen Jacobs, THE CINEMA by Michael Orme—caricatures by Sheriff.

"TALES WITH A STING"—a weekly short story.

"The Sketch" DIARY OF FASHION, edited by Olive Caley-Smith.

"MOTLEY NOTES": humorous comment on the foibles of the day, by Alan Kemp.

"Following Through"—a page on GOLF.

"FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE": good advice to prospective investors.

"MOTOR DICTA" by H. E. Symons—dealing with every phase of motoring.

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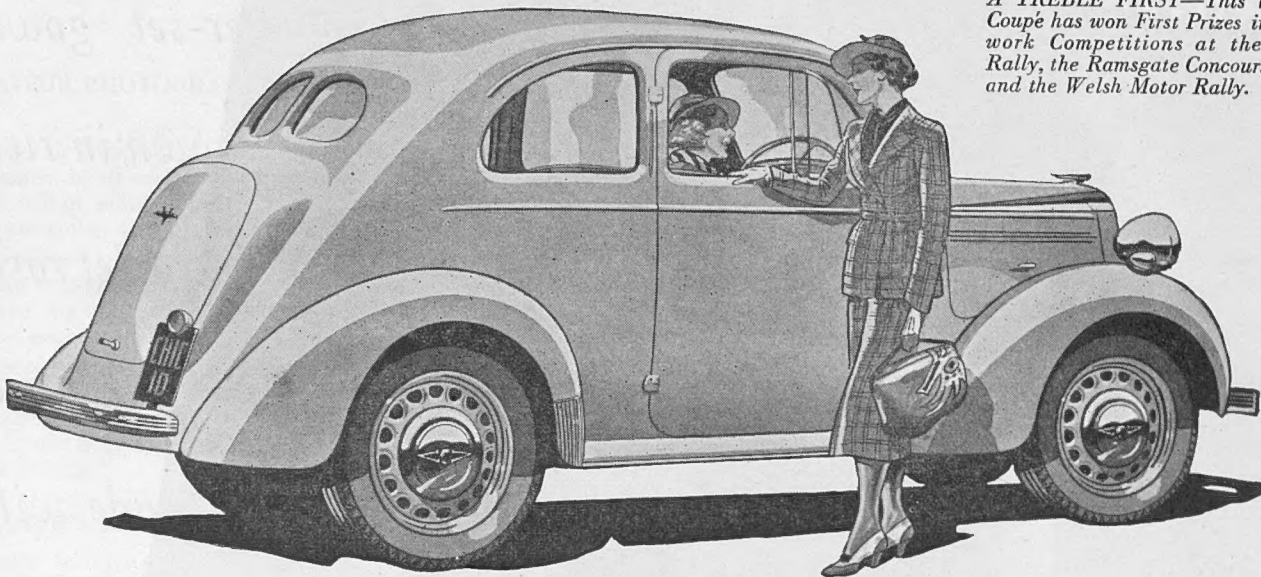


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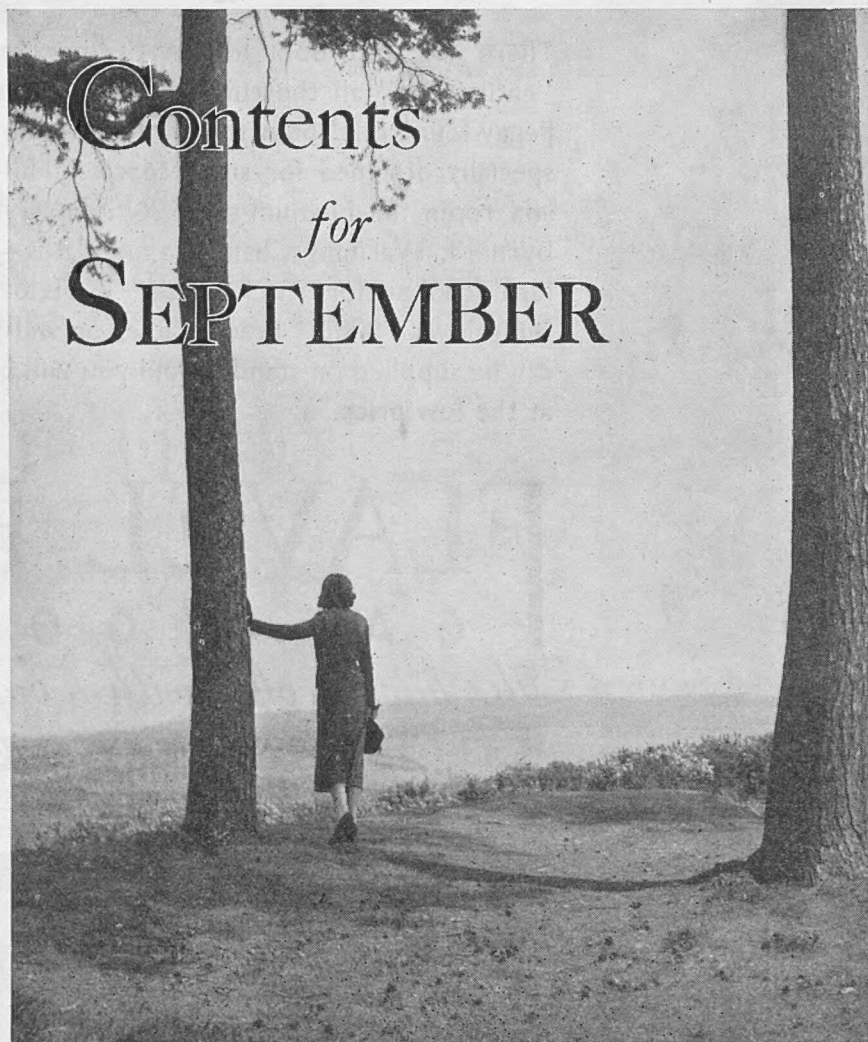
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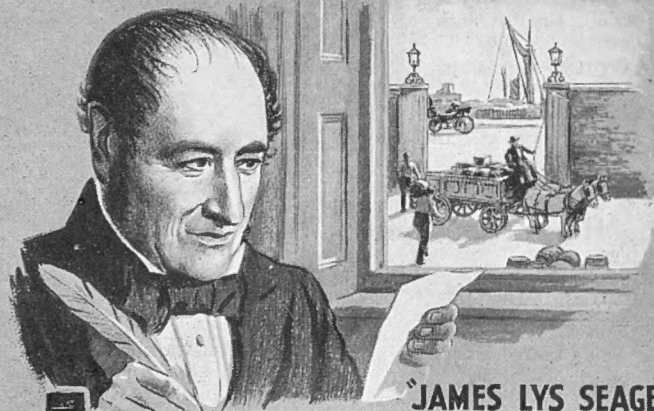
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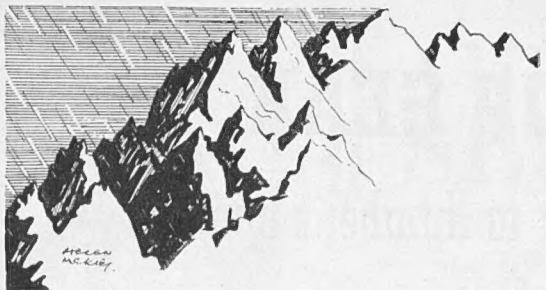
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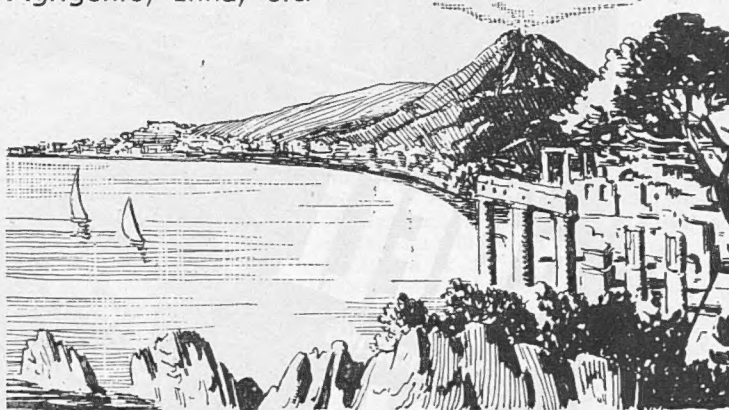
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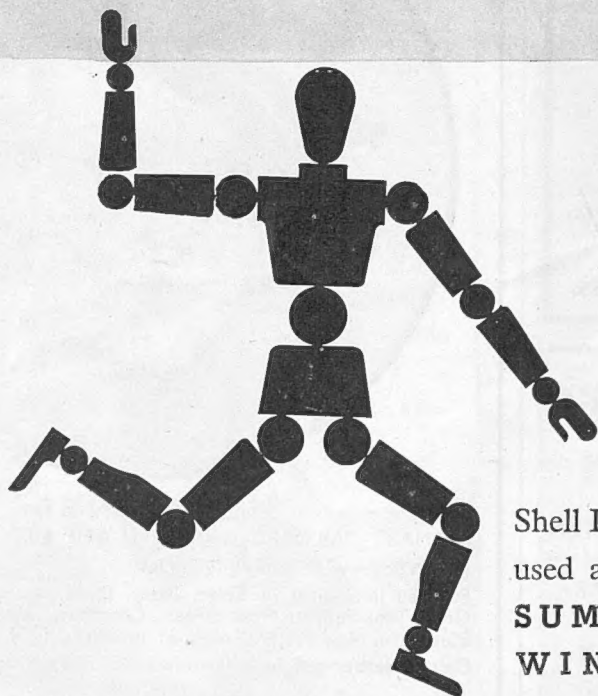
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GENERAL WOLFE

A LITTLE PLAY FOR SEPTEMBER



MONTCALM

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, 1759

SCENE ONE

September 13th, 1737. Two small boys are playing on a slope of beech trees in the woods of Squerrys Court, Westerham, Kent. One boy is darting behind the tree trunks, while the other is perched on a lofty moss-bank looking down on a shallow lake. Gradually the smaller boy—a freckled youth of ten, with a thin upturned nose—darts out and faces the other on the moss-bank.



"Heh! You can't do that. That's a redoubt; you can't cross that!"
 "It's only a redoubt between those two trees," says the smaller boy. "Marlborough can take that easily."
 "But it's my turn to be Marlborough."
 "You're not Marlborough. I'm Marlborough this time. You had him last. Stop throwing that stone. I'll . . .

SCENE TWO

A bedroom in Squerrys Court. Later in the day.

"It was an accident, mother," says the bigger of the two boys. "We were playing at Marlborough."
 "With whom?"
 "James Wolfe. And I cut my eye."
 "You ought to be whipped, you naughty boy, fighting with that bad-tempered Wolfe child."

SCENE THREE

An autumn day twenty-one years later. The late afternoon sun is shining into a room in St. James's Palace. In a big chair by the window sits George II. One of his ministers is standing by his side talking.
 "We think your Majesty would be advised to recall General Wolfe. He has great qualities, of course, sir, but he has not the balance which Lord Amherst possesses. He is unreliable, fickle."

"Frankly, your Majesty, there are many who say that Wolfe is just a trifle mad," adds another minister.

The King stirs into life.

"Mad? Mad is he? Ach, then a good

thing too he is mad! Perhaps he will bite some of my lazy generals. Bah!"

SCENE FOUR

August 1st, 1759. A wooden shack on the Isle of Orleans facing the city of Quebec. General James Wolfe is sitting at a table. Around sit seven officers.

"I admit, gentlemen, that we yesterday suffered a severe defeat. I was entirely wrong about the Montmorency Gorge. We cannot force our way into Quebec from that direction. But, gentlemen, although a trifle tired to-day, we will not pause, we cannot pause. Our only way is to force our men up to the Plains of Abraham."

"But that is scarcely possible, sir! The cliffs are too high."

"Not too high for my ambition," says General Wolfe. "We will rest for a few days, and then begin to prepare for our next contest with my General Montcalm."

SCENE FIVE

The night of September 12th, 1759. On the shore is a longboat with six rowers. Their oars are muffled with cloth. In the stern sits a figure with a boy's voice, to whom a man on the beach is talking.

"Make no mistake," says the man on the beach. "Row up-stream, and land at the Anse du Foulon Cove. Quiet, now; here comes the general."

Four cloaked figures move down to the beach. They seat themselves in the stern of the boat, which pushes off into the stream. "The men should be landing by now," mutters one man.

"Yes," says the clear and youthful voice of General Wolfe. "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, and all the air a solemn stillness holds."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I can see," says Wolfe, "that you are not familiar with Mr. Gray's new poem. But surely you know

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave

Await alike th' inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Sentiments, gentlemen, that at this moment have particular pertinence . . . I think, you know, I would rather have written the *Elegy* of Mr. Gray than conquer Quebec."

SCENE SIX

Up the steep cliffs leading to the Plains of Abraham, which dominate the city of

Quebec, fortress of French power in the New World, struggle hundreds of brawny Highlanders. On the ridge at the top is a lone sentry in the white uniform of France.

"*A quel regiment?*" he demands.

A minute later he is overpowered.

SCENE SEVEN

The drawing-room of the French Intendant Bigot in the city of Quebec. Across the floor are strewn cards, bottles of wine and the sleeping figures of drunken men and women. The Intendant himself is sitting at a table playing *vingt-et-un* when a servant enters and whispers a message.

"Leave it all to Montcalm," stutters Bigot. "*Mon brave Montcalm*. Go away! A sentry sees things. No soldiers on the Plains of Abraham. Go away. Impossible!"

At that moment a cannon goes off close to the Intendant's house.

SCENE EIGHT

The Plains of Abraham. Morning of September 13th, 1759. In the background all is noise and confusion. In the foreground a group of men stand about a figure on the ground.

The figure is that of General Wolfe. His face is chalk white and his blanched lips move slowly. He is a dying man.

"They run," cries a man approaching the group. "They run!" "Whorun?" asks Wolfe faintly.

"The enemy, sir!"

"God be praised! Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton . . . tell him to march Webb's Regiment . . . down to St. Charles River and cut off . . .

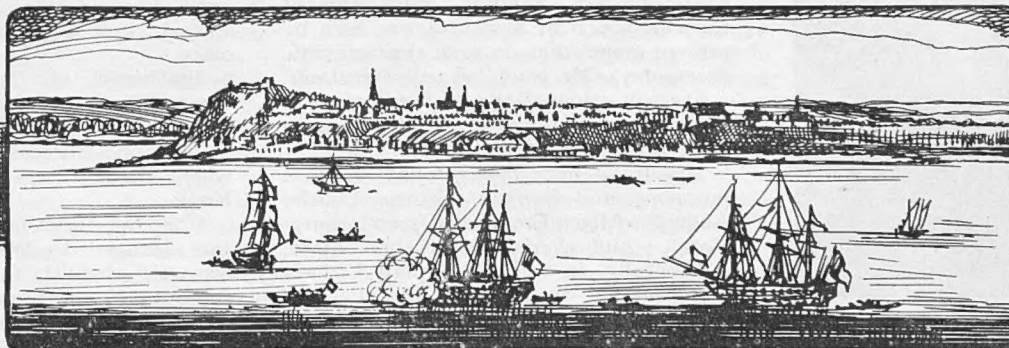


THOMAS GRAY

The voice is even fainter now.

"Cut off . . . the enemy's retreat . . . I . . . die happy."

CURTAIN

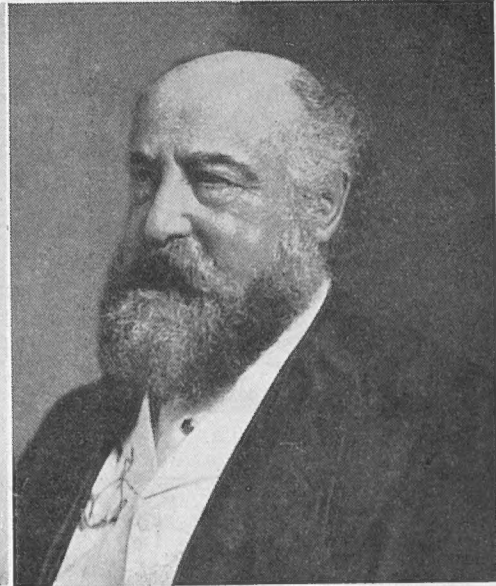




BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, was descended from families of eminent Portuguese and Spanish Jews

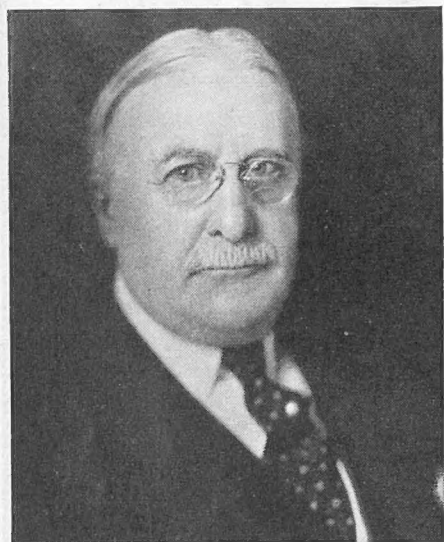


SIR ANTHONY PANIZZI, an Italian refugee, who organized the Reading Room at the British Museum



DR. LUDWIG MOND, the Anglo-German scientist, who founded the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory

THEY WERE ALL



GORDON SELFRIDGE, the chairman of Selfridges Ltd., who came from Ripon, U.S.A., and is now a British citizen



SIR ALDO CASTELLANI, the famous Harley Street doctor, who still retains his Italian nationality

SOME people are talking just now as if the arrival of a few thousand political exiles from the Continent was likely to defile the pure blood stream of the British race.

Fiddlesticks!

Three years ago an eminent British statesman, in a similar vein of patriotic buffoonery, assured his constituents that Britain never had and never would take its orders from any Italian.

Not one voice in his audience was raised in query to utter the two words, "Benjamin Disraeli—?"

The truth is that the strength of Britain is the strength of all strong nations in possessing the power to absorb foreign blood into its racial blood stream. Britain has been performing this feat successfully for many centuries. Successive races have been first masticated and then digested until they have become part of the body English.

Disraeli symbolises this power to inspire the alien with British ideals. Here was the son of a Venetian Jew (of Portuguese origin) who had married an Italian woman. In a broad sense Disraeli can be said to have invented the British Empire in the romantic implication of the title.

For from Disraeli's florid conception of imperialism—tied with ribbon and offered as a bouquet to the Queen whom he then made an Empress—flowered all the imperialistic imagery which began with the Victorian Jubilees, ran rampant through the Boer War and was seen by present generations in such characteristic spectacles as Mr. Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*.

Disraeli coloured the drabness of what we call the Victorian reign—if we agree to give the title to Victoria.

Myself, I doff my top-hat to that pompous and worthy Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emanuel of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. And cherish the theory—aired, incidentally, in the recent play *Victoria Regina*—that the Prince Consort's true father was not of the Royal House of Saxony, but a Court official of elegant sidewhiskers and Jewish ancestry!

Sticking to the letter "D" alone, there is another symbolical figure in the Victorian scene.

A Paris-born grandson of *émigrés* from the French Revolution was then bravely battling with threat of complete blindness, and turning out an immaculate picture of that plush and antimacassar period.

Here was George Du Maurier, year after year exhibiting his incomparable draughtsmanship in the pages of *Punch*, capping his performance by writing as well as illustrating the fable of "Trilby."

Not that it has always needed political discord to enrich the British prestige.

AN excellent case—selected at random from many—is that of the family of Barings. The founder of this house in its English phase was one John Baring, son of an eighteenth-century Lutheran minister at Bremen, who had crossed the North Sea in connection with the textile trade. His son started a banking house, became a leading member of the East India Company and himself left five sons. Barings have subsequently provided a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Lord of Admiralty.

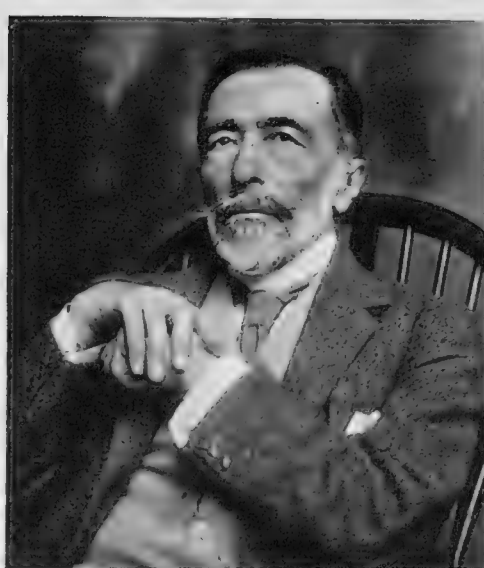
One Baring was a Viceroy of the India which his grandfather had done so much to exploit commercially—the India which Disraeli turned into an Empire. There has been a Baring as Bishop of Durham, a Maurice Baring as Bishop of Exeter, a Maurice Baring as Lord Chamberlain until two months ago, when Evelyn Baring, first Earl of Cromer, resigned office.

Shallowest of the arguments used against the importation of foreign brain-power is surely that directed against men of scientific distinction. Take the debt which Britain owes to the late Ludwig Mond.

Mond was born in Cassel in 1839, and was destined to live in England as a research chemist for fifty years. He came to England when German moral influence was still strong and one of his many gifts to the country of his adoption was the perfection of the nickel process.



JACOB EPSTEIN, the famous British sculptor, is of Russo-Polish descent, and was born in New York



JOSEPH CONRAD, whose novels are world-known. His real name was Korzeniowski, of Polish parentage



DR. SIGMUND FREUD, the famous Austrian scientist and author of the procedure in medical science which has become known as psycho-analysis

FOREIGNERS—ONCE

By Gordon Beckles

Whole industrial processes sprang from Mond's retorts and test-tubes. His money he lavished upon science as brilliantly as his brains, and the Davy-Faraday Research laboratory owes to him its existence.

SEVERAL times in the past three years the front pages have brought into their headlines the name of another great scientist who has brought the gift of his genius to the country which has given him his home. Before the Abyssinian War most people had probably forgotten—if, indeed, they had ever heard—the name of Sir Aldo Castellani.

Castellani was an adventurous young Italian doctor, when his travels in Africa brought him the problem of that scourge which goes by the name of "the sleeping sickness." It was Castellani's inquisitive adventures into the habits of the tsetse-fly that finally led to the methods now adopted to combat successfully the disease.

This grey-haired London-Italian is unique in his dual nationality. Not until the recent African campaign of the Duce was it realised, even by Castellani's friends, that he had retained Italian nationality. He responded promptly to Mussolini's request that he take charge of the medical arrangements of the Italian troops. The task done, Castellani returned to his home in Harley Street.

A fellow-countryman of Castellani was less happily placed.

One Anthony Panizzi found himself in a position where he had to fly for his life from the Italy which the Napoleonic Wars had left in a mottled condition. At the start of the Victorian reign he was a political refugee. Towards the end, Sir Anthony Panizzi—an Italian of the Italians—had to his credit the title of "Father of the British Museum." He was not quite that, but Great Britain owes the pre-eminence of its greatest

library to Panizzi's enthusiasm and genius as founder of the collection as it is to-day.

Panizzi was still alive when there was born to an Italian father and an Irish mother a child destined to give this England a lasting pre-eminence in a great weapon of imperial power—perhaps the greatest.

In the backyard of a small Bayswater house young Guglielmo Marconi one morning sent a message from the window of the first floor back down to the clothes-line. A year later Marconi was sending his wireless messages five miles. Before the world had quite grasped the fact, a message had been thrown across the Atlantic. The world owes its debt to Marconi; so does the British Empire, now the wireless centre of the world.

Which makes one grateful that Italy in the 'nineties was not on our jingoes list of victims. A campaign against alien Italian scientists, pursuing unknown experiments, would probably have robbed Britain of the flying start that it needed in this new world of words through the ether; that it needed because novelty suffered then as it suffers now at the hands of the conservative pooh-bahs.

Our laboratories are surely neither so rich in creative thought nor productive in practical result that we should ever place an embargo on scientific research.

MOVE now from science to the arts. In the middle of the last century there was born in the Ukraine a Pole called Korzeniowski. That he should eventually drift to a sea-going career and, with the most elementary command of English, become an English merchant captain, is sufficiently remarkable.

Yet insignificant when compared with the eventual twist which Korzeniowski's life took, for he presently enriched English prose with some of its most vivid and virile pictures, signing his work "Joseph Conrad." (Continued on p. 92)



JAMES WHISTLER, the American artist who settled in London, and whose etching ranks with masters of the art



GUGLIELMO MARCONI, of Italian and Irish parents, who devoted the whole of his life to the perfection of wireless communication



The English Lake District : A view from Seatoller Fells, with the Honister Pass to the left

(Below) Mosedale Beck, another peak in the Lake District, north of Wastdale Head



The "Seven Sisters" cliffs on the coast of Sussex,

(Below) The Constable's Tower of Dover Castle





A view of Kilchurn Castle across
Loch Awe in Argyllshire

(Below) The River Findorn at
Dulsie Bridge, Nairn



Greenan Castle on the Ayrshire
coast near Ayr

(Below) Loch Shiel in Inverness-shire,
and the statue erected to Bonnie
Prince Charlie in the foreground

The Beauties of BRITAIN

*A few reminders of the scenic
splendours which will be fresh
in the memory of those who have
recently been touring Britain*

(Photographs by J. Dixon-Scott)



My Years in England

by Negley Farson

LONDON, to me, as it has to thousands of other "foreigners," has often meant Reward. For twenty-four years I have thought of England in terms of returning. Before I go any further, let me say that I first entered the country (summer of 1914) in a white fog up the Mersey. And I went straight to Manchester. It was three years before I ever saw "the white cliffs of Dover," or had more than a faint glimpse of London. The England I knew was the mills, the hard-worked and under-paid engineers (much brighter than I was), and the working people of the Midlands. The French Restaurant of the Midland Hotel was my idea of high life, in England; and, there, a young Belgian engineer and I used to argue occasionally about a bottle of wine we could run to. I learned about wine from him; and I lived three months in Manchester with the fixed idea that every Englishman who was worth his salt drank a small cup of coffee with brown sugar after luncheon, while he played dominoes—all our engineers did—and liked to listen to music. Then I went to Russia for three weeks, and stayed there three years.

Then, after the Revolution, I came back to take the King's shilling at Guildford; and, as an "Amurrican" who had been brash enough to swear himself a Canadian, and thus get into the show, I was taken as a curiosity to Pall Mall's clubs, out to Knightsbridge, then to South Kensington—a perfect hatchery, I thought, for the officer class—and on several occasions, while on leave, I dined within a few doors of the one that was to become my future home.

South Kensington made a deep impression. When I got into mufti I put on spats, tucked my silk handkerchief up my left sleeve, and then, stick in hand (it would be a furled umbrella now), strolled down the proper side of Brompton Road as far as Harrod's. At Knightsbridge I crossed over, went down past the Park, and, if I did not turn up Bond Street that day, I continued my saunter to Piccadilly Circus—where I lost my identity. Here I might be anybody, unless I cut sharply to the right and went down to the clubs of Pall Mall.

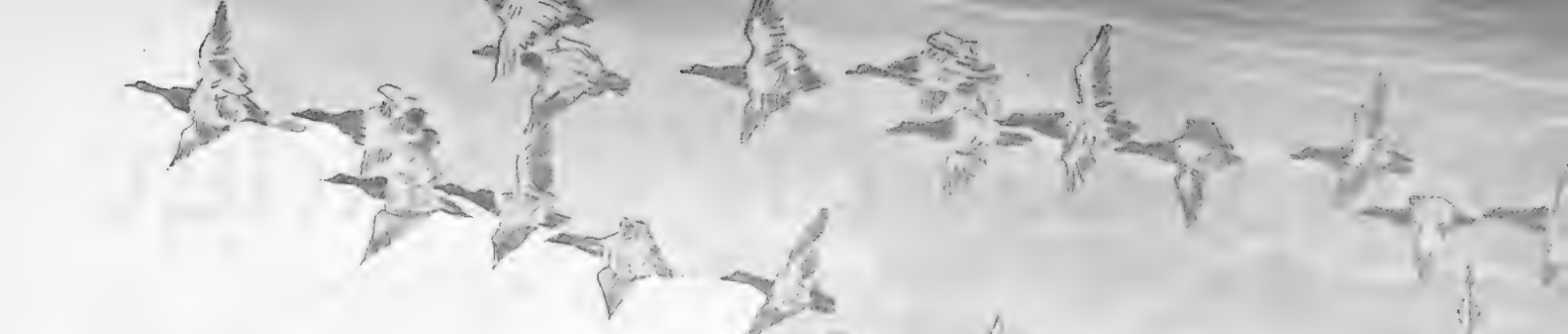
I WAS, I realised, in an area—and also a mode of life. I liked it. Immensely! But, retaining my Manchester standards (which I still cling to when in England), I reflected that London, in the West End, unquestionably contained more people, and in the highest density, living without any knowledge of the realities of this life than any other city in the world. I mean that parasitic, *rentier* class composed of retired Army, Navy, Civil Service, India, Home, Dominion and Colonial Office officers and



THE FOREIGN OFFICE

IN "CLUBLAND"





officials; and the prodigious number of comfortable middle-class families living on fixed income earned for them by former adventurous, and usually unscrupulous, Englishmen in the days when John Company built its first factory out at Surat in India and Sir Harry Johnston first came to Africa. I know that the army and navy and colonial officers, with their glamorous and glorious careers, will snort with rage at this charge of having "no idea of the realities of life"—but they have retired early, according to American standards, to a life of parasitic ease. Not necessarily an ignoble leisure. But they have come from careers free from money worries, always with a safe pension at the end of them (rewards of Empire!), and few indeed have ever had to think of life in the actual terms of *making a living*—not the way we Manchester lads have to do.

Back in the States, in the savagery of competitive Chicago, where I tried to "get started again" after the war, I found myself pining for this measured, secure, honest, confident life of South Kensington. I appreciated its standards, its laws of morality, of right and wrong. And the tenacity with which it stuck to them. They were so typical "English" that I thought the rest of the world already recognised them. But when, during the scandals of the clean-up after the President Harding administration (when an American cabinet minister presented Tea Pot Dome, a U.S. naval oil reserve, to a private oil combine—and *practically* got away with it), I tried to point out that you could not buy an English judge—I found myself being called an Anglo-maniac. An odium that I have thrived on ever since. I resolved to make money, as much and as fast as I could, sell out on the crest—and cross the Atlantic again. Almost ten years to a day from the first view of England, I stood in that humiliating line at Plymouth, marked: ALIENS (why not just say, Americans?) THIS WAY.

I POINT this out here, for, since then I have often stood in that line on returns to England. England—after a very educational year in Soviet Russia. England—after Gandhi's India—after Nahas Pasha and the 1930 Egyptian Wafd revolt: England of the world slump—peaceful, green England along the shores of Southampton Water as I came back, in the autumn of 1934, after writing some of the bloodthirsty strikes that swept America from coast to coast.

While I discovered that a certain type of Englishman, particularly in South Kensington, still sticks to the comforting belief that England

is unchanging—"There is always England!"—I seem to find a different country every time I get back to it. Like the wayward son who only comes back to visit his family after long intervals, I see the changes. But I do not find these necessarily discomfiting—not even after my last six months in Hitler's Germany.

I HAVE a son at school in England. And during my last half-year in the thrusting Third Reich, I thought of him occasionally, and of the possibility of his being bombed. I did not like the idea of him having to put on a gas-mask, or the picture of this eager young man, and his mother, hooded, disappearing down some hole in the ground like troglodytes. But then I was in Hamburg during "black-out week," when all northern Germany was plunged into utter darkness in practice-defence measures against enemy air raids. With thick blankets *nailed* over the windows of my hotel bedroom I read the comic comments in the British Press about it. How the Germans were going to dive down into cellars, and all that. Three months later, in the same British paper, I read how the British were—feverishly constructing air-raid shelters—and buying the ventilators from Germany.

That afternoon, driving across the heath behind Hamburg, *en route*, I thought, for a dinner date at Hanover, an auxiliary policeman jumped onto the road, waved a little white bull's-eye on a wand at me, forced me to drive the car into a ditch, ordered me, and the occupants of six following motor cars, to rush into the curtained interior of an adjacent pub. And there we sat *for two hours!* until the "All Clear" signal was given. I could not even go outside to the toilet when I wanted to. I had to pass up my dinner in Hanover and return to Hamburg. I was so annoyed by this marvellous exhibition of

(Continued on page 92)



Across *the* Bridge

"**T**HEY say he's worth a million," Lucia said. He sat there in the little hot damp Mexican square, a dog at his feet, with an air of immense and forlorn patience. The dog attracted your attention at once; it was very nearly an English setter, only something had gone wrong with the tail and the feathering. Palms wilted over his head, it was all shade and stuffiness round the bandstand, radios talked loudly in Spanish from the little wooden sheds where they changed your pesos into dollars at a loss. I could tell he didn't understand a word from the way he read his newspaper—like I did myself, picking out the words which were like English words. "He's been here a month," Lucia said. "They turned him out of Guatemala and Honduras."

You couldn't keep any secrets for five hours in this border town: Lucia had only been twenty-four hours in the place, but she knew all about Mr. Joseph Calloway. The only reason I didn't know about him (and I'd been in the place two weeks) was because I couldn't talk the language any more than Mr. Calloway could. There wasn't another soul in the place who didn't know the story—the whole story of the Halling Investment Trust and the proceedings for extradition. Any man selling dusty bananas in any wooden booth in the town is better fitted by long observation to tell Mr. Calloway's tale than I am, except that I was in—literally—at the finish. They all watched the drama proceed with immense interest, sympathy and respect. For, after all, he had a million.

Every once in a while through the long steamy day, a boy came and cleaned Mr. Calloway's shoes: he hadn't the right words to resist them—they pretended not to know his English. He must have had his shoes cleaned the day Lucia and I watched him at least half a dozen times. At mid-day, he took a stroll across the square to the Antonio Bar and had a bottle of beer, the setter sticking to heel as if they were out for a country walk in England (he had had, you may remember, one of the biggest estates in Norfolk). After his bottle of beer, he would walk down between the money changers' huts to the Rio Grande and look across the bridge into the United States: people came and went constantly in cars. Then back to the square till lunch time. He was staying in the best hotel, but you don't get good hotels in a border town: nobody stays in them more than a night. The good hotels were on the other side of the bridge: you could see

their electric signs twenty storeys high from the little square at night, like light-houses marking the United States.

YOU may ask what I'd been doing in so drab a spot for a fortnight. There was no interest in the place for anyone; it was just dust and damp and poverty, a kind of shabby replica of the town across

the river: both had squares in the same spots; both had the same number of cinemas. One was cleaner than the other, that was all, and more expensive, much more expensive. I'd stayed across there a couple of nights waiting for a man a tourist bureau said was driving down from Detroit to Yucatan and would sell a place in his car for some fantastically



Blind canine devotion caused the undoing of the swindling Calloway

By Graham Greene

small figure—twenty dollars, I think it was. I don't know if he existed or was invented by the optimistic half-caste in the agency; anyway, he never turned up, and so I waited, not much caring, on the cheap side of the river. It didn't much

matter; I was living. One day I meant to give up the man from Detroit and go home or go south, but it was easier not to decide anything in a hurry. Lucia was just waiting for a car on the other way, but she didn't have to wait so long. We

ONE of the detectives went over to Mr. Calloway. "You speak English?" he said. "I am English" Mr. Calloway answered



Illustration by A. Ratcliffe

waited together and watched Mr. Calloway waiting—for God knows what.

I don't know how to treat this story—it was a tragedy for Mr. Calloway. It was poetic retribution, I suppose, in the eyes of the shareholders he'd ruined with his bogus transactions, and to Lucia and me, at this stage, it was pure comedy—except when he kicked his dog. I'm not a sentimentalist about dogs, I prefer people to be cruel to animals rather than to human beings, but I couldn't help being revolted at the way he'd kick that animal—with a hint of cold-blooded venom, not in anger but as if he were getting even for some trick it had played him a long while ago. That generally happened when he returned from the bridge: it was the only sign of anything resembling emotion he showed. Otherwise he looked a small, set, gentle creature with silver hair and a silver moustache, and gold-rimmed glasses, and one gold tooth like a flaw in character.

Lucia hadn't been accurate when she said he'd been turned out of Guatemala and Honduras, he'd left voluntarily when the extradition proceedings seemed likely to go through and moved north. Mexico is still not a very centralised state, and it is possible to get round governors as you can't get round cabinet ministers or judges. And so he waited there on the border for the next move. That earlier part of the story is, I suppose, dramatic, but I didn't watch it and I can't invent what I haven't seen—the long waitings in ante-rooms, the bribes taken and refused, the growing fear of arrest, and then the flight—in gold-rimmed glasses—covering his tracks as well as he could, but this wasn't finance, and he was an amateur at escape. And so he'd washed up here, under my eyes and Lucia's eyes, sitting all day under the bandstand, nothing to read but a Mexican paper, nothing to do but look across the river at the United States, quite unaware, I suppose, that everyone knew everything about him, once a day kicking his dog. Perhaps in its semi-setter way it reminded him too much of the Norfolk estate—though that, too, I suppose, was the reason he kept it.

And the next act again was pure comedy. I hesitate to think what this man worth a million was costing his country as they edged him out from this land and that. Perhaps somebody was getting tired of the business, and careless; anyway, they sent across two detectives, with an old photograph. He'd grown his silvery moustache since that had been taken, and he'd aged a lot, and they couldn't catch sight of him. They hadn't been across the bridge two hours when everybody knew that there were two foreign detectives in town looking for Mr. Calloway—everybody knew, that is to say, except Mr. Calloway, who couldn't talk Spanish. There were plenty of people who could have told him in English, but they didn't. It wasn't cruelty, it was a sort of awe and respect: like a bull, he was on show, sitting there mournfully in the plaza with his dog, a magnificent spectacle for which we all had ringside seats.

I ran into one of the policemen in the Bar Antonio. He was disgusted; he had had some idea that when he crossed the bridge life was going to be different, so much more colour and sun, and—I suspect—love, and all he found were wide mud streets where the nocturnal rain lay in pools, and mangy dogs, smells and cockroaches in his bedroom, and the nearest to love (Continued on page 10)

£ . s . d of the

FIVE thousand cinemas in Great Britain are visited by half the population every week. The cinema is accepted as a normal facility—even as a necessity. There are many cinema magazines, and the national Press devotes a considerable amount of space to the films, but strangely enough, while every patron has a comprehensive knowledge of films, artistes and studios, little is known about operating the cinemas.

The average patron takes his pleasure seriously, and the slightest hitch in the service at his local cinema usually warrants a complaint to the manager, a protest to the proprietor or a letter of complaint to the Press.

A short explanation of the difficulties to be overcome by the cinema manager in selling his programme to the patrons, may lead to a better understanding between the customers and the purveyors of entertainment.

The amount of service given is necessarily restricted by economic considerations and when it is remembered that the average admission fee has been estimated at ninepence for three hours,

it will be agreed that there is a very slender margin on which to work.

Out of that ninepence approximately fifteen per cent goes in entertainment tax, leaving rather less than eightpence for the proprietor of the cinema.

Not only is this tax collected by the cinema proprietor at his own expense, he must pay an estimated sum in advance to the



The entrance hall of England's greatest.

Where the Money Goes

Entertainment Tax	-	-	1d.
Staff	-	-	1d.
Films	-	-	3½d.
Heating, Lighting, etc.	-	½d.	
Advertising	-	½d.	
Carbons, Lamps, etc.	-	¼d.	
Dilapidations and Repairs	-	¾d.	
Rates and Taxes	-	½d.	
			<u>8d.</u>

authorities, and in the event of a customs and excise officer discovering irregularities, the proprietor is responsible. For example, it may be discovered that a dishonest employee is issuing unofficial tickets and pocketing the proceeds, in which case the cinema owner is ironically called upon to pay tax on the estimated amount of admission money stolen from him.

At the most interesting point in the film, you may be asked to show your half ticket. Don't blame the manager because the ticket inspector is probably a government official performing his normal duties. When you wish to transfer into a more expensive category of seat, it is annoying to be informed that you must go back to the pay-box and purchase a transfer ticket yourself. You assume that it would be better service if the attendant proffered to perform this task for you, and you are right. Unfortunately another customs and excise regulation states that a transfer ticket must be torn off in your presence so no matter how willing the employee may be to help, there is no other alternative. Again, you may after

purchasing your tickets discover that they are for, say, the circle, whereas you wish to sit downstairs, or vice versa. The manager may not by law exchange your tickets once they have been issued at the pay-box. Or, just as you are going to purchase your tickets at the pay-box, you may find that the cashier has suddenly discontinued the issue of tickets: You will be informed that the electric motor for issuing the tickets has failed, and you will wonder why the obvious procedure of tearing off the tickets by hand is not put into immediate operation, but this is prohibited by law. In the event of the automatic ticket issuing machine failing to function, another set of tickets specially retained for this purpose must be collected from the ticket stock-room and used—hence the delay.

One might go on indefinitely quoting peculiarities about the law governing the issue of tickets in a cinema. For example, a courtesy admission ticket is liable for tax unless it is plainly marked "FREE," and you are not allowed to tear any ticket yourself.

Once you have purchased an admission ticket, the proprietor accepts certain obligations for your welfare. You are entitled to a seat unless you have been told that there is only "standing room," in which case you must stand in any position nominated by the manager, provided that there is an uninterrupted view of the screen. For the sake of his business reputation, he will give you the best possible position. You may move to what you consider to be a much better place and suffer the indignity of being moved on by an attendant. In all probability you are standing in a gangway or some other restricted space where



THE modern cinema has an air-conditioning plant. Machinery specially installed for this purpose at the Granada Cinema in Maidstone

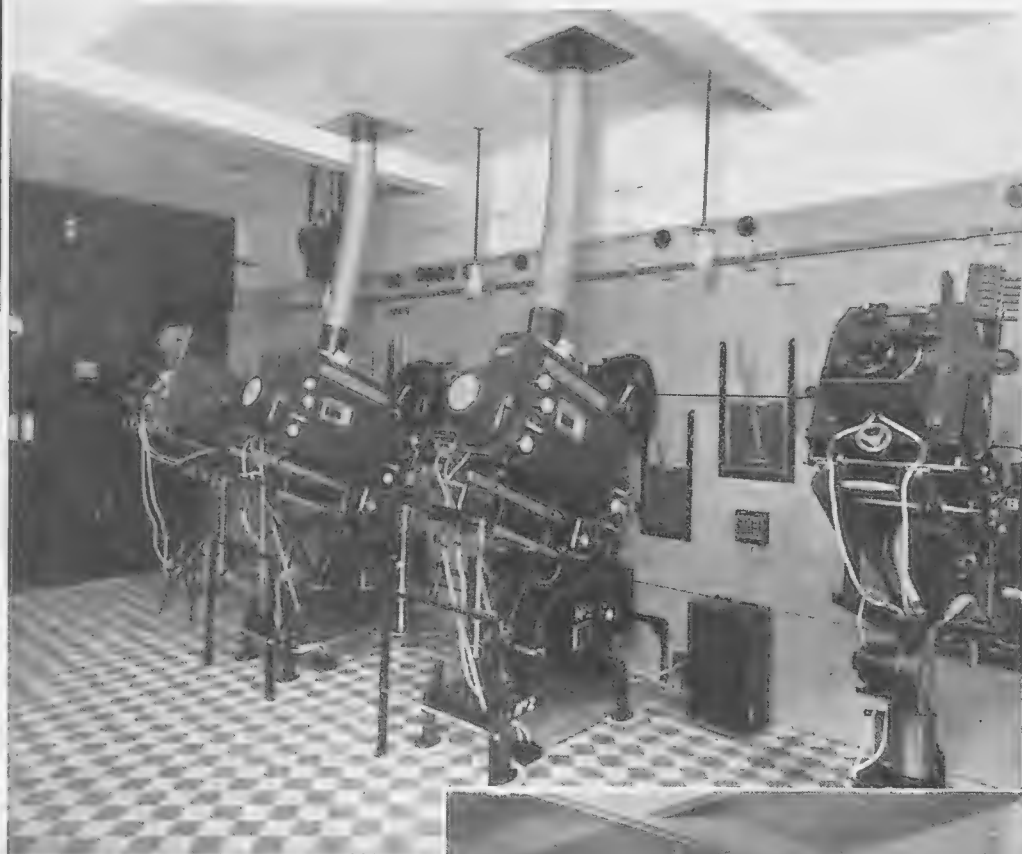


The Author is manager of one of London's biggest cinemas. He gives an interesting picture of the financial side of the business as it affects each individual cinema and shows just what happens to the money the cinema patron pays for his ticket, and also the problems which face a manager

By J. H. Hutchinson

the Censor "for exhibition to adults only," unless accompanied by their parents or bona fide guardian. By no stretch of imagination can you, a complete stranger, be considered a bona fide guardian of children wishing to see a prohibited film. No doubt the manager would be very pleased to get their money, but the law says NO! The responsibility is his and your disregard of this ruling makes him,

the hall allocated for the price he pays, but fortunately for cinema employees, this right is only occasionally exercised, most patrons being satisfied with a good seat no matter where it may be. It might be suggested that a sufficient staff should be employed to give every patron personal attention. Theoretically this is ideal, but unfortunately it is not practicable. Little more than (Continued on page 88)



***MOST** rigorous fire precautions are observed in the operating box. Above, is seen the film projection room at the Havana, Romford*

standing is prohibited by the local licensing authorities.

THERE has been a considerable amount of discussion recently, alleging that cinemas restrict the sale of cheaper seats to force customers into the more expensive ones. If this is done, it is only in isolated instances and by managers who don't know their jobs. The first duty of the cinema manager is to keep faith with his public, and any such action by him cannot fail to react unfavourably on his business. Nevertheless, you may at any time in any cinema see what appears to be a concrete example of this sharp practice. You are told at the pay-box that there are no shilling seats but seats are available at one-and-six. You purchase one-and-sixes, enter the auditorium, and notice several empty shilling seats. The logical reason of this paradox is that between the moment that you purchase your tickets, and the time you enter the auditorium, quite a number of people may have left by one or other of the many exits provided by law. There is necessarily a time lag of a minute or two after seats are vacated and before the box-office is advised.

It is opportune when talking about the pay-box to point out that the manager is not vindictive when he refuses to allow you to take into the cinema the children whose plaintive appeal to purchase their tickets has touched your heart. Most licensing authorities stipulate that children under sixteen years of age must not be admitted to see a film passed by

and not you, liable for a very severe penalty.

Another customary grievance is disinclination on the part of the attendants to seat you precisely where you wish to sit. When half a dozen girls have to seat a thousand persons in a short space of time, it is necessary to decide on some definite plan for seating, otherwise there would quickly be an impatient queue of patrons anxious to get any seat inside. The patron is entitled to any seat in that portion of



***MOST** local licensing authorities demand a minimum amount of pure air per cubic foot of capacity each hour. The pure air plant at the Broadway Cinema, Letchworth*

Sugar-Daddy

One Night of
brings unforeseen

WHEN Mr. Pettigrew stepped into the Metropolitan train at Uxbridge he felt very pleased with himself. He had reason to. He had dined adequately with the Masons and had felt that both his host and hostess were flattered by his company, which had enabled him to temper his amiability with that little touch of condescension that he found so pleasing. He had felt, moreover, that Mrs. Mason—"quite a jolly little woman"—had been attracted by him, which to himself he could airily admit was gratifying. Not that he needed flattery from such people as the Masons; but it was a delight to play the characteristic tricks and note how easily a woman could fall for them.

Experience. That was what it was. No doubt in his callow youth, which, after all, was not so very distant, he had attempted to please with a deliberation which now, in the light of these latter days, he must consider to have been crude. But it had been a beginning. The years had brought a sense of touch. Mr. Pettigrew had a way with him.

An hour after dinner young Mason had suggested that they should go down to the "Lamb and Unicorn" and have a pint with the chaps. Mr. Pettigrew had really been glad to go, since Mrs. Mason had begun to pall on him, but he had demurred sufficiently to create a good impression.

Down at the "Lamb and Unicorn," Mr. Pettigrew had met the chaps, who, like Mason, were mostly clerks, and he had played darts and distinguished himself with a "double-top" at a critical moment. He stood an extra round of drinks and made yet another conquest of the barmaid, whom he called Phyllis, which he said was the name by which all barmaids should be known. Everyone laughed a good deal at that, which is quite natural quarter of an hour before closing time. Mr. Pettigrew hadn't laughed. He had given one of his gentle superior smiles which was quite charming and, looking in the mirror over the fireplace, had smoothed the grey and silvery flecks of hair over his ears. Even in that unsympathetic light he told himself that he carried both in face and figure, distinction. In the glass he caught sight of the barmaid watching him covertly and intently. He bought her a large dock glass of tawny port.

Mason saw him off at Uxbridge station and he clasped Mr. Pettigrew's hand with an enthusiasm which again confirmed Mr. Pettigrew's opinion that he had been a success. Mason said that Mr. Pettigrew must come again and ventured an "old chap," which Mr. Pettigrew allowed to pass. The food and the liquor which he had taken had given Mr. Pettigrew an exalted sort of feeling, and it was only five minutes past ten.

The compartment was empty, but it bore every trace of recent occupation. There were one or two evening papers on the seats and innumerable cigarette ends on the floor. The smell of stale tobacco mingled with the oily and dusty taint of the air. The lights seemed to be burning below their usual power and the glass of



*Illustrated
by
Albert Bailey*

the carriage windows looked dirty. After the warmth and colour of the "Lamb and Unicorn" and the noisy chatter of Mason's friends the train was chilly and uncomfortable. The tedious journey to Baker Street promised to become something of an anti-climax. The fun was all over and the night was yet young.

Other men of his age, Mr. Pettigrew felt sure, would have welcomed an early evening considering the press of work at the office and the constant demands his wife made upon him. It came no doubt of him being such good company, which encouraged Mabel to entertain so frequently. But she was apt to overdo things. Not that he couldn't take it. On the other hand he was as game as the best of them. That came of keeping fit, of looking after yourself and keeping a check on your habits.

THE noise and rattle of the moving train became after a little time a soothing kind of sound. It was, in a way, a pity that the jolting, rocking carriage should only be whisking him through the night towards everything which was so tiresomely familiar. It would be getting on for eleven by the time he reached London and it would be too late to go

down to the club. It was typical of people like the Masons to leave a guest in the air, as it were. Suburban, of course. The train stopped with a jolt at Harrow.

The girl got in, as the train was moving off. She swung in through the sliding door in a way which indicated that she was quite used to jumping into moving carriages. She gave two quick dancing steps to a seat and then slewed round so that she could peer out of the window. Mr. Pettigrew shivered at the blast of air from the open door and stared solemnly at the line of the girl's figure from her inclined shoulder to the edge of her high heel. It was an attractive line and Mr. Pettigrew studied it. He liked the shape of the calf of her leg and her skirt had slipped over her knee. The girl waved through the black window and then turned and settled herself, plucking her skirt deftly into position and opening a bag which lay on her lap. She began to busy herself with powder and lipstick. She was quite a pretty girl. Twenty-four,

Stolen Pleasure Circumstances

By Anthony Richardson



ALREADY a dim fear possessed Mr. Pettigrew that he must inevitably meet an acquaintance. Winifred would take quite a lot of explaining away

was quite a good place, then, the right thing to do was to circulate that feeling, to radiate that warmth, to expand. Mr. Pettigrew rose, walked a little unsteadily down the carriage and slammed the door shut.

"It's rather cold," said Mr. Pettigrew. The girl was blushing. He was glad to

notice that. It had been negligent of her to leave the door wide. She was not then insensitive.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Not at all," said Mr. Pettigrew and smiled his brilliant smile. "Not at all.

You were in a hurry, a great hurry."

"I only just caught the train."

"Of course," said Mr. Pettigrew and sat down beside her. He took out his cigarette case.

"Smoke?"

She glanced up at him and her eyes travelled swiftly over his face, then rested momentarily on his white collar and tie.

"Thank you," she said demurely.

Mr. Pettigrew struck a match for her. She drew at the cigarette, then puffed the smoke away from her. At close quarters, she looked even prettier.

"I think I'll smoke, too," said Mr. Pettigrew.

She smiled at him faintly. There was a dimple rather high up in her cheek. Mr. Pettigrew thought it was charming. It made her look younger than twenty-four. Twenty perhaps.

"You don't mind my speaking to you?" he asked.

"It was the door," she said.

"I was going to anyway," said Mr. Pettigrew boldly. It was, he knew well, the safest of openings to be bold. It was disarming, if nothing else.

"It's only because we're English," said Mr. Pettigrew, "that we should sit like a couple of stone images all the way to London and never say a word. Silly. I don't like being lonely when I feel on top of my form." He chuckled. "I've dined very well, you see. And I was just thinking what a waste it is to feel all friendly and have no one to talk to. And you suddenly appeared. I think it's fun."

He flicked his cigarette free of ash.

"Well?" he said. "Do you think it's fun?"

She turned and regarded him steadily.

"It's nice to pass the time on a journey," she said simply.

"Of course it is," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He beamed at her. She had spoken just like a child. There was nothing subtle about her, nothing sophisticated. She was clearly quite pleased to enjoy his company and she was not afraid to say so. Really, it was most refreshing. So many of these modern girls . . . his own daughter for instance. Mr. Pettigrew dismissed the thought abruptly.

"Adventure," said Mr. Pettigrew, "is always round the corner."

The girl smiled at him, a vacant but courteously ingratiating smile.

"Or the landlady," she said, again with that astonishing simplicity—"waiting for her rent."

"Bravo," said Mr. Pettigrew. He liked a nice wit. It was what was so much liked in himself.

"Well, this," he said, "is an adventure anyway, isn't it?—for us?"

She raised her eyebrows. Really now he came to think of it she wasn't more than nineteen. Odd things women; or was it your own mood that made them change to you from indifference to curiosity? Or the time of night, or a trick of lighting, or the dinner you'd swallowed?

"I like talking to people," she said.

Her devastating candour momentarily chilled him, and then as swiftly a little

or so, Mr. Pettigrew decided. Neat, self-confident and with a look of intelligence. There was no reason why she shouldn't prove to be companionable. It would be a heartless thing to allow the warm glow within himself to evaporate, to be dispersed uselessly. If you felt the world

gust of anger swept through him. After all, he was playing his part quite prettily and it was humiliating to meet with no arch response. Then his good humour reasserted itself. He had longed for an apt end to the evening and here was the beginning of such an end. It would be foolish to destroy a whole act for the sake of one scene. His good temper was not to be denied. Away with these pale amorous thoughts. She was, of course, a sweet little thing.

"And I like talking to people, too," said Mr. Pettigrew. "The study of mankind is man, isn't it? You wouldn't get anywhere, anyway without talking, would you?"

"Not that I can see of," said the girl. "Quite," said Mr. Pettigrew.

HE settled back in his seat and stared at the electric bulb in the roof of the carriage. He felt drawn towards the light as a moth might be. As he watched it, the yellow outline became a little blurred, then contracted so that it seemed to pull at his eyes. Indigestion, thought Mr. Pettigrew. Indigestion and soda. He dragged his eyes away from the light and the relief surged through him. He felt more expansive than ever. The roaring sound of the train was a most cheerful sound.

He owned the train. He owned the world. It was the grandest feeling. If before he had felt on top of his form, now he felt one over the eight beyond his form. If there was supposed to be something of the divine in man, now there was very little that was common man in Mr. Pettigrew. He could hold out his arms and embrace the whole world. Just the

world, not the girl. He had risen beyond, above himself.

"Now tell me your name," said Mr. Pettigrew.

"I'm called Winnie."

"Winifred," corrected Mr. Pettigrew. "A very nice name, too. Now I've got to know all about you."

"There isn't much to know," said Winifred.

"There's a great deal to know about everyone," said Mr. Pettigrew. "As I said before, the study of mankind—well, do you work for a living?"

"You bet I do," said Winifred.

"Secretarial work, I daresay?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Gentlemen's haberdashery, Marks and Spencer's," said Winifred.

"Marks and Spencer's?"

"East Ham," said Winifred.

"Well I never," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He was genuinely surprised. It was wonderful the way these girls got themselves up nowadays. Remarkable. And what was no less astonishing was her frank admittance of the fact. What a world there was between this girl and himself. To what extent, he wondered, did she realise the great gulf which he had so graciously spanned?

"And how old are you, Winifred?"

"Nineteen and three quarters."

"Just a child," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Just a child."

"Don't be sloppy," said Winifred. "I'm Liverpool Irish and I can look after myself. I've been engaged three times. That was my boy I just left. He's at Northolt."

"A boy?"

"Alfie's twenty-four. He's in the Air Force, and he'll soon have a stripe. He's hot, Alfie is."

Mr. Pettigrew winced.

"I know several people in the Royal Air Force," he said. "Group-Captain O'Shaughnessy and Air Vice-Marshal Brattan. They're members of my club. Nice fellows."

"I like the Navy best," said Winifred. "They get off the mark quicker, but Alfie's not a bad sort. You in business?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Yes. Something in the City, shall we say?"

"That might mean anything."

"It often does," said Mr. Pettigrew.

"I like you," said Winifred. "You're kind of easy to get on with. I bet you have a good time."

"Well, I think I do," said Mr. Pettigrew. "But life's not a bed of roses."

"Not half it isn't."

She sighed. "I get up at six and I'm at it all day till seven and it's eight on Saturdays. I got a room with a friend, and all I ever see is that room, the street to the shop and the counter. Selling vests

and pants day in, day out. You get sick of it."

"It sounds appalling."

"It's wicked. I liked Liverpool best. You could have a bit of fun there. I read all about London before I came on down, in *This World's Weekly*, and it isn't nothing like you'd expect. I reckon it's all baloney what they put in the papers. Flaunting vice and girls going wrong."

"Such things exist," said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Not for me, they don't," said Winifred. "I'd like to see a bit of life. Brace buttons and back-studs, they get you down."

"What time have you to get back to-night?" asked Mr. Pettigrew.

"My time's my own."

"And you've never seen Piccadilly?"

"No. Nor the Zoo."

"There's quite a bit of difference," said Mr. Pettigrew, "in some ways."

"I'll bet there is."

"If you'd honour me by being my guest . . ."

She turned her eyes full upon him.

"What are you getting at?"

"I would like to give you some supper. You could see the lights, the people. A little wine, music . . ."

"You're not kidding me?"

"Of course I'm not."

Her eyes opened still wider. She laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"I'd love it. Oh! I'd love it."

Mr. Pettigrew patted her hand.

"And I should love it, too."

She frowned.

"Alfie will never know. Anyway a girl's got a right to stand up for herself."

"That's settled, then," said Mr. Pettigrew. "And you'll find me quite a trustworthy sort of chap."

"I can see that with half an eye," said Winifred.

The train was well on time at Baker Street. Not more than a dozen passengers moved to the barrier with Mr. Pettigrew. He was not sorry. Already a dim fear possessed him that he must inevitably encounter an acquaintance. Winifred would take quite a bit of explaining away.

"We'll get a taxi," said Mr. Pettigrew.

She was delighted with the taxi. It was, she said, doing things in style. All the time in the taxi, Mr. Pettigrew was thinking where to go. It would have to be Piccadilly, of course. Even now Winifred was peering out of the window and making small gurgling noises every time that they passed an electric sign. Once in her excitement she touched his knee, not laying her hand there, but rather giving him a dig with a forefinger. Mr. Pettigrew's heart swelled up inside him. Her eagerness touched him so profoundly that the emotion which it raised seemed to whitewash his very soul. Such a child . . . such a child. It was a pleasure to give such simple pleasure.

"Is this the West End?" whispered Winifred.

"Not yet," said Mr. Pettigrew, and felt like the greatest of all the Magi with the most alluring of magic carpets.

He spoke into the driver's ear-piece.

"Hyperion Brasserie," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He knew the Brasserie, not a dozen doors from Piccadilly Tube Station, well from the outside. Now, for the first time, with Winifred on the tips of her toes beside him, he descended the red-carpeted stairs. It was, he felt, at any rate the sort of place where he would



AT the end of breakfast, Mrs. Pettigrew arrived. She looked exasperatingly smart and young for all her years



*HE glanced up and down the teeming counter.
Where was she now? Winifred . . . Winifred*

meet no one who mattered. He was still more convinced of that fact when they reached the dimly lit region below.

THE place was illuminated by orange-coloured lights. There were a great many tables, some partially partitioned off in a fashion of rustic arbours. The band, dressed in a Tyrolean costume, sat in a small balcony festooned with artificial leaves. The waiters, dressed in not dissimilar costume lounged by arboreal pillars. Mr. Pettigrew thought they looked a lot of damn fools and hoped their nails were clean.

Winifred said, "O-oh!"

The atmosphere of the room was humid and heavy with the odour of food. Chiefly food, Mr. Pettigrew decided. The band, as if it had at last made up

its mind, wandered into the opening of a foxtrot as Mr. Pettigrew and Winifred crossed the square of dance floor. Winifred clutched Mr. Pettigrew's arm.

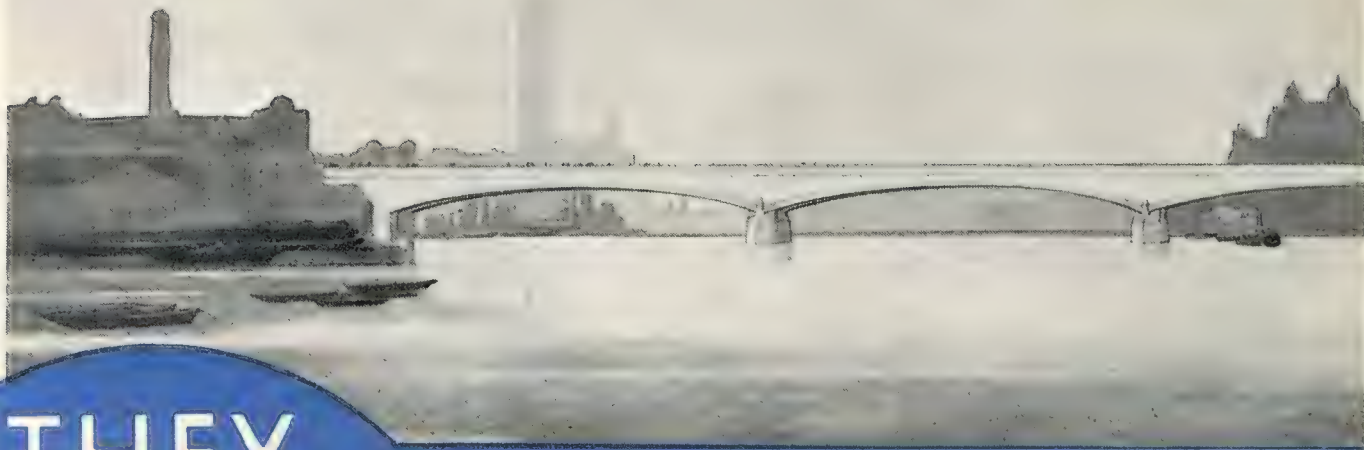
"Oo-er," said Winifred.

Mr. Pettigrew chose a table by the wall. There were stains on the cloths and a coffee cup with the saucer full of cigarette ends.

"We'll sit here," said Mr. Pettigrew, looked around haughtily and raised a forefinger. From one of the neighbouring pillars, a waiter jerked himself from his reclining position and extracting a pad and pencil from somewhere near the seat of his blue plush Tyrolean knickers, waved forward.

"Now what are we going to have," said Mr. Pettigrew and to himself his voice sounded flat and hollow. He was

beginning to dislike the Brasserie and all its pretentiousness as much as anything he had ever disliked. It was an awful place. It was mean and shoddy and probably the resort of the most highly undesirable people. Some of them now were revolving on the dance floor. A very large woman with a once white swan's down wrap circled past, while an agitated little man with a face as multi-coloured as the British possessions in Northern America, clutched on to her. The woman's eyes were dark and heavy, with a mediumistic gaze which Mr. Pettigrew put down to port and brandy. The floor was getting full. No one was in dress clothes and the jackets of the young men were too tight in the waist, while their trousers were faultlessly too full. The room (Continued on page 100)



The new Waterloo Bridge as it will

THEY BUILD a BRIDGE

CLANG, clang, clang, sounds the pile-driver below my windows over the river at Charing Cross. It is the beating of a pulse at the city's heart: the pulse of a great constructive undertaking. They are building a bridge. . . .

A very ordinary happening? Of course—to the engineers and artisans concerned. Just a job of work. Less exciting, maybe,

than junior's fiddling with a meccano set on the nursery floor. No flowers, please, by request; and no "romancing." Waterloo Bridge is going up again, to be opened for traffic, if all goes well, by the summer of 1940; the contract price, £647,922; the material, reinforced concrete, granite, and Portland stone. And all that. . . .

But to me, watching from these high windows, it is history—part of the pageant of history. When first I looked out over London River, Rennie's 1817 bridge was there,

intact. Canova considered it "the noblest bridge in the world, and worth a visit from the remote corners of the earth." Samuel Butler described an unusual view from it:

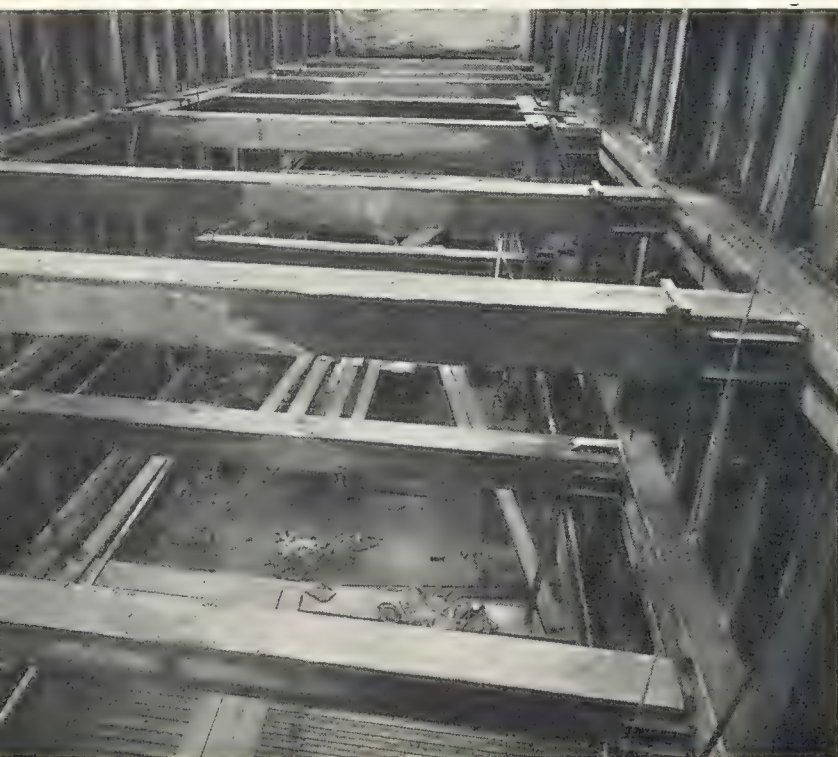
"I was once on Waterloo Bridge after a heavy thunderstorm in summer. A thick darkness was upon the river and the buildings upon the north side, but just below, I could see the water hurrying onward as in an abyss, dark, gloomy,

and mysterious. On a level with the eye there was an absolute blank, but above the sky was clear, and out of the gloom the towers and domes of St. Paul's rose up sharply, looking higher than they actually were, and as though they rested upon space."

So many unhappy people leapt from it that it became known as the "English Bridge of Sighs." It probably inspired Dante Rossetti's picture of the lost girl found by her lover on a London bridge one relentless dawn.

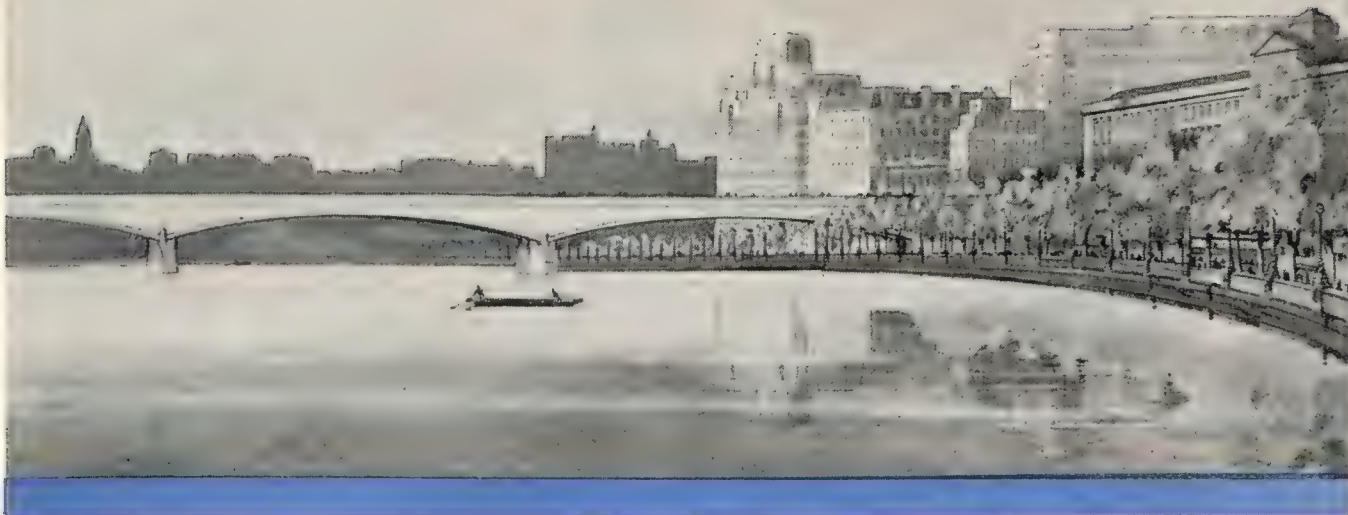
A dramatic bridge. A tragic one when the subsidence came, and that incredible kink appeared, and the groggy arch had to be shored up with timbers. Then the temporary bridge, a girder upstart athwart the superb curve of the river, breaking harshly the lovely vista. Then the breaking-up of balustrade, arches, piers: a chaos of gaping granite wounds. And Rennie's sad ghost drifting from the house he occupied in Stamford Street on the south side to contemplate the ruin of his great work. . . .

A bridge of memories. And when I go to see the new one in the making, by courtesy of the engineers, Messrs. Rendel, Palmer & Tritton, it is the past which first confronts me. In his Lancaster



Left: An inside view of the coffer-dam for river pier





look when completed in 1940

Place office overlooking the teeming scene, Mr. Nolans, the resident engineer, shows me a few rusty mementos he has gathered in the course of the work: a hammer tool used in dressing the granite of the old bridge, gear employed in lifting the huge stones by crude manual crane. "It's wonderful," he remarks, "the weights they were able to lift with the meagre aids at their disposal."

THERE is an old cannon ball; an unexploded anti-aircraft shell minus fuse; a service rifle some fed-up Tommy must have flung into the river when he felt he had had enough of the Great War and was getting hoarse shouting "'Arf a mo, Kaiser!" Or perhaps he had stayed the night at the Waterloo Road Soldiers' Home and they had forgotten to bring him up a cup o' tea in bed. . . .

But the most significant things Mr. Nolans shows me are nautilus shells unearthed from the Eocene strata clay of millions of years ago, thirty feet or more below high-water mark under the old piers.

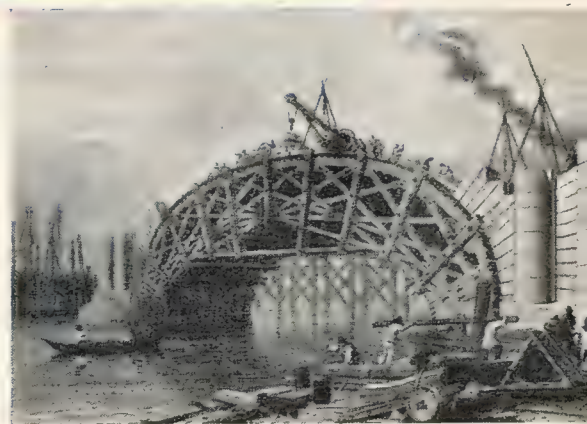
"Those shells," he observes casually, "are found only in tropical seas—which would seem to indicate that the climate here was once tropical."

In the yard of the contractors' workshops

A general view of the temporary bridge from Shell-Mex House

The story of how the
new Waterloo Bridge
is being built

By
Trevor Allen



View from south abutment showing contractors' crane gantry. Temporary bridge on right. No. 4 pier coffer-dam is driven, and No. 3 pier coffer-dam is in progress. Top: An engraving of the building of the Strand Bridge—afterwards called Waterloo—published in 1815

on the south side we bump forcibly into the past. Here is a virtual Rennie mausoleum: stacks of the old granite carted from his bridge piecemeal, a melancholy spectacle in which he who cares may read "sermons in stones" galore. But some are under reprieve. They are to provide facings for the new concrete piers, and a pair of columns will be incorporated in a memorial panel in the south abutment. Thus, Rennie's bridge will be perpetuated in the 1940 one. Most of the old stone, however, has been taken to Harmondsworth near West Drayton where it awaits a less honourable fate. Possibly country friends in the future will

point to a monolith in their rock garden and say airily: "This was once part of Waterloo Bridge."

All that stone—except the balustrade, brought ready worked from Aberdeen—was hewn in fields on the Surrey side and trundled to the bridge works on trucks running on rails. Nearly all, so the charming story goes, was drawn by one horse, a great favourite with Rennie's men named "Old Jack."

His driver was fond of a "tot" before breakfast to warm the day with; and as the lines along which the stone was drawn passed the door of a public-house, horse and truck usually pulled up while Tom went in to have (Continued on page 96)





HE searched the beach for the English girl, and with satisfaction spotted her on the sand bathing the deep tan of her limbs in the sunlight

IT sounded in the distance like dropping a heavy box. But something warned Ray that it was a shot. Nothing less than a gunshot would have carried as far, and the brittle way it echoed round the ruins of the old farmhouse set his heart pumping. He was new to this sort of thing. He kept his foot down on the accelerator and the last kilometre of the rough road flew under him. This was trouble.

Lurching over the hummocks of turf that marked sunk foundations, he ran the brand new French car inside the shell of a tiny chapel, then slipping out he peered from cover of the masonry. The

farmhouse, half-hidden in the tangle of mimosa and sprouting cactus, lay quiet as the unbroken stillness of the landscape. Far below this lost valley in the Esterel Mountains the blue of the Mediterranean lay in the drowsy press of the morning sun. Not a soul had come near this hiding place since Ray had chanced on it three days before, and for three days they had let the police search the country.

Ray was telling himself he had imagined the sound of that shot when a blast of noise crashed from the farmhouse, sending his heart into his mouth. He saw the flash of two shots, so quick they sounded as one, then Lemolli dropped from a

window and ran, gun in hand, across the yard. He had disappeared once more before the rocketing echoes had faded. It was so swift that it had a touch of unreality in that sunbaked mountain background. Ray knew then that it must be Louis the Greek.

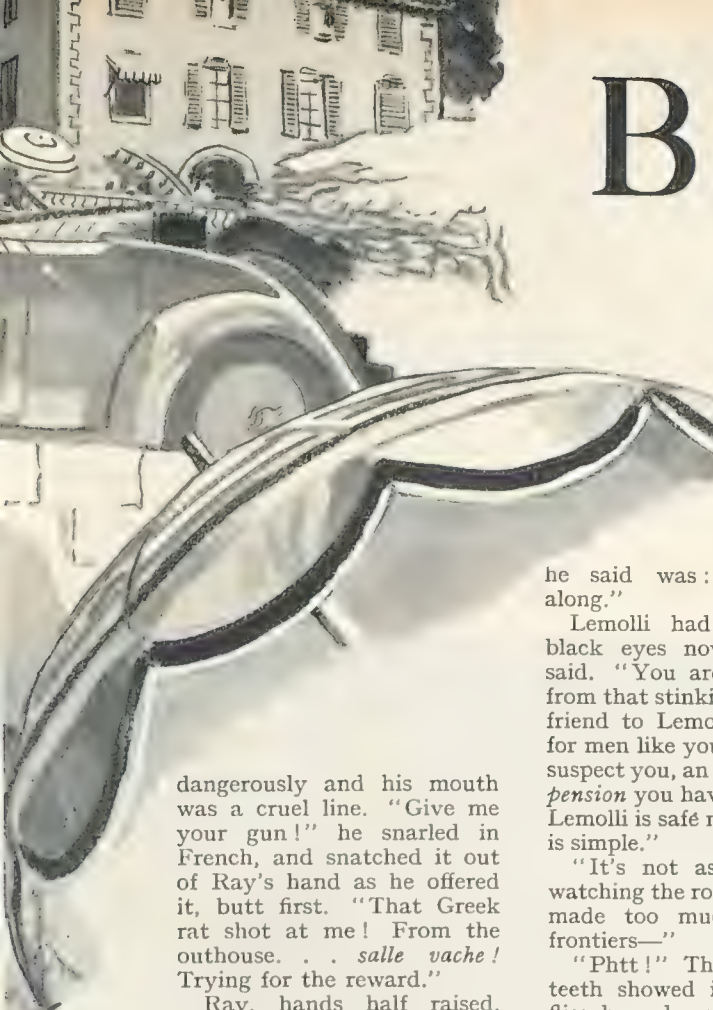
After a while Lemolli reappeared treading silently back into the shadows of the ruined house. He was thrusting the gun back into his arm holster. Ray whistled softly, and shading his eyes in the doorway the gunman made a sign which the other obeyed.

LEMOLLI had been a good friend to Ray, but in the black shadows of the stone-flagged kitchen he looked different now. The little bandit's eyes burned

Blood Money

*Even a Bandit can do a
good deed Sometimes . . .*

By B. L. Jacot



dangerously and his mouth was a cruel line. "Give me your gun!" he snarled in French, and snatched it out of Ray's hand as he offered it, butt first. "That Greek rat shot at me! From the outhouse. . . *salle vache!* Trying for the reward."

Ray, hands half raised, was leaning back from the press of the heavy Heinschlauser automatic dug into his stomach. Two hours back he had left the two of them in the farmhouse playing cards—Lemolli and the Greek. Louis the Greek was the only one who had not scurried to save his skin when the police began to close on Lemolli in Paris. "I—I heard the shot," he managed.

Lemolli's eyes narrowed evilly. "Perhaps you know something about that shot, eh? How long have you been listening for it?"

Ray swallowed. "I heard it on my way up, and when I got here I waited to see what was happening." His palms were sweating. "If you don't believe I've been in Saint Raphael getting the provisions, look in the back of the car."

"Come with me. We'll see."

Lemolli glanced at the load in the car and raised the bonnet. The motor was still creaking with the heat of the run up into the mountains. He put his automatic away and handed Ray back his gun. "Well—what did you hear in the town?"

"Only what the papers say this morning. The police are combing Marseilles. We're safe here. Where is he now—the Greek?"

"He's dead. There is only me and you. You are the only one who knows where Lemolli is, yes? And we are almost over the frontier. You would not be foolish and wish for blood money, eh?"

"I don't want any money," Ray told him. A month ago this hard-bitten little man had been just a figure about the *boites*, like any other, enjoying the night life of Paris. But Lemolli had probably saved his life that morning in the early hours when figures closed in out of nowhere to rob him. The expensively-dressed, dark-skinned little man had used a smashed bottle against their knives to beat them off. And all

he said was: "Lucky I happened along."

Lemolli had dropped his searching black eyes now. "I trust you," he said. "You are English—different stuff from that stinking Greek. You are a good friend to Lemolli! Blood money stinks for men like you and me. And who could suspect you, an Englishman, living at that *pension* you have chosen? No, *mon vieux*, Lemolli is safe now that Greek is gone. It is simple."

"It's not as easy as that. They're watching the roads. The newspapers have made too much fuss. And near the frontiers—"

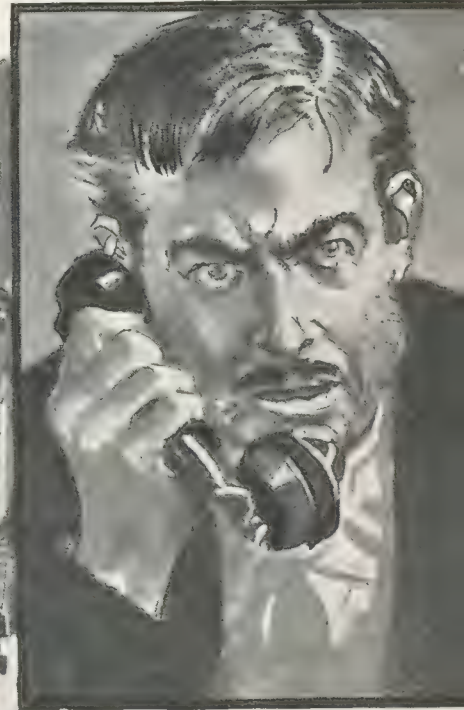
"Phht!" The tough little man's white teeth showed in his wide smile. "The flics have been after me before—always swearing that this time they will get Lemolli!"

HE pushed new shells into the magazine of his automatic and wiped off the oil from his hands. Ray could not help admiring his courage. When he had answered Lemolli's mysterious message, asking Ray to come and see him, Ray had known nothing of the little man's police record. This acquaintance of his had offered Ray large sums of money to help him out of trouble—to buy a new, fast car, to register it under the English name on his English passport, to drive him south to the Riviera. And Ray had left his job. He liked the little man as much as he disliked the way the rest of his friends had deserted him. It was not until later that Ray learned that Lemolli had just blown the front off a building in the heart of Paris to get at the gold in the vaults.

"I do not like the noise of this shooting," Lemolli told him. "In these hills there is nothing to shoot, so someone may perhaps be curious, no? Me, they will never find, but they might see the car. You are discreet?—you let no one ask you questions, eh?"

Ray was thinking of the English girl he had met on the beach. She was always asking him questions—but not about Lemolli. "I'll only drive out here after dark, then?"

"Gossip in the post office and at the market. These southerners talk a lot and you will hear any news from the police." A wolfish look jumped back into his face. "I will tear them to pieces if they come here, the fools! But you, *mon ami*, come only if I telephone to you at your *pension*, for I have food and will risk nothing unless you have urgent news. Understand, I can always make my way at night to a telephone box. *Au revoir*."



At midnight the telephone rang and Lemolli told him where to go and pick him up



BACK in Saint Raphael Ray parked his car under the palms by La Reserve. There were extra police on the main roads at the edges of the town, but he was not worrying about the police. He was young and he had a car in a thousand to drive, and this was a glorious place. He searched the beach for the English girl, and with satisfaction spotted her on the sand bathing the deep tan of her limbs in sunlight.

"What a lot of time you spend concentrating on doing nothing," he mentioned, prodding her over with his toe.

"You again?" she said. "I was just thinking about you and that marvellous car of yours." She began to brush the sand off her legs.

"Then you weren't wasting your time entirely."

She pulled a cartwheel straw hat over her blonde hair and unhooked her sunglasses. "I've been wasting my time ever since I met you. But I suppose your insurance doesn't cover taking passengers in that car?"

The girl had the sort of figure, long-limbed and elegant, that you seldom see except in lingerie advertisements, but she had looks, too. "No insurance company would cover the risk of taking you out for a run," he told her. "Besides, I'm just about as keen on an afternoon of face-smacking as you

probably are on walking home in the heat of the sun. I'm all right here."

"You're right. A man can't be too careful. I suppose you're going to tell me you're selling vacuum cleaners out of that car?"

It was fine, talking English to someone for a change. "I'm too proud to work. Or too handsome, I forget which."

"So do I," she said. "If I ever knew it. I'm bored stiff, so what?"

"Wealthy young women inhabiting these fashionable and expensive parts," he said. "only have to snap the fingers to call up a couple of Rolls-Royces, complete with dowager chaperones and pet dogs and all. Snap up, my pretty, and lose your boredom."

"I'd sooner have a drink," she said. "D'you think you could snap for that?"

THEY sat at a table in the restaurant built under the promenade, one step up from the sand. A long bar occupied the back of the room, and at one end of the bar stood a piano. A narrow strip of parquet ran between the bar and the line of tables. They were alone in the place.



"**Y**OU will drive," the bandit snarled. "If you begin to brake I shoot and jump for it you understand?"

"If you brought a girl here to dance, one of these romantic, star-spangled nights," she mused, "there should be no occasion for anyone earning a face smack. And the question of walking home simply couldn't arise. But I suppose you don't dance, either?"

He shook his head absently. He was watching her lips, crimson against the white of her teeth, as she slipped them over the straw of her drink, and something warned him that he had to watch out with this girl. She was beautiful. "I'd like to know what a girl with your looks——"

"Don't forget my talents."

"And talents is doing down here, alone."

"So you've noticed I'm alone, and it strikes me it's the one thing I'm good at. But, listen!—you haven't heard my talents."

"Skip them. What is it—knitting?"

"And with all the offers I've had about my voice! Cup the palm around the ear for a moment and I'll prove it."

She leant over the table, singing softly and intimately, and immediately he began to take notice. "Just a minute!" he flagged.

"What's wrong now?"

"Do you know that number you're singing?"

"Well—I'm singing it, aren't I? I'm crazy about dance music, but if you——"

"Never mind about me. Let me play it to you, will you? You're a natural. You can sing!"

HE hooked up a chair to the piano and worked into the number for a while before transposing into her key. "Now come on!" he urged. "I'll be with you like a leech before you get to the refrain."

She went into it easily, and when they got together on the melody he stopped abruptly. "A girl like you," he told her, "can't handle a number as smoothly as this. What are you?"

"What are you?" she countered. "You learned rhythm somewhere."

"You don't learn it. You're born with it. I play in a dance band. With Don Ranello, that is—I used to. You know at the *Chat Blanc* in the Champs-Élysées."

"You certainly can play," she acknowledged. "I came down here three months ago in cabaret. The Grand-Meurice at Nice. The show packed up three weeks ago and I'm just hanging round until they open up again. That show or some other."

He knew what that meant. Plenty of hope and probably not too much money left. "Let's go through it again."

This time they let go and by the time they finished they had a crowd in from the beach. At twenty-four Ray had spent five years in dance music: he knew this girl had a voice and a singing personality. She only wanted a little training. It thrilled him more than he could account for to think how well they could work together.

He shook his head at the applause that greeted them and was leading the girl away from the piano when the proprietor elbowed up. "*Monsieur! M'selle! Je vous en prie!*" he begged, and catching her eye Ray grinned.

They gave two encores and when at length they got outside they found a waiter urging them to a table decorated with champagne, liqueurs, a box of chocolates, and to crown it all, a large bouquet.

"We made a hit," the girl smiled. "Quite a change for me."

"Yes," he said. "Filled the place for them. Baby, you could sing."

"Could?"

"Can. But with someone to put you right here and there you'd riot 'em. Listen! You don't want to follow as close as that. You want to let the piano lead you for rhythm, but it's—well, it's like walking by some railings and dragging your stick against them. You have to keep close all the time, but follow, if you see what I mean. That lag marks the beat. It stresses it. It makes all the difference. See?"

She was looking out beyond his head. "Perhaps we'll try again some day," she told him.

When he left her at lunch time Ray drove along towards Fréjus and the markets to see whether he could pick up any news of the chase. He was confident Lemolli was safe, in spite of the fact that all the way down from Paris they had found bills posted up in the villages, showing a photograph of the wanted man.

A military transport car was drawn up outside the *préfecture*, and it was packed with mobile guards in steel helmets. Further on, three motor cycles roared past him along the upper corniche, going towards Cannes and the frontier, each of them carrying two gendarmes.

He pulled into a filling station, vaguely alarmed. "What's all the scare about?" he asked the mechanic. "Army manoeuvres?"

The man unscrewed his filler caps. "Lemolli," he grinned. "This time they'll get him. They're searching the hills towards the frontier. The flics have been going past all day, m'sieur."

UP to this point helping Lemolli had seemed more of a game to Ray. He knew now it was different, and the fact left him rather weak in the stomach. He told himself no one had seen Lemolli in his car. They had travelled off the main roads and mostly by night. Who could connect him with Lemolli?

"Well," he managed, "I wish them luck!"

"I also, M'sieur. Eighty-five francs. It is not safe to have a brigand like that about the country. You should be careful, m'sieur."

"Me?" echoed Ray. He was hoping nothing showed in his face.

"Travelling at night is not safe. You remember you called in here three days ago, waking me up for petrol with your two friends asleep in the back of the car? (Continued on page 106)





THE TIGON *and the* LYGER

IN Mysore or Calcutta, in the great zoological gardens of India, the turbaned keepers sometimes show you proudly a soft-stepping, agile animal like no other you have ever seen, but which is nevertheless oddly familiar. The colour is tawny, and the stripes only faintly adumbrated; the posture, the walk, have both leonine and housecat characteristics. And with reason. Occasionally in the Indian zoos tigers and lions mate together. The progeny, if any come, are called "tigons" or "lygers," the former if the tiger is the father, the latter if the father is the lion. They are rare creatures, and usually they are short-lived.

Similarly in India to-day, everywhere in India, not just Mysore or Jaipur or Calcutta, you may see the beginnings of what may turn out to be an analogous experiment. It is an experiment in human and political zoology; it is being planned and talked over in viceregal lodges, princely palaces, and the homes of Congress workers. The British in India—the keepers with their keys—are trying to make the lion and the tiger lie down together. They are, in other words, trying to unite the India of the native states and the India of the eleven provinces ruled by British governors, trying to make Indian India and British India coalesce.

The experiment—the project rather—is called Federation. Do not think, simply because I have spent two months in India trying to absorb Indian atmosphere, Indian politics, through every pore every minute of the day, to exclusion of everything else, that I am exaggerating. The experiment—the project—the problem—of Federation is unique. It is quite possibly the most complex political issue

How a New Epoch in Indian and British history has been reached, in the form of an attempt to create a central Federal India for the first time

By

John Gunther

(Author of "Inside Europe," one of the best sellers of recently published books)

in the world to-day, the most onerous, the most exacting. The future of one-fifth of the human race, namely the 352,000,000 people of India, depends on it, and so perhaps depends the future of the British Empire.

India, unlike Gaul, is divided into two parts. Let us finish with statistics at the outset. "British India" comprises roughly 1,095,000 square miles (twenty times the area of Great Britain), or 61 per cent of the whole of India (1,808,000 square miles); the India of the princes is roughly 712,000 square miles. There are 271,000,000 people in British India according to the 1931 census, and about 80,000,000 people in the native or princely states. Thus about two-fifths of India belongs to the princes, though their peoples include less than one-quarter of the total population.

"British India" and "Princely India" are quite distinct and separate entities from any legal or political point of view, though the British exercise a form of control—known as "Paramountcy"—over the princely states. British India is, in a word, the three-fifths of the whole which the British, beginning with the East India Company, carved out of the great subcontinent. Princely India, the India of the maharajas, is the two-fifths they didn't get.

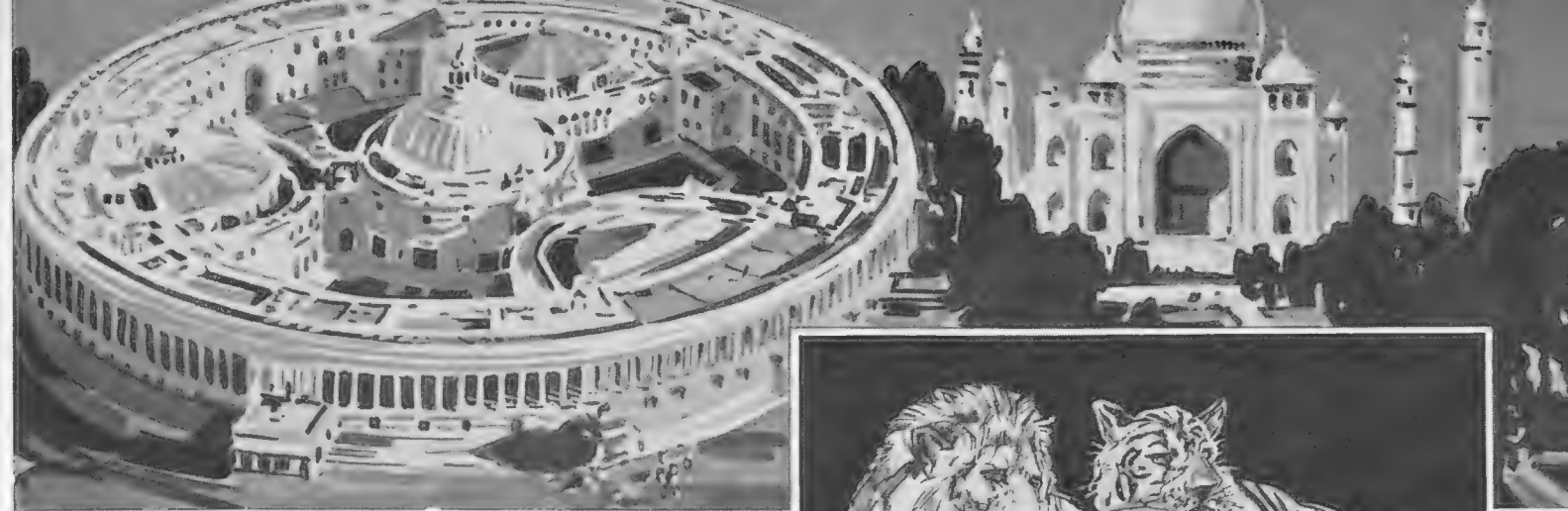
British India is divided into eleven provinces, including the great "presidencies" of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras; it includes the North-West Frontier region and most of the fertile plains of the Indus and Ganges. The Viceroy is the top of the structure, and he is in close relations with the India Office in London, which in turn is controlled by the British parliament. Nowadays, following years of strife and acrimony, the eleven provinces, though each is under the titular authority of a British

Decoration

by

J. Nicolson, A.R.E.





governor, possesses provincial autonomy with Indian prime ministers, cabinets, and assemblies. Since the coming into force of the new Government of India Act, on April 1, 1937, the machinery of democracy at least has come to British India.

The princely or native states are quite a different bag. There are 562 of them. They are not part of British India. British law does not affect them. They have their own governments, prime ministers, their own law courts, their own police; some have their own customs régime, railways, postage, coinage. They represent the part of India which the British choose to control by treaty means. The princes claim to be the representatives of the original population of India. Some, like the Rajputs, had their ancient kingdoms before the Moslem conquest; some were Mahratta invaders and marauders; some came with Islam. The people of princely India are not, technically speaking, British subjects, though they need British passports if they travel outside India. Except in the sphere of foreign affairs, the government of India—technically speaking—has no authority in the princely states, even if the states admit the supreme suzerainty of the British Crown.

The main characteristic of the princely states is that, by and large, they are autocracies. They are glittering pools of absolutism, citadels of anachronism in the modern world, and they control the lives and fortunes of 80,000,000 people (twice the number of people in France) inside the periphery of British India. Slowly, stertorously, the route of democracy—however incomplete and hedged in with restrictions—has advanced in British India. But whether a native state should relax its autocratic absolutism—or not—has been purely a business for each native state. The anomaly, the paradox, was too glaring. It was impossible for fair-minded people to envisage the spectacle of three-fifths of India marching towards self-government, no matter with what lurching and interruptions, while two-fifths of India remained feudal. It was bad morals. It was bad politics. It was unworkable and archaic.

In most of the native states there is no *habeas corpus*. In only about forty is judicial authority separated from executive authority. Only about forty out of 562 have High Courts; only about thirty have any so-called legislatures, and these are consultative in power, with nominated (not elected) members in most cases. In some states newspapers from outside are forbidden; in most the ruler has life and

death powers over his subjects; in some the people may be bought and sold like serfs. In most states the ruler, who may be recklessly extravagant, commands the entire state income. There are, it should be noted, a few—a very few—"good" states, like Mysore, where administration is, in general, on as high a level as British India. But states like Mysore are rare exceptions and even Mysore is, by almost any definition of the term, an autocracy.

The Government of India Act, the longest bill in the history of the British parliament, the product of seven solid years of unceasing discussion and debate, is in two parts. The first puts into effect a system of provincial autonomy for British India. The second proposes Federation of the native states with British India, in order to abolish the anomaly of two Indias, and to bring the princes and the provincial governments into a single federal structure. The British had several motives for this. We will discuss them later. The point to make now is that a new epoch in Indian (and British) history has been reached, in the form of an attempt to create a united, federal India for the first time.

LAST year a man died in Paris. His name was Alwar. More completely, his name was Colonel His Highness Sewai Maharaj Shri Jey Singhji, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Maharaja of Alwar. He ruled a state in Rajputana, near Delhi, 3,158 square miles in extent, with a population of 750,000, and an annual income of 3,680,000 rupees. He had an army of about 1,250 men, and a police force of 883. His salute was fifteen guns.

This Maharaja of Alwar was one of the most extraordinary human beings of recent times. He was a little bit of a saint; and a good deal of a sadist. He was double-natured to an amazing degree, combining extreme purity of motive with the most savage cruelty. He was like a Renaissance prince of sixteenth century Italy: crazy, cruel, brilliant, devious, and indescribably arrogant, a bizarre creature of pride and vice.

He could not bear that anyone should touch him. Once at dinner a lady, admiring a ruby on his finger, asked to inspect it. Promptly he took the ring off and gave it to her. She handed it back. He gave the ruby to the servant behind him, with the words, "Wash it."



But this was an unusual occurrence, because as a rule the Maharaja of Alwar wore gloves in company. One story is that, when he was about to be received at Buckingham Palace, the court chamberlains were paralysed with embarrassment, because they knew that Alwar never took his gloves off, and also that the late King George V had said that he would not shake hands with "that man" with his gloves on. Until the last possible moment, as he advanced, Alwar kept his hands concealed—and all the servants in suspense. Then, with an arrogant gesture, he did consent to expose his right hand.

Alwar had a savage sense of humour. Once on his travels he got word that his "guru," or spiritual leader, had died at home. Alwar wanted to see him again, and ordered the body to be pickled in spirit until his return.

He was insanely proud. He once telegraphed a friend that he could not keep an appointment in Bombay because he had missed, not his train, but his "special train." As if a man could miss a special train! The point was that his credit was exhausted, and the railway people would not give him any more special trains.

He spent a very considerable share of the state revenues on himself. For some years he blocked, in every way possible, an attempt by the British to push a road through his territory which would link Delhi and Jaipur by a direct route. The road would spoil his tigers, he protested. He would send men out to dig ditches across the new road during the night.

He was a wonderful shot. This, however, did not assuage the feelings of native women, his subjects, when he took their living babies for bait at tiger shoots. He would say calmly that they should not worry, he was fairly sure to get the tiger before the tiger got the baby.

Sometimes, to improve shooting, he would remove, tear up, eradicate, destroy, whole villages, and let the people roam away to starve.

He constantly quarrelled with the British in his capital. One British official pleaded with him not to be "vindictive." It was the word of rebuke the Britisher always chose. One day he came to see Alwar; he was (Continued on page 84)

Books:

Design for Browsing

By Alan Seymour

I CAN imagine no greater contrast than that afforded by two of the volumes in the twelve new books which lie before me.

How to Get More Out of Life, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Geoffrey Bles, 3s. 6d.) is the one and *Do Your Own Time*, by Don Castle (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.) is the other.

In the former we are taken on a personally-conducted tour of the simple things of life and we are shown how to extract from them that which will evoke from our senses the uttermost extremity of enjoyment.

To read this book is to be jerked out of step with our inevitable spiritual complacency and to realise that we accept far too much for granted in this busy age.

One feels all the way through this book that Mr. Croft-Cooke is one's own delightful guide, philosopher and friend.

The whole thing is so charmingly intimate and personal that the reader instinctively wishes that he or she might really ask the author's advice on this and that.

And this, too, is a considerable compliment to the author, that one feels a sublime confidence in his ability to give immediately the obvious and only solution to a problem of life which to us seems insoluble.

All those things which are the interests of the majority of us could be so very much more interesting if only we could see them as Mr. Croft-Cooke sees them.

The moral of this excellent book is: "Be self-inquisitive. Be individualistic."

It follows, then, that when a community of men are deliberately and dextrously deprived of every spark of individuality, they are enduring the nearest approach to a living death.

THE systematic spirit-crushing which characterises "life" in an American penitentiary forms the stark subject of Don Castle's unforgettable book.

This is not a pretty story. It will startle and it will shock.

It is meant to do so.

The author is an American journalist who, for a comparatively trifling offence, received the, to us, unfamiliar sentence of "from - nothing - to - fourteen-years" in St. Quentin Prison, California.

The treatment of the convicts and the horrible inside rackets which control their

lives; the inhuman brutality not only of the guards, but of the inmates themselves to each other, form a picture that is almost unbelievable to us in this country.

But beneath this horrific structure are foundations of such obvious sincerity, that we accept the facts presented as truth.

It is in no spirit of smugness that we in this country may well congratulate ourselves upon a penal system in which such conditions are impossible.

From the glossary of underworld slang included at the end of this grim document, I find that "Do your own time" means "Mind your own business," but my advice to you is not to apply it to the book itself, for it is one which all who take an interest in the welfare of their fellow-beings ought to read.

Whereas a "fish" in Mr. Castle's lingo is a "green" or "tenderfoot" convict, there are those others of us to whom the word conveys a sense of something far more pleasant.

Thus it is with some relief that we may now turn to "Madame Prunier's Fish Cookery Book," comprising 1,000 famous fish recipes. The book which is published by Nicholson & Watson at 6s. net, is edited by Ambrose Heath, with illustrations—delightful pen and ink drawings—by Mathurin Meheut.

I am not quite clear as to what the "sponsorship" of a book such as this implies, but perhaps I should draw attention, for the sake of those more nobly-minded than myself, to the fact that this volume is "graciously sponsored" by Violet The Lady Melchett, the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon and Colonel The Hon. Angus McDonnell.

Madame Prunier has an enviable international reputation. Her restaurants in Paris and London have taught us that there is beauty even in dead fish.

Her book explains this apparent miracle and makes it possible for us to emulate her astonishing achievements in this direction.

A NUMBER of other notable women of our time have been "collected into a volume"—a most fascinating volume—by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith in *Myself When Young* (Frederick Muller, 12s. 6d.).

A generation ago, the compilation of such a book could not have been accomplished because women had not then played so diverse a part in the affairs of the world.

This lively and human book is a mirror to the feminine achievement of the age, for its illustrious editress has been careful to include only those women who have left their mark (Continued on page 110)



IF a romantic life can be conceded to a comedian and, incongruous as it sounds, it is often true, one could not imagine a more romantic story than that of Leslie Henson's. As a plot for a novel it would be dismissed as wildly and utterly impossible. Henson himself remarked to me that he regarded his profession much as a game of roulette: one threw a chip on red or black, but who could foretell which would turn up—fame or obscurity? Years ago, when in New York, he was made an offer to go to Hollywood. He refused, saying his place was at the "Gaiety." It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened had he accepted. Would it have been red or black?

Leslie Henson made a beginning as a pierrot in a seaside concert party some four years before the war. Years after, he financed a show for the man who had given him his first chance. When he was on tour in a George Dance company his salary was three pounds a week. His request for a rise of ten shillings a week was refused. In *Funny Face* he was paid £500 a week by Alfred Butt. When associated with Tom Walls he made a fortune out of *Tons of Money*, that mirth-provoking play which had been refused by half the managements in London. He also owned a half-share in "Tons of Money," the horse which, one year, was such a hot favourite for the Lincoln and lost its backers thousands of pounds. So certain was Henson of its success that he travelled to Lincoln to lead it in. He is said to be the only man to make the Winter Garden Theatre pay. No stage comedian of to-day gets so many laughs as Henson, his very appearance holds up the action of a play until the laughter has subsided.

HE lives in St. John's Wood, the approach to his house along Marlborough Place is prosaic enough, then you pass through a gate in a wall into a garden flaming with masses of flowers; immediately everything becomes hushed and remote and London might be miles away. From a window on the garden level, Mr. Henson waves a greeting; a few minutes after, one is sitting in a chair in his study while he finishes his breakfast. A charming room, I thought, with its rows and rows of books, including the bound scores of all the musical comedies Mr. Henson has played in; its framed drawings—one, an original Bernard Partridge drawing of Sir James Barrie, which Henson asked Barrie to sign, and Barrie returned beautifully framed as well—and the two dogs asleep on a rug; a room which oddly suggests the whimsical, vital and volatile personality of Mr. Henson.

For a time there is little opportunity to talk, his secretary is in the room, the day's correspondence has to be gone through, and replies suggested with many interruptions from the telephone,



Leslie Henson

Prince of Stage Comedians

By W. S. Meadmore



into the mouthpiece of which Mr. Henson discusses films, plays, radio programmes, charities and his other numerous occupations, mostly with a half-chewed piece of toast held in one hand.

I ASKED Leslie Henson how it came about that he decided to take up the stage as a career; he replied that it seemed inevitable from the very start of his life that he was destined for music or comedy. His mother tells with pride the story of how, as a baby, and even before he had articulated a word, he would hum in his cot the tune of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," learnt from a wheezy hurdy-gurdy which played in the street once a week. On the strength of this performance, his father was convinced that Leslie was an outstanding child.

"Very early in my childhood," said Mr. Henson, "I acted all the time, never comedy, but always tragic and heroic results. Most of these dramas were enacted in the kitchen with the help of my father's coachman. In one such drama, I remember I was poor Joe, with open shirt, ragged trousers and bare feet—yes, and my make-up was good—homeless in the snow. The coachman was a policeman and the entire dialogue of this tragedy was:

Policeman: Move on there.

Joe: I'm always moving on.

"**L**ATER came the Boer War, and I became very heroic. With the four Walker boys, who lived two houses away from my home in Highbury, I staged great battles against the Boers. The Walkers, of course, regarded these spectacular dramas as a game; to me it was already a production. I went to prep. school at Cliftonville, where I found that the headmaster was very keen on theatricals, he and I were the corner men in minstrels—then all the rage—in fact, we became great 'buddies.' But when I went on to Emmanuel, the headmaster there frowned on theatricals and I was soon under a cloud, suspected of giving illicit performances. I did—in the prize-giving hall, with a boy on the door to keep watch, and with some of the masters as an audience. Suddenly the boy on the door would give a warning whistle, the headmaster, very fierce indeed, would stride into the great hall, to discover the masters engaged in serious conversation. As for me—I was hiding under the stage.

"My father was in the wholesale meat business in Smithfield Market with branches all over the place. When I left school he decided that I must start in the business, so I was sent to a friend of father's, who lived in Dundee, to be taught how to become a wholesale meat butcher. Instead, (Continued on page 120)

Old Tales Re-told

The Tudor Icarus: *Perkin Warbeck and His Bid For England's Throne*

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IMPOSTURE is a crime having a history and a literature all its own. Thousands of examples of every kind recorded alike in ancient, medieval, and modern writings have invariably proved that humanity in general cannot be fooled for long, no matter how clever a man may be. The most insignificant and the most classic impostors have always shared the same weak characteristics, invariably placing too great a reliance on their own genius, on the collective stupidity of the world, and, what is still more fallacious, on the complicity of their supporters. Obstinate in those three forms of blindness, they have realised their faults only when brought behind prison bars or when face to face with the executioner.

A very prominent place in the annals of impersonation is occupied by a young man, who, without the cunning ingenuity of a Cagliostro, conceived one of the boldest and most daring plans in all British history. His bid was for the throne of England—no less.

Perkin Warbeck was his name. He was the son of John Warbeck a Jew from Tournay. Owing to some considerable business deals, John Warbeck had free access to the court, and his relations with the King became so friendly, that the latter graciously consented to become godfather to little Perkin.

It seems that the preference and privileges granted to John Warbeck, the arresting beauty of his wife, and a strange resemblance between Perkin and Richard, one of the two unfortunate princes murdered in the Tower of London, gave some ground to the rumours that Perkin was the result of an adventure between the handsome Edward IV and the fair Mrs. Warbeck.

PERKIN grew up to be a very nice boy of comely person and bright intelligence. He was still in his adolescence when, in 1485, destiny brought Richard III, after having oppressed England with a ruthless tyranny for two years, at last to face the sword of justice in the hands of Henry VII on Bosworth Field. There the famous Battle of the Roses was finally decided, for Richard's army was hopelessly routed and Richard himself was slain. The sword that slew him extinguished the Yorkist line.

For a long while after this Richards' followers, particularly in Ireland, still maintained their hostility to Henry VII and thus obviously paved the way for the Perkin Warbeck affair that was to follow.

For four or five years public resentment kept pace with the growth of

intrigue between the Fleury party and the Duchess of Burgundy sister to the deceased kings Henry IV and Richard III.

AFTER death and murder had extinguished Edward, Richard and the two young princes of the House of York, the general opinion was that the one who could lay best claim to the throne was the Earl of Warwick. Apparently, however, no one knew where he was.

One day the bellicose Duchess of Burgundy waved the flag of victory by producing from seemingly nowhere the missing Earl. This news of the reappearance of the supposedly rightful candidate to the throne was considered a crushing blow to Henry. But as it happened, Henry knew only too well where the real Earl of Warwick was, and so he was equipped to deal with his opponents in devastating fashion.

By royal command a dungeon in the Tower of London was opened and a prisoner was brought out. A young man pale of face, pessimistically doubtful of his fate, hesitatingly followed the guard. He was the young Earl of Warwick, the legitimate son of the late Duke of Clarence, issuing from obscurity to be produced in public and placed



THE baptism of Perkin Warbeck, ill-starred upstart of the Tudor era. Edward IV stood sponsor for him at the christening

face to face with he whom the Duchess of Burgundy had brought to the fore.

The situation was reaching fever-point. Two Dukes of Warwick aspiring to one crown was the equivalent of two aces of diamonds in one pack of cards. The Duchess's plot was threatened with disaster because, on enquiry, her Duke of Warwick turned out to be a certain Lambert Simnel, who had lent himself to this daring masquerade. Yet, even so, this ignominious unmasking did not deter the stubborn Duchess from employing armed forces to support the impostor, and 2000 German mercenary troops were sent against Henry's army.

Teutons have always been fierce soldiers when, on their own account, they have invaded other people's territory, but as a hired force they have almost invariably proved to be a bad bargain for anyone employing them. So it was now for the Duchess of Burgundy, for the Germans were defeated, and the intended crushing blow ended only in the most dire failure.

Whilst these events were taking place, John Warbeck was far from idle, never neglecting to keep in touch with his old friends and with the leaders of the Yorkist party, especially with the Duchess of Burgundy. She had offered most generously to take care of the education of his boy—an offer that had been accepted most gratefully by the wandering Jew.

ONCE in the hands of the cunning Margaret of Burgundy, Perkin was not only trained to acquire a princely bearing, but he was skilfully prepared to represent the part of Richard Plantagenet, mysteriously and miraculously escaped from the cruelty to which his uncle Richard had submitted him and his unfortunate brother. The story of the escape from the Tower was concocted with the most touching and dramatic details.

For a year Perkin Warbeck passed under the care of Lady Brampton and was sent to Portugal for the finishing touches. Under the persevering and insinuating pressure of Margaret of Burgundy, young Perkin was turning out to be an ideal subject for impersonation. In addition to the tuition imparted to him, he was fed and intoxicated with promises of a future shining with all the splendour that the crown of England could afford.

It was with an almost hypnotic power that the particulars of his dramatic escape were instilled into Perkin, so that in the end he became a victim of auto-suggestion to such an extent that he really underwent the emotional crises appertaining to the part he was playing.

Another episode which helped to perfect the picture was his romance with Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley, a young woman of incredible beauty. She was the very incarnation of everything that was delicate and noble, the very type to have inspired the immortal Botticelli. During their dreamy idyll Perkin promised her the crown of England, and in his imagination he visualised his beloved Catharine as a divine crowned Madonna, erect on a golden pedestal, and shining with diamonds and precious stones exactly like those he remembered having seen in the cathedrals of Portugal. He felt that now he had a real and great reason to fight the whole world. He would fight to win, fight like a lion, like a demon, until he

could wrest the power from the claws of any interloper and place at her feet the most coveted crown of Europe.

IT was in 1492 that Perkin Warbeck made his first official appearance and landed at Cork. His story made a deep impression and spread like lightning all

over the country. The Duchess of Burgundy used all her big drums in recognising him as Prince Richard, her nephew and head of the family. She was perfectly sure that this time Henry could not produce the real Princes, whose bodies were fated to remain undiscovered for four centuries and a half. In fact, Henry



In Perkin's imagination he visualised Lady Catharine Gordon as a divine crowned Madonna, erect on a golden pedestal

was even unable to prove that they had been killed, but nevertheless he tried hard to do so.

At about the same time relations between Henry VII. and Charles VIII. of France were so strained that the British lion was prepared at any moment to leap over the Channel and land on La Belle France. But Charles, with a sagacious move, stopped this imminent danger. He called Perkin to France and bestowed honours on him as the real Richard Plantagenet. The rush of English nobles offering their services and their swords in favour of the royal survivor was such that Henry became rather alarmed, and negotiations for peace were started.

Henry tried strenuously to persuade Charles to hand over Perkin, but Charles would not listen to this suggestion, and succeeded in obtaining peace without consenting to so low a bargain.

A gentle hint, most politely conceived by the French monarch, saw Perkin across the frontier to the Court of Burgundy.

Meanwhile, in England, the first victims of this struggle were paying the penalty at Henry's hands. One by one the heads of many nobles were falling beneath the axe of the executioner, and amongst them the famous Lord Stanley—he who had placed the crown on Henry's head at the battle of Bosworth.

The horror aroused by such a vengeance spurred Perkin and his party on to plan a bold step. Relying on a too easily presumed prestige, a landing in England was planned. It was carelessly organised, without the consideration due to such a dangerous step, and still more carelessly executed.

Taking advantage of a moment when King Henry had gone to visit his mother in Lancashire, Warbeck landed on the coast of Kent at Deal. Finding no signs of hostility, he commenced the landing of his followers. About 200 of them were already on *terra firma* when, despite the orderly behaviour of the population (too orderly, perhaps), Perkin became suspicious of some significant glances exchanged between some people gathered on the shore. He ordered an immediate retreat, and only just in time, for suddenly these apparently peaceful people fell on him and his followers. Ropes appeared as though by magic, and in time all of them were captured, bound and trussed. All, that is, except Perkin, who, quicker than the rest, had succeeded in the nick of time in stepping on the boat, and so saved his life and a few others. Not long after, 169 bodies were hanging by the neck, tragic examples of the bloody result of overriding human ambition.

DISILLUSIONED, but not beaten, Warbeck sought hospitality in Flanders, but he found he was not wanted there. Again he recrossed the sea, and sailed up as far as Ireland, only to find that the Irish were becoming suspicious of the imposture, and the wandering Perkin was confronted by another about-turn. He still had one card left to play, however—a king, James IV. of Scotland.

Meanwhile, Margaret of Burgundy had not ceased pulling the strings, moving at her will this marionette camouflaged as a Prince. She relied a great deal on the Scottish monarch, inasmuch as he had endured untold provocations and interferences from Henry; therefore it seemed he would be more than predisposed to do anything against the King of England.

Warbeck was received in Scotland with every honour, and from the historic castle of Stirling standards, banners and streamers with the colours of Scotland and the arms of Plantagenet were gloriously displayed in the wind. There were festivities and banquets in that picturesque atmosphere, where the luxury of the fifteenth century had not effaced even the historical traces of the ancient Scots who had opposed their weapons of flint to the ambitions of Rome. There were jousts and tournaments



*At Stirling Castle,
honour amidst jousts*

with all their display of bravery, shining metals and bright colours to endorse the spirit of hospitality.

The glory of those days reached its zenith when, at last, the sacred bond of marriage united Perkin Warbeck to the beautiful Catharine Gordon.

Preparations for war followed this festive prologue; preparations carried out under enormous difficulties, for Henry had bribed in his favour even the very brothers of James.

As forerunner of the coming storm, edicts were broadcast declaring Henry a usurper, a murderer of the man who had actually put the crown on his head, a King who had exploited and plundered his own people. Such a

King should be destroyed and the rightful one put in his place! The rightful one, of course, was to be Perkin Warbeck, baptised Richard Plantagenet. Perkin also promised one thousand pounds for the capture or destruction of Henry VII.

These edicts were eagerly read, but rather disbelieved and entirely unsupported in England. We must not forget that Perkin Warbeck was put to the fore by France and Scotland, and at that time neither the Fleur de Lys nor the Thistle flourished on English soil.

Not much time elapsed ere the angry Scots crossed the frontier. Many villages were burned, homeless



in Scotland, Perkin Warbeck was received with and tournaments to endorse the spirit of hospitality

people and cattle scattered in frantic terror. The sporadic and useless struggle lasted for an entire year before James deemed it wiser to withdraw his forces. But the real truce was signed only after a second attempt at invasion failed. By then the enthusiasm for Warbeck had died down considerably, and James advised him to quit Scotland. Warbeck had played his trump card, but had lost just the same.

ON July 20th, 1497, with only 100 followers and accompanied by his faithful wife, who had refused to let him go alone, Warbeck landed at Cork. Humiliating indifference awaited him in Ireland, but an invitation from the

people of Cornwall for him to become their leader opened his heart to fresh hopes and revived his spirits.

In the beginning of September, still with his 100 men, he reached Witsand Bay. At Bodmin 3000 insurgents awaited him. That was more than he had ever expected, and he felt confident that others would join in.

At last Perkin Warbeck was at the head of an army of his own, a general, an independent leader who could look with contempt on the erratic protection of any crowned head.

To his loving wife he seemed wonderful. Bravely she smiled through her tears as she bade him farewell, and with difficulty she unclasped her arms from around

his neck. Whilst she was on her way to safe refuge at St. Michael's Mount, her husband resumed his march towards Exeter. On the way several thousand men joined in. Weapons were requisitioned wherever possible, but none of those "infernal guns on wheels" could be obtained, none of those "heavy monsters capable of spitting fire or throwing an iron or marble ball for more than three hundred paces away, spreading terror on earth."

Arrived at the gates of Exeter, the army had become 10,000 strong. The attack on the fortified town began, but the result of the onslaught was far from encouraging. After having lost 200 men they had succeeded only in firing one



Having failed to take Exeter, Perkin Warbeck's ghostly army marched on to Taunton

gate without having entered it. They waved the white flag and there was a wholesale desertion of Perkin's followers from Devonshire. Rather a disastrous beginning for the young leader, who was left with his Cornish soldiers, half of them in rags. They decided, however, to try

their luck again, and so the ghostly army proceeded towards Taunton. This time they came face to face with the disciplined and properly armed vanguard of the Royal Army. To entertain the idea of an open encounter was nothing short of madness.

Poor Perkin was evidently not made of the stuff of heroes. Fortune was frowning on him, and the grim prospect made him shudder with terror. Once a man is taken by that feeling nothing counts. Neither dignity nor gratitude for those who faithfully stuck to his cause

counted; only was there the imperative, unrestrained desire to run away.

Night was falling as he rode faster and faster towards the New Forest in search of refuge and safety in the Monastery of Beaulieu.

Under the inexorable heat of the sun the wax whereof the wings of Icarus were made was rapidly melting and the fall through immensity of space had begun.

ALL battles now at an end, there followed the calm inexorable punishment of the culprits. For some the scaffold, for others a pardon. The beautiful Catharine Gordon was brought before Henry in tears, and he, so impressed by her grief and her beauty, sent her to the Queen with whom she found suitable employment. Warbeck threw himself at Henry's feet, and Henry played with him as a cat does with a mouse.

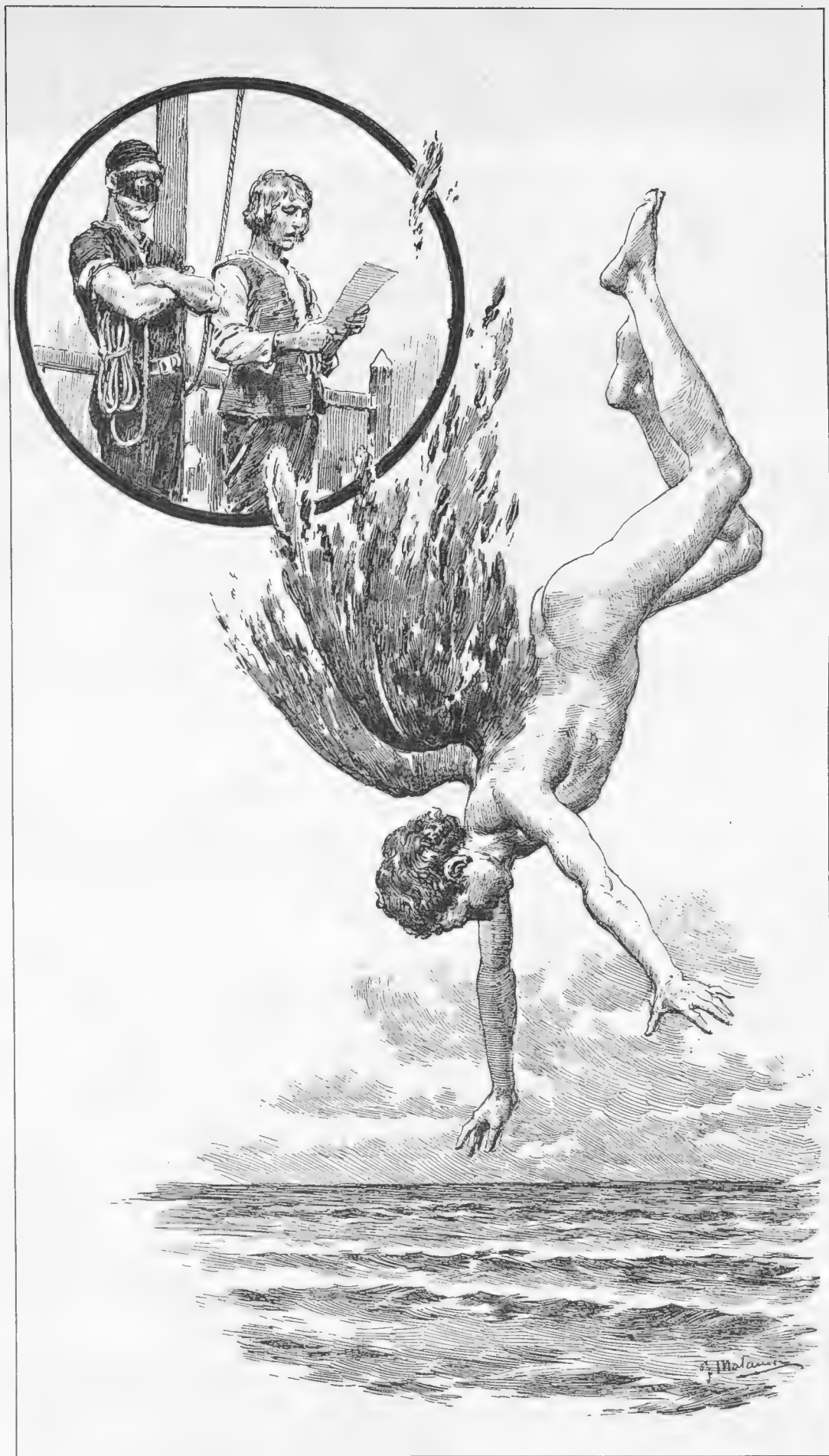
The country being now pacified, the King journeyed back to London with Perkin who was paraded through the streets as an object of derision, and lodged in the Tower. Soon afterwards, however, he was released and kept in the King's court with no restraint upon his liberty except that he was carefully watched. On June 9, 1498, however, he made an attempt to escape, but he got no further than the Monastery of Syon, and surrendered once more.

ON Friday, June 15, Perkin was put in the stocks on a scaffolding placed on barrels at Westminster Hall, and on the Monday following underwent similar treatment in Cheapside where he made his confession, and after five hours' exposure was conveyed to the Tower. The whole story of his misfortune, written and read by himself, was printed by the King's command.

Next year, in 1499, Perkin made his last attempt to escape. He first tried to corrupt his keepers who, with a show of yielding, brought him into communication with other prisoners, and among them with the unhappy Earl of Warwick, the only real source of the King's anxieties. A very absurd plot was formed to seize the Tower; which, being revealed, Perkin and his friend, John o' Water, Mayor of Cork; and two others were condemned to death.

TRIED at Westminster Hall on November 16, 1499, he was given but one week to live, for on the twenty-third, the greyest and duller day of the year, the slim young figure of Perkin Warbeck appeared on the scaffold at Tyburn. He was made to read aloud his confession to the callous crowd. Then "Icarus, made heavier by

the load of his insane ambition, plunged head on in the infinite immensity of the sea," or, to mix the metaphor and employ the words of Bacon, "thus did this winding ivy of a Plantagenet kill the true tree itself."



"ICARUS, made heavier by the load of his insane ambition, plunged head on in the infinite immensity of the sea"

NEW BODY BUILD-UP

The equinoctial blood-change is on us again, when the stream changes from the thin consistency that has gradually developed through sunlit days to meet summer heat, to that thicker content which has to resist winter's chills.

But that thicker content has to be charged with purity and sunlight, it must not thicken down on imprisoned acids. Our lowest aim should be 90 per cent health.

Walk in the sun, seize every moment to be in it. Surfeit yourself on September vegetables and fruits, so as to condition the blood-stream and help the change. Here are the September vegetables and fruits which act directly on the chief organs of the body.

Blackberries & Apples. Blackberries contain iron and organic salts. They are the strong man's dish, the poor man's too, available to everyone.

Children eat too many from the hedges, become ill because the pips are apt to irritate the lining of the stomach. But nothing but good can come of having blackberry juice in any quantity, either from mashing the raw ripe fruit and straining it through a muslin, or mashing it after it has been cooked in a double saucepan—no water and only a little sugar—and pouring it on to apple that has also been reduced to pulp. (Apples should be cut, cored, peeled and cooked in a double saucepan without water, little sugar).

Apples contain a high percentage of carbohydrates and phosphates and are beneficial to the mental worker and all who are highly strung. Few mixtures have a higher nutritive value than blackberry and apple, and you can encase them in a steam pudding if the day is cold, just to introduce heat-giving fat and flour.

Runner Beans are easy to digest and stimulate the working of the kidneys. Cut them slightly at the top and lower ends and unstring them round. Throw into boiling salted water to cook until tender. Test one at the end of fifteen minutes. Their remedial qualities are better preserved if steamed, but they incline to go black and look unappetising. Eat with a little butter.

Corn-on-the-Cob tastes delicious and, when fresh, is a balm for sluggish liver. Also it tones the pancreas. It should be cast into boiling salted water in its leaves. Part these with a silver fork after twenty minutes, and test. If cooked, the prongs should

go right in. Remove leaves on removing from pan. Dab on butter.

Vegetable Marrow neutralises and eliminates acids. Its value is wholly destroyed when sliced and boiled in the usual method. They should be small, baked in the oven or steamed. When tender or half-cooked, they can be cut along the length and have the centre scooped out and filled with chopped herbs, onions

If you are feeling below par, don't wait for winter to find the weak spot out, take a tonic now.

Sanatogen if you are nervy or suffer from sleeplessness. Drink it in milk if you don't like it in water. It is fattening, but the adipose will fall off later. Meanwhile you will be filled with new life. Take it for a month and the difference will last indefinitely.

Phosferine Tonic Wine if you require a pick-me-up to carry you through the day's work buoyantly. Nothing to touch it for quick invigoration and permanent well-being.

Benger's Food if you have been over-working or going through strenuous times. Don't ruin your digestion by bolting meals or taking heavy ones when you are tired. A cup of Benger's Food is a meal in itself, pre-digested, and sets jangled nerves in order. It can be supplemented by the beans or sweet corn mentioned on this page, or fish.

and butter, and then re-baked for ten minutes. Chives, sage, thyme, parsley and grated lemon, spice the marrow and accentuate its clearing properties.

Beetroots strengthen the heart. They can be prepared in a number of ways but care must be taken when peeling them to see they do not bleed, or their iron content will be spilled.

Their juices are most beneficial when they have been baked. The beet can then be pounded and passed through a hair sieve into veal or chicken stock for soup.

Beetroot leaves, cooked in the following way, build up the blood. Cut away stems with a wash. Place sliced onions in a frying-pan in olive oil (not butter) on a low flame.

Add the beetroot leaves, mix with the onion and let the whole stew in its own juice without adding water. Finally squeeze in a little lemon juice, to activate the iron content.

This dish is best taken without meat, as a vegetarian course.

Mushrooms should be eaten alone. Cut the stalks away with a silver knife, peel and place in a double saucepan with a sufficiency of butter. Add a squeeze of lemon juice, lid down for half an hour's cooking. Then cover with milk and allow them to stew until tender.

They absorb and evacuate all rubbish and mucus from the intestines and stomach, and precipitate the formation of vitamins and salines.

They should not be eaten with meat or cheese. Cheese has been through a fermenting process, mushrooms grow out of fermenting matter. Mix them, and if your stomach is sensitive, disturbance will follow.

If a dish is required to accompany stewed mushrooms, a baked potato, lavishly mashed with butter and eaten skin and all, cannot be surpassed.

Note: If the silver knife stains while peeling the mushrooms, discard that mushroom immediately. In cases of poisonous fungus, the stain runs like a blush over the knife, and remains.

Cabbage, for all its reputation, is a delicious vegetable if properly cooked. It is rich in vitamin value, in the mineral constituents essential to a healthy blood supply, and as roughage has an important function to perform.

Generally speaking, cabbage is overcooked. It should be thoroughly washed and dropped into fast boiling, slightly salted water without soda.

Ten minutes' vigorous boiling is enough if the cabbage is young. Strain and chop with butter and seasoning. Return to the saucepan and reheat before serving.

By Chrysis

If you require further details of the preparations mentioned on the opposite page, or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

What Is Your Charm Factor ?

If you are young and your face is full, glow is the keynote. You can put it all on.

If you are any age, and your face is oval, delicate, and of a definite shape, what you leave off is as important as what you put on. Clever pallor should be your password, with a well-judged flash on lips, eyes, or brows.

If you have a face described as quizzical, with a bewitching movement around the lips or above the eyebrows, some innate mark of expressiveness that is all your own, make-up should be indiscernible. It can be present to form a super-skin, but colouring should be subtle and uniform.

Women of forty do well to follow an almost uniform make-up, as character is the real asset of their face, and high-lit colourings detract and look as though they could be scraped off.



In their "Number Seven" preparations, Boots have incorporated every necessity for complexion care and make-up. Astringent Lotion (3s. 6d.), Cleansing Cream (3s.), Hand Lotion (2s. 6d.), Cleansing Tissues (2s.), Skin Food (3s. 6d.), Skin Tonic (2s. 6d.) and Lemon Cream (3s. 6d.), are some of a series whose purity is beyond question. "Number Seven" Cosmetiques, comprise Compact Rouge, Eyelash Cosmetique, Eye Shadow, Face Powder, Rouge Cream, and Lipstick, at prices from 1s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.

Indiscernible Make-up

Slip on a cream foundation. Choose from one of two, according to whether you have a normal or greasy complexion.

Blend from powders in nine different shades. Of these: Sun-bronze corrects sallowness and gives brunettes an ivory tint.

Ochre topped by a dusting of green hides a flushed or veined complexion.

Blondes should always wear two shades, a rose-base patted in and green as the finishing, especially for oval faces where transparency is the aim.

Use a hint of powder rouge either Natural or Royal, the same tone in lipstick, unless an accent is required, when the shade should be Vivid. This tone becomes the young; can be used by all ages at night, by day should be carefully considered.

Light green eye-shadow produces the illusion of seeing through the eyelid, enlarges the eye, is most fascinating.

Any shade of eye cosmetic out of seven can be used against this, depending on how much your lashes will hold. Don't overload.

Dazzling Colour Glow

Cream rouge first, placed where it will most enhance your eyes. Use two shades. Dark first, then merge in a streak of a bright light shade, Flame, as light as you please, but slight.

Foundation lotion next. This hides all blemishes, can be obtained in five shades. The one called *Pêche* gives life to the face, irradiates. Powder over this must be of light tone.

Lipstick should repeat the top bright rouge. A suspicion of

muscle-oil in the centre of the lower lip emphasises the curve.

Use two shades of eye-shadow, light green as a base, to give transparency to the eyelid, next a streak of mauve, blue, silver, bronze, in a fine but marked line at the base of the lashes, wiped away in a mist beyond the eye. Lashes should be stiffened and darkened by mascara.

Pat in a light shade of powder under your chin and round the cheeks just where the neck begins, to lift the face and give final bloom.

Perfected Skin-care

No make-up in the world can bring lustre to a skin that has grown flabby or tired or freshen up a face on which make-up has gone dull for hours.

Your skin has to be in a condition to take make-up before make-up can adorn, just as a wall has to be prepared before it can take paint. The skin has to be smooth, clean, sprung and vital.

A good bleach every now and again is essential—quite apart from the serious business of removing sun-tan at the moment. Bleach once a week, it gives the pores an extra clean. A super-whitening cream has been evolved which soaks right in without having to be worked. It is drying, of course.

Everything that cleans the cells out, inclines to shrink and tighten them, so that they have to be oiled up. A refined but concentrated muscle-oil will do this.

Use bleaching cream twice a week, overnight, if expelling sun-tan. In the ordinary way once a week. In each case follow it by an application of muscle-oil.

On other nights use a greatly-improved skin food, one that is quickly assimilated and does not stretch the skin.

If you are over forty, a powerful astringent, diluted down with water to the strength required, will keep cheek contours firm, pores closed.

If you are under forty, a non-wilting skin tonic will freshen the face into a freshness that is lasting.

For oily skins, clean with complexion milk; for dry with liquifying cream, and then wipe over with skin tonic.

This routine is simple, fundamental. There is nothing in it that has not been the backbone of beauty care for years. It is only the preparations themselves, that have advanced beyond all knowledge.

Every mother worth her salt plans her child's diet on modern scientific principles. Appreciating that healthy development and the prevention of disease in after-life depend upon a properly balanced diet, she follows charts with conscientious enthusiasm, but for the most part she is working in the dark.

Vitamins, calories and other scientific terms come into daily use, but most of us use them with only the vaguest knowledge of what they really imply or to what result a deficiency or surplus of either one of them can lead.

It is a big subject. Too big for a mother to have anything more than a nodding acquaintance with. But that she can and should have, so that at least she understands the broad outline of the methods she adopts.

Most everyday complaints, traced to their source, are found to be due to the deficiency or the overplus of some particular element in the diet.

This does not always mean that the diet is entirely lacking in the essential component, but that some functional peculiarity renders the system unable to deal with it as it should.

Some skin complaints and a general lowering of resistance to infection so that the child is constantly suffering from colds and minor infectious complaints occurs sometimes when the valuable minerals contained in fresh green vegetables are omitted or not sufficiently abundant in the diet.

It is not uncommon to find that the diet of the younger child is deficient in this way, since the aversion to greens is so common.

Fresh vegetable soups, finely grated carrot and the many palatable varieties of tinned strained vegetables now prepared for children make it simple to guard against this deficiency.

The same symptoms are noticeable when milk is not sufficiently liberal in the diet. Overwhelming proof of the effectiveness of milk as a barricade against infection is found in the tests which have taken place in schools.

In every case where the test has been applied, it has been proved that those children who were given an abundance of milk were almost entirely proof against colds and winter chills, while among those who had less the percentage of infection was very high.

In the few cases where the child objects to milk, other dairy products such as fresh eggs and butter should be emphasised.

Constipation, loss of appetite and some nervous complaints frequently point to a deficiency of roughage in the food. This term

By
Louisa
Kay



THE RIGHT DIET FOR YOUR BABY

embraces such things as nuts, beans, wholemeal bread and most cereals. Yeast is a valuable corrective in this connexion.

Poor teeth, unhealthy gums, rheumatism and anaemia often imply a deficiency of calcium, one of the most vital mineral constituents of the body. Apples, certain green vegetables and milk contain a large percentage of calcium.

The same symptoms are traceable to a lack of the vitamin C. This is present in most fruits, particularly oranges, also in fresh raw vegetables and those quickly cooked or canned.

While each food element has its special function in the building of a healthy constitution, the best results depend upon an equitable blending of them all.

Too much of any one element, however remarkable its individual properties, is as undesirable as too little. Balance is the thing.

The average adult diet is not wisely balanced. We suffer badly from an overplus of proteins (meat, fish, etc.) and carbohydrates (starches and sugars) as compared to the proportion of mineral salts and vegetable acids imbibed.

Dietetic indiscretion is not so easy to correct in the adult scheme of things, but the child's diet is more easily manageable.

Mineral constituents are vital to the body if the blood is to carry out its important function of conveying oxygen to the cells. A sufficiency of iron containing food will attend to this need.

Liver, beef, egg-yolk and many green vegetables are rich sources of iron. Liver will not figure in the dietary of the younger child, but beef broth, egg-yolk and strained green vegetables can be given from an early age.

Heat and energy are derived from certain foods which are described as the fuel of the body. The great heat-giving constituents are fats, sugars and starches, so if you want your baby happy, vital and robust during the trying months of the year see to it that these elements are carefully represented in his diet.

To keep your baby at his correct weight you must achieve a nicely adjusted balance of fuel consumption with fuel intake.

No two individuals have quite the same fuel consumption, that is why the proportion of fats, sugars and starches essential to individual diets must vary according to needs.

Having arrived at a nicely balanced diet, see to it that your baby has plenty of liquid to drink. Boiled water should be given to the young baby two or three times a day. The habit of drinking water regularly in good, long draughts should be fostered as the child grows older and if the habit persists through life so much the better for subsequent health and beauty.



Your Boy Is Off To

Cost of School Outfit

	£	s.	d.
Clothes, hats and shoes, summer and winter ...	23	1	4
Bed linen ...	2	9	0
Bible and Prayer Book ...	0	4	9
Tuck Box and Handbag ...	0	14	6
	26	9	7

N.B.—In this case an old trunk was adapted for use and a rug already in use replaced a new one.



A generation ago you might have allowed yourself to get all sentimental over this, and to talk about the great adventure of life to your (probably) freckled, snub-nosed, but attractive eight or nine year old.

To-day it is even out of date to shed tears over the accumulation of chewed pencils, cigarette cards, nuts, bolts, odd keys, tattered magazines and portions of model aeroplanes and racing cars that you will find in his bedroom when you get back from the station after seeing him off.

If you are a wise modern mother, your ugly duckling will have already left the nest by himself on several occasions before this perilous journey into the unknown. You, too, will have equipped yourself with a hundred and one interests to keep you busy during the term. If you wait lover-like for daily letters you are doomed to die of disappointment over the once-weekly six lines about who won the last cricket match and the new model aeroplane that Jones minor has acquired.

You will be as excited as he is over the school outfit. True, you have got to pay for it, but try and remember the heart throbs you got out of your own trousseau.

Of course you will have consulted formally with your boy over the school to which he is going, explained the routine and the general idea of boarding-school, and taken him down with you to see it in action a term or so before, so that the terror of the unknown at any rate is not his.

School outfits are more reasonable in size and expense than they were, but it still costs between £25 and £30 to equip a boy for the average preparatory school.

Snobbery or tradition still insists upon Eton collars. Some schools require Eton suits for wear with Sunday trouser suits.

Bowler hats, grotesquely kept from extinguishing their youthful owners only by being perched upon the ears, are worn on Sundays by boys at an Isle of Thanet school, straw hats in summer by others.

Three grey flannel suits are usually essential, although your boy grows so quickly that one of them will probably get no wear at all. Two different pull-overs for football, another for cricket and another for everyday wear may seem to

you rather excessive. I certainly agree.

Then your boy will have to take his own bed linen—table napkins are not used, or you would be expected to provide those too—and his own rug.

Capable assistants in the big London

good parent you will send another cake or two during term. This does more than anything to ensure your boy's success.

Perhaps you are undecided whether to drive your boy down to the school for the first term or to see him off by the school train. The first method prolongs the agony of cheerful chat on the journey, and once at the school he may find himself more or less alone until others come.

On the other hand you can kiss him furtively good-bye in or behind the car, which you very certainly must *not* and cannot do on a station platform.

You will be well advised, unless your handwriting is crystal clear, to type your letters to your boy, or he will not be able to read them, and will, of course, be quite unable to ask anyone to do so for him. Beware of being very affectionate, or of saying anything in them that could not be repeated. Letters get left about, read by other people, all too often.

Don't believe him when he says the food is uneatable and that he is always hungry. Take it as a compliment to your home housekeeping and the active life he is leading, send him another cake and be prepared to find him the picture of health and half a stone heavier at the beginning of the holidays.

Don't let him take back any toy animal with him, however beloved, until he finds out (*Continued on page 105*)

By Audrey Wrangham

stores will prevent the harassed parent from getting anything that in the least varies from the orthodox—for that is the One Unforgiveable Sin at a preparatory school.

Such details as bed socks, summer weight pyjamas, animal-decorated slippers must be eliminated. The marking of all these articles with both name and number—the latter supplied from the school on request—will take quite a week.

Shoes can be marked with brads on the waist by any shoemaker, and a trunk, tuck box and handbag for the first night must have name and number painted on them.

Packing the tuck box with your boy is one of the traditional bits of fun. Most schools allow home-made cakes, fresh fruit and jam, chocolates and boiled sweets, but potted meats, biscuits, dates, figs, etc. are curiously enough taboo.

When your boy gets his tuck usually depends on the matron, a person high up in the school hierarchy. If you are a

EVERYWHERE in the street, she thought, they are doing the same thing.

"What's the time, Elaine?"

The smallish man with black eyes in a bulging white forehead stopped eating his breakfast to listen to her answer from the kitchen.

"Half-past eight, Carl. You'd better hurry," she called.

Everywhere in that small and pretty little street in Surbiton at that moment, thought Elaine, other husbands are asking their wives the same question. Everywhere they are getting the same reply. She put another slice of toast on the electric toaster and thought as she watched it brown: "Everywhere they are hurriedly eating toast and marmalade, wiping their mouths with their table napkins and jumping up from the table to kiss their wives good-bye and catch the eight-forty-five to town."

She felt very sorry for them all, sometimes, and sorry above all for Carl who had such a dull life sitting at an office desk all day in the city. She at least had the garden. She brought in the last slice of toast, nicely browned, and put it before him.

"Oh, thanks," he said, "but I'm afraid I haven't time to eat it."

"You've hardly eaten a thing," she said.

"Plenty, plenty," he assured her.

Well, he never did eat much, she thought, but this morning he had only pecked at his food. She supposed he had been overworking, staying up in town for the last three weeks to work late at night.

"You won't have to stay in to-night, you'll be home, won't you, to-night?" she said.

"Yes," said Carl, getting his hat. "Yes, I—I expect so. Home to-night."

A quick peck on the cheek, a quick slam of the door and a quick march down the front path and he was gone. Poor Carl, what a life! Back to the dull old grind of London, she thought, round and round, monotonously in a dull old office. Skittering off down the road, he caught

his train, slipped into the corner seat of a smoker and dived behind his paper. Several other men got into the same smoker and dived behind newspapers. They all nodded to one another in the carriage, said good-morning. Now and again one of them would emerge with a piece of news. . . . "I see there's fine weather predicted." . . . "What's this Foreign Minister doing over here?" . . . "There's to be a procession, I see." . . . They would exchange a few remarks. Then they would all go under cover again until the train rattled its way along in and out among the chimney pots of Waterloo station.

Elaine went to the telephone and rang.

At Waterloo the men all nodded to one another and got out. Carl hurried up through the tunnels to the daylight and crossed the city to an office at the back of the Strand. When he came out of his room fifteen minutes later, he wore a greasy dark suit with a dark felt hat pulled down over greasy black hair. He now looked like a mechanic whom nobody will notice unless one's car breaks down. His skin was decidedly white and his eyes, under the dark hat seemed to have grown larger. They shone with a strange light in his pale face.

He took a bus to the Gray's Inn Road, and alighted in that dingy end of London



A Little Excitement

*Carl looked just like a man who
was something in the City, but
appearances are often deceptive*

By John Guthrie

where the streets and the trees and the houses lie under a coat of grit as if they had so long been up for sale without result that nobody dusted them any more. It was a street in which even the cats inside the railings looked desperately lean. He opened the door of a house that had a broken window and went upstairs. Knocking three times at the door of a room on the second floor, he went in.

"Late, Carl," said Steiner, raising heavy-lidded eyes from some papers and maps on the table. Steiner stroked his beard with the long white fingers that might have made him one of Europe's foremost pianists if they could have

stopped from meddling with other things.

Françon, the second man, who was a waiter in public life, merely growled something in patois French. He liked Carl but he had got into the way of being rude to the people he liked through having to be excessively polite to hundreds and thousands of people he detested, people who paid him large tips to bring them dainty food to cram down their red gullets that looked, Françon thought, like pillar-boxes into which one stuffed thousands of packets, posting urgent. His eyes would gleam when he thought of this.

The third man merely banged on the table with his fist as if to show how important he was and how courageous, while he shouted:

"Coffee, Marianne, and put the cognac in it."

Carl looked at him with curling lips.

"How is our good host?" he said.

"How are you feeling to-day, Henderson?"

It seemed now that the sibilants in his speech were more pronounced. Henderson stopped banging on the table. Carl noticed that the hand, at rest now against the dark wood of the table, was trembling slightly.

"I'm all right," said Henderson. "I'm fine. You ought to have slept here again last night. You wouldn't have been late if you slept here last night. Where's that coffee?"

As he spoke a tall, fair, big-bodied woman came in through the doorway carrying the tray of coffee cups with cognac beside them. Her large sleepy eyes rested for a moment on Carl, who

*As the police fought their way
with him through the angry
crowd, Henderson kept screaming*



*Illustrated by
Edward Osmond*

did not look up. Then she crossed with slow, unhurried gait and put the coffee on the table. Henderson took the cognac and poured a stiff nip into his coffee. Standing behind Henderson, with her hands resting on his shoulders, she watched while Steiner unfolded the map of the city and traced a route with his pencil.

"This is how the procession goes," said Steiner. "The best place for the one who has the honour is just here." With his pencil he indicated a spot on the road where the ground rose slightly. "This one will be accompanied by another of us as a precaution. After he has made his little present to the Prime Minister, he will vanish among the crowd. There will be uproar. His companion will cry out and seize hold of someone else standing near and raise a shout that this is the guilty one to put the crowd and the soldiers and the police on the wrong scent. During the disturbance it will be easy for the man who has thrown the bomb to slip away. It is perfectly simple?"

The three men nodded.

"And the money?" said Henderson, eyes gleaming.

"Five hundred pounds beforehand to the man who does it," said Steiner, "and five hundred pounds again to him and to all the rest of us afterwards." He looked at his watch. "Time we were beginning. Do we decide with cards, gentlemen, or with dice?"

"The bones," said Henderson "for me."

He nodded to Marianne, who went

over to a sideboard and came back with the dice in their box. She gave the box to Steiner and remained leaning against the table, her hands resting against the polished surface.

All four watched intently as Steiner threw first. He threw two fives.

"Something to beat, gentlemen," said Steiner. "Next?"

He handed the dice to Henderson, who took the box without a word and pretended to spit on his hands for luck as he held it tightly in his clasp, rattling the dice very hard. His reddish eyes were intent yet unfocused, as if he were concentrating his mind on a big throw. He threw. The woman leaned forward.

"Three and a one," said Steiner, imperturbably, caressing the end of his beard with long white fingers that should have been playing sonatas.

Henderson tried to grin, failed, crammed the ends of his fingers into his mouth to hide his lips. When Françon threw, Henderson leaned forward, eyes again intent but unfocused, this time concentrating on having Françon throw less than four. Françon threw a six and a five.

The last to throw was Carl. The eyes of the three other men were fixed on the table-top. The woman Marianne stared with hot eyes at Carl as he threw. The men saw the two dice shoot out of the box as his hand moved, the nearest dice stopping still and showing one, the farther dice rolling over towards the edge of the table. Henderson's eyes blazed suddenly with hope. They watched the rolling dice. The table jerked.

"Hell!" shouted Henderson.

The rolling dice had shot on to the floor.

"Re-throw," said Steiner, calmly.

Something of a snarl and a groan together came from Henderson. But he could say nothing to Carl. They had all been watching Carl, who had sat perfectly still after his throw, following the course of the rolling dice without moving. Carl had not moved the table. Already the woman had bent quickly and picked up the dice from the floor. She handed it back to Carl, who threw again. The dice showed two threes.

"The honour is yours," said Steiner. He got up and went to a cupboard and returned with a small black brief bag. With a queer little bow, he put the bag in Henderson's clutching hands. "Carl, being the next lowest, accompanies you."

TRAVELLING along in the taxi half an hour later, Henderson snatched a sidelong glance at Carl. Carl sat erect, looking straight ahead of him with the large dark eyes that had a cold hatred in them whenever anyone spoke of the ruling classes. Carl was a clever fellow but he had a kink. So did Steiner have a twist to his brain and even Françon, when he spoke of the fat rich old men and their young girls that he stuffed with food. Françon's family had starved to death in Vienna during the bad times. They all had kinks except himself, thought Henderson, they were all crazy about ideas. As for himself, one idea was as good as another to him so long as it brought in the money. The taxi swung round a corner and Henderson gripped the bag on his knees more tightly. Damn them and their ideas, why did it have to be himself who got their filthy job to do, when he didn't care a curse about all the Foreign Ministers who'd ever lived. Still, it had given him that £500, with another of the same to come. That would keep him and Marianne in luxury for a while to come, till some other Foreign Minister arrived. Providing he himself got away, thought Henderson, providing they didn't get him. Little drops of sweat showed on his forehead. He got an idea. He pretended to laugh, tapped bolt upright Carl on the arm.

"What'd you do if I did a slide now," he laughed uneasily. "I got my £500. Eh, Carl, old fellow?"

Carl's face came round to Henderson. The large eyes took in the other's shifty look and the sweat on his forehead. No expression appeared in Carl's face but one hand slid into the pocket on the far side of Henderson and took out a gun, put it back again.

"I have instructions," said Carl.

Writhing with despair, Henderson jeered:

"Didn't think I was serious, did you, Carl, old fellow?"

But that was what they'd do to him, he thought, by God, yes, they'd bump him off without a thought. They were crazy, all right. They thought of nothing but what they called their "cause." They lived for the "cause," these three, and he, the only one who didn't care a curse about the "cause" so long as it brought him cash, was the one Fate picked on to chuck the bomb. Funny, damn funny! Pity it hadn't been Carl that was the one to do it. If that table hadn't moved . . . Carl would have liked chucking the thing, he'd put the bomb together himself these last few weeks while he stayed with Marianne and him, he'd have been pleased to make it work. Such a gentle sort of bird too,



HE only felt her heavy white arms slide round his neck



THE last to throw was Carl. They watched the rolling dice. The table jerked. "Hell!" shouted Henderson

working meekly away over his job, no wonder Marianne had seemed to look on him all the time with contempt. She'd hardly spoken a word to Carl, only looked at him in a strange angry way, and he'd hardly spoken to her.

The taxi had stopped in the heart of the city. Henderson was tugged back to the present. Carl was out and holding open the door. That cold look was in his eyes, while he waited for Henderson to alight.

Hard and white, the sunlight came down on the black coated rows of people, standing behind the lines of Guardsmen and police, to watch the procession drive by. From far off one could hear the sound of cheering. Body pressed close to body in the ranks of the watching people and everyone was wet and sticky inside his clothes.

They all made one great gelatinous sticky mass now, thought Henderson, they had been waiting so long. Two

hours. The heat made him wobbly at the knees. If it had been left to him he would have been off by now, far away in the country or on the road to a port for France. His hands shook as the cheers sounded closer. Only Carl was beside him, immovable, with his eyes staring straight ahead of him at the bitumen road over which the carriage wheels must roll. He hadn't spoken since they arrived.

Mounted policemen rode up and down the line, beautiful (Continued on page 82)

CHARACTER IN DECORATION



These long, straight windows assume grace and elegance by the use of a bold but distinguished curtain fabric and the shapeliness of the tailored pelmets. The groundwork of the curtains is turquoise; the design, deep coral, blue green and yellow. The walls are faint pink

Below:

Despite its uncompromising simplicity this modern hall and staircase has a personal distinction. The staircase is oak. Green rubber treads are inlaid in place of stair-carpet and the hall is lit from an inset fixture flush with the pier. Architect, R. T. Westendarp, A.R.I.B.A.

In interior decoration it takes more than a flair for colour harmonies to achieve the character without which even the most costly effects ultimately become a bore. Showmanship is as essential as good taste in their presentation if the result is to please.

As in facial beauty, the appeal of a decorative scheme goes beyond superficial effects to the subtler qualities beneath. A lovely woman may pass unnoticed if she lacks the talent to present herself; a fine play may fail for the want of that quality in its presentation which captures public attention, and a houseful of fine furnishings may fall short of beauty for the same reason.

This seems to suggest that some rare technique is required to achieve any measure of success in decorating and adorning the home. But it is not so. What is essential is patience to study and interest to experiment in the measures which emphasise character, and means of achieving the co-ordination which blends the charm of individual pieces into a lovely ensemble.

The nondescript character of so many homes one goes into which contain many of the essentials of a lovely and gracious home, can be largely attributed to vagueness in the assemblance. To a complete lack of plan.

The individuality which makes one home stand out above others is not just the result of accident, or lavish expenditure, so much as shrewd calculation and persevering advancement towards a preconceived ideal.

The only hope of attaining a real measure of effectiveness in home decoration is to build one's schemes from a plan as minutely prepared in detail as an architect's plan for a building. Thus only can you attain characteristic outline and co-ordination of detail—the essence of individuality.

To be merely uniform in decoration is lazy and to be absolutely correct is dull. Variety is the very embodiment of interest if it is not overstated.

Avoidance of too much uniformity (the besetting fault of so many small homes) does not imply a higgledy-piggledy collection of oddments. Far from it. But it does suggest the introduction among matched pieces of new forms;

in blended schemes of unexpected colour notes and in shadowy places a pool of light. These are the sort of touches which carry off an effect.

A corner or a group of furniture charming in itself may fail to capture notice until some accent is given to point its effect. One richly-sombre note of colour among pastel tones may do it. Some heavily wrought subject among others of a fragile nature.

Contrast is the very essence of interest, if it is subtly handled. Examples of it are exemplified in, say, a wrought-iron pelmet upon a window delicately draped with ninon; a graceful and gracious antique amidst the uncompromising simplicity of modern furniture, or a modern picture against a period background. This is showmanship.

Not that showmanship is necessarily theatrical. It isn't. But the need for it in the decoration (Continued on page 82)





The contrast between high-gloss walls and fabrics and the matt surfaces of stripped pine furniture make for originality in this charming bedroom. The shiny-painted walls are peach-colour, the stiff, lustrous taffeta curtains delphinium



A refreshing interpretation of the brick fireplace. The streamline plaster surround matches the walls. The mantelshelf and curb are oak. Architect, R. T. Westendarp, A.R.I.B.A.



Classic drapery in a doorway between a lounge and a dining-room gives character to an otherwise simple room. The curtains are of white damask heavily corded and fringed with scarlet



JACK M.
EAGLES.

HE noticed that his wife was sitting with Jimmy Trugg and apparently speaking to him

SIR CHOLMONDELEY MERRILL stood on the bridge of the S.S. *Styptic*, as she passed the Statue of Liberty on her way down to the Bahamas.

Sir Cholmondeley wore a silk hat and a monocle. He had a long, lined face devoid of all expression, and he carried an ebony cane, with a gold top.

The captain was busy with the pilot, but Sir Cholmondeley owned a majority of shares in the line, and he wished for information. He buttonholed the captain, and asked:

"Anybody of—ah—interest on board?"

"Nobody you'd know," said the captain, shortly. He did not want Sir Cholmondeley on his bridge, but he had a wife and a family to think of. As he thought of them, he noticed that Sir Cholmondeley was frowning very slightly, and that his grip on the ebony cane had tightened. He decided it might be politic to be more communicative, so he added: "There's the famous Jimmy Trugg, of course."

He turned away, as he said it, his mind on the twenty thousand tons of ship beneath him, doing twenty knots through narrow seas. He wished Sir Cholmondeley to blazes, yet, tough old seaman though the captain was, this dude in his unsuitable morning coat, gave him a little shivery feeling down his back.

"Oh?" said Sir Cholmondeley. "Don't go away for a minute. I thought I knew everybody. Yet I don't seem to know the name. Who, may I—ah—ask, is Jimmy Trugg?"

The captain groaned inwardly, and decided to trust the *Styptic* to the pilot. For the sake of his wife and family, he tried to smile:

"Have you noticed a man weighing about two hundred and sixty pounds, with a great square head and eyes with a sort of glitter in them? Has a blue chin, looks as if he didn't shave much?"

"I think I have—ah—noticed the fellow," Sir Cholmondeley admitted. "Terribly fat!" He smoothed down his own trim waistcoat, but did not smile.

"A lot of it's muscle," said the captain. "He picked up two cops once, one in each hand, and threw them in the Hudson River. That's a fact. Y'see," the captain abandoned care for his ship and concentrated on his story. "Y'see, Jimmy Trugg's had what you might call a career. He's a doctor of medicine and, in the old days in Chicago, he was official surgeon to the heads of all the rackets. Have you heard of Spike O'Malley, what they call Public Enemy Number One?"

"My dear captain!" said Sir Cholmondeley, and the captain almost blushed that he had assumed the financier to be interested in such small-town criminals as Spike.

"Well," he said, rallying, "Spike was wanted pretty badly. But Jimmy Trugg did a bit of plastic surgery on his face, so his own mother wouldn't know him, and Spike's still a free man, for all the G-Men. Clever fingers, Jimmy's got, for all his size. They say he took a bullet from Al Matteoni's heart, and Al paid him a hundred grand for a fee. Saved

his life. But Al's in Sing-Sing now, so I don't know it did him much good. That's Jimmy's trouble: all his practice is sewing mail bags these days. That's why he's come down to working the liners."

"I don't—ah—understand," said Sir Cholmondeley. "Do you mean he expects any surgical work aboard the *Styptic*?"

"Not exactly, sir." The captain permitted himself to smile, then cursed himself for doing so. "Jimmy's a card sharp!"

"Then why is he allowed on board?"

The captain shrugged. "I can't stop him buying a ticket. But he's watched. He won't get away with anything this trip. Perhaps he's only come for his health. I guess he can afford it."

"Really?" said Sir Cholmondeley, and strolled towards the bridge ladder. The captain watched him descend, ground his teeth, and turned back to his proper work with a sigh of relief.

Jimmy Trugg had Clever Fingers and his head worked swiftly also

By W. Cooper-Willson

MEANWHILE, Lady Merrill had been seated in a deck-chair in a corner sheltered from the wind. She was knitting a jumper, but not looking at it. At first, her gaze was directed vaguely seawards as if she sought, in that distant horizon, relaxation for her eyes.

They had a strained look, with little tense lines at their corners. And yet she was young, not more than thirty at the most: half her husband's age. She was the third daughter of the Earl of Manbury, and had been one of the outstanding débutantes of her year. Yet here she sat, alone, on the deck of a cruise ship, knitting a jumper and gazing into space.

But only for a short time; for a man paused by her chair, hesitated a moment, then pulled another one alongside and sat down.

"Mind if I sit here?" he asked. "It's about the only quiet place on the ship."

She looked round and smiled at him, as if grateful for his presence. He was an enormous man, so that the chair looked altogether too frail for his weight; but he smiled back and, somehow, they seemed friends, although strangers.

"My name's Trugg," he said. "I guess you wouldn't have heard of it?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "I'm Lady Merrill. Perhaps you have heard of my husband?"

He shook his head. She laughed.

"Then you must be about the only person on the ship who hasn't," she said.

"The same goes for me," he said, and suddenly smacked his hand down on his knee and laughed.

"Well, isn't this great?" he said. "For both of us. Everywhere I go, people stare and whisper: 'There's Jimmy

Trugg!' and everywhere you go, people stare and whisper: 'There's Lady Merrill!' You're as sick of it as I am. Say, don't tell me anything about yourself, and I won't either. Let's be incognito. It's such a restful feeling. Gosh! It's great!"

She laughed, too, and the lines about her eyes smoothed themselves away.

"It's a most soothing sensation to talk to a stranger, certainly," she agreed. "But if we don't talk about ourselves, we shall have to be quiet, shan't we? Is there anything else to talk about?"

"Heaps!" said Trugg. "There's all the other people on board, and there's your knitting—do go on with it, please, I interrupted you, I'm afraid. Let me watch—and there's the sea, and the ship, and what's going to win the Derby—oh, and lots. Enough for the whole voyage. Say! I saw a remarkable thing, the moment I came on board. A real English lord: top hat, window in his eye,

"Don't talk nonsense!" she cried. "Sit down. You've no idea how much good you're doing me. Please think no more about it!"

"You mean that? That's fine!" He resealed himself.

And they went on chatting; but there was trouble in store.

It came after dinner. Lady Merrill was going on deck. Sir Cholmondeley put a hand on her arm:

"I do not wish you to speak to that man Trugg!" he said.

"And I shall do exactly as I like!" she retorted, and left him. The words were overheard; and chatter started as it will on board ship.

It was said that Sir Cholmondeley had a bad heart, in the literal as well as the figurative sense, and that he had to hold himself in for fear of sudden death if he let himself go. Others said it wasn't his own heart but Jimmy's that Sir Cholmondeley feared.

Be that as it may, the two deck-chairs were soon close together: Jimmy quietly chatting, while Lady Merrill knitted. She was always knitting. Perhaps the quiet occupation soothed her. She must

and all. Sort of the thing you see in a Broadway show; but I'd never seen one in real life—if he is real, that is. Did I laugh? You're telling me. Why it was the funniest—why, hell! Here he is!"

SIR CHOLMONDELEY SMERRILL walked slowly and elegantly down the deck. He saw his wife and was on the point of speaking to her. Then he noticed that she was sitting with Jimmy Trugg, and apparently speaking to him. His eyebrows raised themselves an eighth of an inch, and he passed on without a word.

Jimmy Trugg let his breath out in a little whistle.

"Isn't that the most amazing sight you ever saw in your life?" he asked. "Now I would like to know who he is."

"Would you?" asked Lady Merrill. "Well, perhaps I'd better tell you. He is my husband."

"You don't say!" Jimmy was astounded. He was abashed. He got to his feet and said:

"I guess I've made a bloomer—a bad bloomer. I can't say how sorry I am, and just when we were getting on so well. But you'll be glad to see my back, I'll guess, after that. I'll be on my way."

SIR CHOLMONDELEY SMERRILL walked slowly and elegantly down the deck



have needed to quieten her nerves, married to a man like that.

Sir Cholmondeley would walk the deck, marching past his wife and Jimmy, taking no notice at all of them, or of the occasional quiet snigger which he could not have helped hearing.

IT went on for two days, while everyone waited for the explosion they felt sure would come. But all that happened was that Sir Cholmondeley, in the presence of quite a lot of people, stopped in front of the deck-chairs and said to his wife:

"Haw: m'dear, won't you introduce me?"

She looked up, and the skin seemed to tighten round her eyes, though her mouth smiled.

"Doctor Trugg—my husband," she said, then, in a rush, as if asking for trouble: "Chummy—meet Jimmy!"

Trugg got up and held out his hand. "Pleased to have you know me," he said.

Merrill kept his hands behind his back. "Haw; how d'ye do," he said, "rather boring on this bally ship, what? Difficult to amuse oneself. Wonder if you'd care for a game of cards?"

This, to a notorious card sharper. Some of the onlookers faded quietly away to discuss it. Others crowded a little closer.

"Sure," said Jimmy, dropping his hand. "Draw poker? Care to come down to my cabin?"

"No: rather not. You come to mine. You come along too, m'dear. Shake us some drinks, what?"

Merrill turned and marched off, leaving Trugg and his wife to follow him.

"You stay here," said Jimmy. "No need to get mixed up in this. 'Tisn't only money on this game."

"No: I'd better come," she said, picking up her knitting and rising.

People hung back, and let them pass. Lady Merrill, they noticed, laid her hand lightly on Jimmy's arm, as they went below. Sir Cholmondeley never turned his head to look back.

"What d'you know about that?" asked a man, and drew a great lungful of cigar smoke.

"Did you hear what he said?" countered the man he spoke to. "Not only money on this game! Trugg's going to play Merrill for his wife."

"My dear," whispered a woman. "Isn't it just too thrilling?"

"Devastating," agreed her friend. "D'you think they'll fight over her?"

"You know what he is, don't you?" said the first man. "Merrill, I mean. His job's selling munitions. They say he's the greatest munitions salesman there ever was. There's the Spanish War and there's the Chinese trouble—let alone the little bust up in Bolivia some years back. Gee, he's made a packet. They say he's as cold as the North Pole—just twists his finger and thousands die—then he makes a profit. Business is business, of course, but that sort of thing gets me, somehow . . ."

"Hope Jimmy wrings his blasted neck," growled the second man. "I thought he was a steamship owner."

"Oh, that's just a hobby. He owns most of this line, as a matter of fact. It's what he does with his petty cash. D'j'know, I brushed past the man this morning, and it was like handling a snake, honest it was."

"I believe you," said the second man. "Feller like that ought to be lynched. Now, Jimmy Trugg's no saint, but he never did anybody no real harm, except cops of course."

"Aw—cops!" said the other, disparagingly. "Come and have a drink!"

They went and had a drink. They had a few more, and a party gathered together, and the suggestion arose:

"Why not go down to their alleyway and see if we can hear anything?"

Carried, *nem. con.* But the little crowd waited a long time outside Merrill's cabin before anything did happen.

Then there was a noise. Trugg's voice. At first words were indistinguishable. For upwards of a minute, the loud voice went on. Then the door opened, and the listeners heard him say:

"Well, I'll just leave you while you think it over. I'll be right back. So long."

TRUGG came out, marched past the chattering group, who raised their voices and spoke of the ship's concert, just to show that they were only there by accident. Trugg entered his own cabin which was only a few yards away, and shut the door.

"Well," said a man, "I'd give a lot to know what's on."

"T-think he's gone for his gun?"

quavered a girl at the back of the crowd.

"Don't be silly, Maisie," chided a woman. "He couldn't get away with any rough stuff here. How's he going to make his get-away? No: he's delivered an ultimatum, that's what it is. Given him two minutes to think it over—or . . ."

"Or what?" asked a man, "you sure have a fine imagination Sadie!"

"I suppose you know all about it, then?" she said, scornfully. Then: "Shush!"

Trugg's door opened again, and once more the concert was all they worried about. But he strode past them and re-entered Merrill's cabin. At least, he opened the door and stepped inside. Then he paused, and they heard him mutter: "One moment: I'll be back!"

He came out again, closing the door, and hurried back to his own cabin. Within twenty seconds he was out again. This time he went right into the Merrill's cabin and stayed there.

"If you ask me," said the man outside, "this is nothing more than an ordinary poker game. I'm quitting. Coming, Sadie?"

"Might as well," said Sadie, "though it sure is disappointing."

"Not even a murder!" giggled Maisie, and they all turned to leave and to look for something more exciting, when the Merrills' door opened once more and Trugg came out.

"Hi!" he called. They turned.

"Say: could one of you fetch the ship's doctor, please?"

"Sure!" said the man, "anything wrong?"

"Get him quick!" said Trugg, "there's a man in here taken bad; very bad."

"Come on!" said the man, starting to run. Maisie and Sadie hurried after him. A steward appeared. Trugg looked at him thoughtfully.

"Hey, you!" he said. "Go and tell the captain that Sir Cholmondeley Merrill's dead. I've sent for the ship's doctor."

"Dead sir!" the man gaped.

Trugg blazed: "That's what I said. Now scram!"

THE man disappeared. The alleyway was empty. Trugg stood there, stroking his great jaw with his fingers. Then

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



SIR CHOLMONDELEY MERRILL lay on the floor on his side. Trugg stooped and picked something from the floor

he seemed to make up his mind about something. He turned and entered the cabin.

Sir Cholmondeley Merrill lay on the floor, on his side. He did not move. Lady Merrill stood, braced against the ship's side, the light from the port-hole making an aureole of her hair, the shadow making her face inscrutable.

Trugg stooped and picked something up from the floor. Then he pushed her gently on one side and threw a small object out into the Atlantic Ocean.

"You'd better get out," he said. "Go on deck or somewhere. Leave this to me. They'll all be here in a minute."

"But I can't . . . leave you here, like this," she protested, in a dull voice, as if she was half stunned. "I must stay. They'll want to ask me things."

"Ask nothing," he said. "You leave it to me. He just fell down dead: that's all you saw. You don't know why. Understand? Say nothing else at all. Just leave it to me. Now, get out, before they come."

"Are you sure . . .?"

He took her gently by one shoulder and urged her to the door.

"Don't forget!" he said. "See you later."

Obediently she walked away. As she did so, from the other direction men came hurrying. The captain and the ship's surgeon and a knot of passengers, avid for sensation, following them.

"He's in here," said Trugg. "I've sent his wife on deck. No place for her."

THE captain and the surgeon came into the cabin. Outside, a steward put his back against the door. The passengers retired a little way and waited.

"What's happened?" asked the surgeon.

The captain motioned him to be silent.

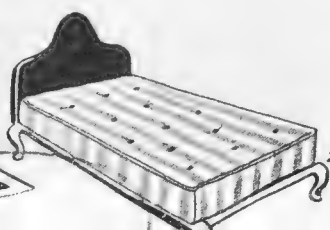
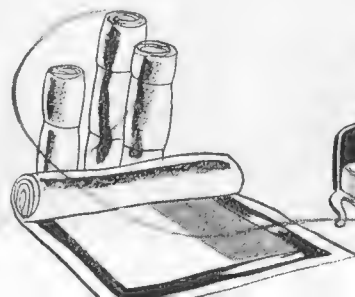
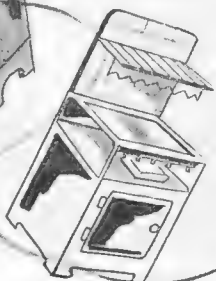
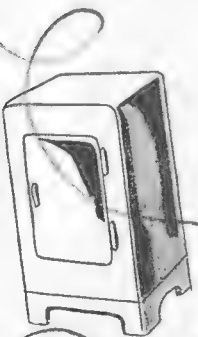
"Half a minute," he said. "Before you say anything." He looked down at the body, and he looked at Trugg. The captain knew both men by repute. All sorts of thoughts flickered in his brain. Sir Cholmondeley was a man of many secrets; Trugg (Continued on page 115)



HOME SHOPPING ANALYSIS



ITEM	POINTS IN FAVOUR	POINTS AGAINST
Cooking Stove	Size should be applicable to family needs. Oven space should not be either too big or too small. Practical spacing of oven racks to allow economic cooking accommodation is important. Single oven burner keeps down gas consumption. Thermostat control. Visible oven.	Too many burners encourage waste, unless your family is a large one. Metal finishes that have not been rendered rustless are bad. So are burner taps that can be flicked on and off unawares. Fluted or decorated surfaces that catch grease and dirt should be avoided.
Carpets	Axminster and Wilton as well as other types vary in quality according to price. Finely woven, neatly finished back, deep close pile, silky texture is best indication of durability. Better quality Wilton is a safe bet for long life.	Rough finish, stitches wide apart and loose ends at the back of carpet indicate cheap material and indifferent workmanship. Silky texture, light-weight carpets, unless of super quality, should not be chosen for stairs or where traffic is heavy. Large patterns are cramping to small rooms. Blues fade.
Linoleum	Choose inlaid for hard wear as well as distinguished design. This means pattern goes right through. Doesn't tread off—ever. Jaspe, marbleised and plain surfaces are inlaid as well as patterned ones.	Printed linoleum is a bad investment for any floor surface which gets heavy wear. It is quickly shabby. Shiny, coarse texture indicates poor quality. Tile effects are inadvisable for living-rooms and halls as they look cold.
Cooking Utensils and Saucepans	Saucepans should be of graded sizes. A saucepan for every purpose is a good rule. Heavy metal or enamel costs more but is a thoroughly economic investment. Wrought steel is best. Shapes that fit well together on the top of the stove facilitate management. Roasting pans should allow free circulation of heat in the oven.	Cheap metal bends, wastes current and gas and shrinks the food by bringing it too near the fire. Large kettles to boil small quantities of water and big saucepans for small families are uneconomic. Saucepans without lids and designs that will not stand firm on the range should be avoided.
Vacuum Cleaner	Reputable maker who services the apparatus. Dust bag that is simple to detach and clean. General ease with which the cleaner can be moved about and simplicity in the arrangement of gadgets. Upright, slanted and low positions should be available. The cleaner should be quiet in operation.	Dust bag that easily punctures and cannot be simply cleaned and fumigated. Innumerable gadgets that serve no really useful purpose, or attachments that are complicated to operate. Design that cannot be moved about with ease nor inserted into tricky corners.
Furniture	Good furniture has very little extraneous ornamentation. The wood speaks for itself. If such decoration is good it is never cheap. Hand-made furniture is second to none. Smooth running doors, silky hinges, plain surfaces guiltless of "stuck on" ornamentation speak highly of quality.	Freak woods are suspect. Treated surfaces sometimes disguise poor materials. Oak is not necessarily durable unless it is English. Veneers at their best have advantages over some solid woods, but cheap veneers should be avoided.





FOR £8-2-11.

This bedroom has been done over, making do with some of the existing furnishings.

The bed was much too high with varnished wood ends; and the window enormous for the size of the room.

There was the usual tile-troubled fireplace, and all the furniture was in muddy dark brown wood.

The only good things were the really roomy built-in cupboard (on the near side of the fireplace) and the plain off-white washable paint walls.

The fireplace was fitted in with a sheet of painted asbestos, into which was placed a chromium-finished, two-bar electric fire. This cost £2 9s.

The mantel-shelf was covered with a strip of mirror, chromium-clipped at each end, 5s.

The window was shortened by adding a deep pelmet of three-ply wood, and the curtains (made from one of two existing single bedspreads) were in peach quilted flower-sprayed chintz. The frills were taken off down the sides and put back straight, with a band of white ric-rac braid down them.

White 'Celanese' ninon curtains (costing 10s.) were looped back with bands of ric-rac braid so as to prevent them from swinging out to catch the soots.

The pelmet and the sawing down of the bed cost 15s. 6d.

In the recess by the fireplace the plain brown wood table was covered with white american cloth, so that any make-up drips could be easily wiped up. This was drawing pinned on with white pins, and curtained round with peach-coloured 'Celanese' furnishing satin. This cost 14s. 4d.

The front and sides were then frilled over with white 'Celanese' ninon, run on to a ribbon at the top, which was left long enough to stretch flat for washing and ironing (16s.).

A slab of mirror (5s.) was fixed to the wall over the table, and draped round with an edging of the ninon, using a piece which was cut off the top of the table drape.

It was finished off with white ric-rac braid, the centre being caught up with a garland of silver leaves (already in hand).

A three-and-sixpenny cottage stool, painted in off-white enamel with a design in peach, served as a dressing-table seat and as a table for the breakfast tray.

The dressing-table lamp was made from an old flower-painted white china vase, plugged with wood, and shaded in a pleated grey paper spotted with silver. (The vase cost 5s., the shade 3s. 6d.) The dressing-table set in white china patterned with blue flowers cost 2s.

The modern bedside table in dark grained wood had to be left, but was topped with a small pink and pale yellow lamp, which had been converted from an oil burner, and was shaded with a pale peach paper shade patterned with stars, and frilled over with a snippet of the curtain ninon. (The lamp cost only 3s., and the shade 6d.).

The other bed cover just reached the ground when the bed legs had been sawn down; and the pillows had washable covers of a hard-wearing "Rosebank" fabric in gentian blue—to match the carpet, outlined with white ric-rac braid. (The braid and "Rosebank" material came to 3s. 3d.).

The chair, drearily covered in a beige-flecked tweed material, was done over in the blue "Rosebank" fabric (taking a yard and a half at 2s. 11d.) and gold studded on round the front with drawing pins. (Price 6d. for 40.)

The final purchase was of a plain white-wood chest of five drawers for 12s. 11d., enamelled in the cream with a design in peach.

The bill for the undercoating and enamel, brushes and turpentine came to 8s.

Allowing 7d. for heading and hooks for the curtains, and two curtain rods at 6d. each, the total cost of this pink and white transformation was £8 2s. 11½d.

DETAILS

Chromium-finished, 2-bar electric fire and painted asbestos to fireplace	£	s.	d.
Covering mantel-shelf with chromium-clipped strip of mirror	2	9	0
Fitting three-ply wood pelmet and sawing off bed legs	5	0	
'Celanese' ninon for curtains (made at home)	15	6	
American cloth and 'Celanese' furnishing satin for dressing-table	10	0	
'Celanese' ninon and ribbon for dressing-table frills	14	4	
Slab of mirror over dressing-table	16	0	
Cottage stool (enamelled and decorated at home)	5	0	
Dressing-table lamp and shade	3	6	
China set for dressing-table	8	6	
Bedside lamp and shade	2	0	
"Rosebank" pillow covers (made at home)	3	6	
"Rosebank" chair covering (done at home), 1½ yds. at 2s. 11d.	3	3	
Drawing pins	4	4½	
White-wood chest	6		
Undercoating, enamel, brushes and turpentine for work done at home	12	11	
Heading and hooks for curtains	8	0	
Two curtain rods	7		
	1	0	
	£8	2	11½

WHAT IS WRONG



The ideal home is apt to be a myth. In the best of them there comes a day when somebody is discontented. It happens to everybody. It may happen to you.

Even so, it is not a major crisis. It need not imply disloyalty or waning affection nor any sinister prelude to disaster. This is a mood, not a threat. It is the signal that something is wrong that should be put right. It is for you now to make a sane, broadminded investigation. Stalk the trouble and kill it.

Don't forget that many of the ailments of the home are due to the fact that in our more intimate contacts we are inclined to "make do." Home-life does not take readily to reforms. So we go on, sometimes fostering bad habits, nourishing stupid defects, too near the wood to see the trees.

It is a pity, when an adjustment here, an agreement there may serve to make the whole face of life more pleasing.

Look at things squarely if you find cause for complaint about your home. Stand aside and take an independent view. Be fair, be honest. You may gain a new appreciation of your home. By merely locating the trouble you will have done much to dispel it.

Is It Yourself?

When all is said and done, the biggest factor in this home problem is the home maker herself. The place revolves about her. She makes the home. She is the home.

Turn the spotlight on yourself, then, and see if the trouble may be traceable to you.

To begin: Are you organising efficiently? Is your home life wisely balanced? Do housekeeping matters keep their place or do they spill over into everything you do or say? Is your family conscious of you as a companion, an equal, as well as the person who darns the socks? Can it be that you are not solicitous enough or is it the other way round? Do you insist upon sharing every detail of their lives, goading them to snub you?

Take stock of your interests. Maybe there are too many or not enough. It is possible to give too much of your time to outside interests and equally possible to give too much to those of home. Is it either of these in your case? Do you need a hobby, a getaway?

Think it over and, while you are at it, ask yourself if you have been complaining too loudly about things that are nobody's fault. Or, again, if you have not been complaining enough, letting yourself be put upon, bottling it all up. If your family have grown to seem intolerably dull and tiresome start thinking how you must seem to them. It is a chastening reflection if you are honest.

Is It The House?

Contentment is so largely a matter of comfort, creature comfort, that it would be folly not to consider it in your analysis.

A house that is soothing, attractive, easy to live in is like a blessing upon its occupants. It spreads contentment and breeds placidity. The home that binds you with shackles of steel is the home that makes a ritual of comfort.

So what about yours? Is it sensibly adapted to your needs? Is it too large for your requirements, causing you a lot of wasted energy, or is it too small, cramping you, depressing you, forcing you to live in one another's laps?

What about the *décor*? Is it stimulating or drab? Are you sick and tired of it? If so, why not have a change?

There is no enthusiasm in home making if you cannot take a pride in your place. At the same time, pride must not become an obsession. Cushions that dare not be used, polish that must not be trod on may well start up trouble.

Get a pencil and paper. Make a list of the things about the house that have got on your nerves lately, the petty inconveniences, the uglinesses. Get them written down. Face them.

Ten chances to one if you really go into it you will find they can be put right at a very small cost.

While you are at it, study the lay-out of the house, the arrangement of the furniture. A rearrangement of the rooms might save work or increase comfort. At least it would give a new interest.

If there is too much furniture, be ruthless. Clear some of it out and enjoy the freedom of spaciousness. Count up your good reading lights. Do something about dark corners, uncomfortable chairs. Even if the original trouble is not located here you are doing wonderful work.

WITH YOUR HOME?

Is It Money?

Most of the troubles of the human race seem to have their origin in money. At least we think they do. Money is a good scapegoat, an obliging stooge for our own weaknesses and discontents. "Everything would be all right if I had a bit more money. . . ." "I'd be content if I were not so broke," we tell ourselves. But would it, and should we?

When you get down to cases, happiness is not so easily imprisoned as that. You can't buy it with hard cash, you can only cultivate it with a wise philosophy. The few people who have triumphed over life, who have found lasting peace and happiness, have been men who renounced wealth.

Well, I know we can't all be saints, and a credit balance is a heartening thing but it helps to reflect upon these matters. None of us can be *sure* that we would be happier if we were rich, but we can be certain that happiness is accessible to the poor.

In the meantime, if money seems to be the trouble, look to your system. You may be living beyond your means. Lots of us do it in the belief that we are getting happiness out of things we cannot afford. In actual fact we are piling up anxieties and responsibilities for the future.

Again, though you may not be actually overspending, your financial resources may be unequally disposed. Maybe you are spending too much in one place, not enough in another. Losing on the roundabouts and not making up on the swings.

Get system into your financial programme. It is the only infallible way to make an inadequate income go round. Vague economies, muddled distribution are useless. Run your life on business lines if you want the business to show a profit.

By

Winifred
Lewis

Is It Atmosphere?

Atmosphere is the personality of the home. It is the thing which meets you at the front door and tells you what is inside. It is important to the newcomer as a guide to what he may expect, but it is vital to the occupants as the intangible something which stands for happiness or discontent.

What kind of atmosphere presides upon your home? What is the personality that goes out to meet your guests which is bestowed upon its inmates like a blessing or a curse.

Does it speak of affection, cheerfulness, co-operation and sympathy between those who live there? Does it signify a distaste for all that is petty and quarrelsome and jealous? Is it obvious to all that come that the people of your house stand together, tolerant of each other, ready in their sympathy for outside causes, single-minded in their devotion to family ones.

Is there a sense of freedom that has no quality of license. Is it an easy-going home blessed with the dignity of restraint and mutual respect?

If it lacks any of these things you have found your trouble.

Your home reflects your own wisdom, your own happiness and individuality. It is a mirror to your character, so don't expect it to have qualities that you do not yourself possess.

If you have an eye for beauty and appropriateness, reverence for loyalty and love, these qualities will be outstanding in your home. If you are slovenly and undisciplined your home will be the same.

Atmosphere is to some extent intangible, yet it is composed of a host of tangible qualities. Among them are good taste, hospitality, order, cheerfulness, kindness. Look for evidence of these qualities around you in your home.



The end of an old mahogany flap dining-table has been adapted to make the delightful dressing-table on the right. The antique mirror is in perfect union with the general period character of the scheme



Charmingly delicate and simple. A half-circular table hung with a softly gauged chintz in a posy design and surmounted by a reproduction antique swing mirror



In a reconditioned room where built-in cupboards have been fitted all across one wall, this painted dressing-table was fitted into the old fireplace recess. The dresser is coloured peach to match the walls and accessories are brown



DRESSING-TABLES

The taste for softer, more feminine effects that has shown itself of late in decoration has been specially noticeable in bedrooms.

Dressing-tables, more than anything else, lend themselves to the kind of feminine adornment most fashionable just now. They are the items of furniture in the treatment of which one can be as flippant as possible and still keep within the bounds of good taste.

For some time now, the dressing-table *en suite* has given place to that which by its individual character becomes a focal point of interest, a colour accent in the scheme. Next to the bed, the dressing-table has become the most feminine and glamorous object in the room.

Draped and petticoated designs are the most admired. These begin with the simple unpainted deal table about which a striking chintz is softly draped and end with extravagant units of glass draped with lustrous satin.

Antique chests and tables are much favoured for dressing-tables by virtue of their graceful proportions and their

suitability for use with the old-world chintzes and quilted fabrics of which so much use is now made for draperies.

The very charming old table illustrated is an example of the adaptations to which antique pieces are put and their effectiveness in a suitable setting. In another house an old spinet was chosen for the same purpose and proved as practicable as it was lovely, since it contained several drawers.

Modern practicability is a noticeable feature of the newest dressing-tables however frilly their appearance may be. The draped tables conceal under the fabric in every case useful rows of drawers and compartments for shoes and toilet accessories. In some instances the draperies are arranged on a swivel to swing out to each side, revealing the drawers; in others the valance is suspended from a soft-running railway.

Frills and furbelows are popular, but nothing which cannot be easily removed and washed or cleaned is given much favour. Crisp, spotted muslins, frilled marquise and the ever popular 'Celanese' ninon come in for much use since they wash and iron so well. Among patterned fabrics Cubaleen, the flowered fabrics with the appearance of glazed chintz which retains its crisp finish in the wash, is strongly recommended.

So thoroughly is convenience studied in connection with the modern dressing-table that in some cases the fitment is divided into two sets of drawers, each suitable to the special requirements of husband and wife.

This method is most widely adopted in connection with the built-in type of dresser, but a movable unit embracing the same principal, in this instance part of a suite, is shown on this page.



Birch and birch veneer are used for this modern corner dresser which is specially designed with fitments for a man on the left and for a woman on the right. Peach mirror, glass is fitted to the table tops

PERSONALLY SPEAKING

ONE of the oldest and most fallen-back-upon topics in the world is which nation has the most beautiful women.

The conclusions are always the same. English women have the most natural beauty, the best skins; French women the greatest fascination, the most *chic*; American women the loveliest hands, feet, legs, figures, flair.

Now, all of a sudden, Italian women enter the picture.

Everybody who has been to Italy comes back with stories of the beauty and elegance of Italian women.

One man I know, a connoisseur, says they always had colouring, vivacity, a caressing femininity. Now, he claims, the new young Italian women have a buoyant slenderness—I said slenderness—a glowing beauty, a terrific dress sense that puts them top of the class.

This is not world-shattering news, but you might find it handy when you are stuck for some good conversational opening.

ONE of the most astonishing phenomena of our time is the way people have their fun with the Lambeth Walk and the Palais Glide.

You expect it at places like the Tower Ballroom in Blackpool, at the Hammersmith Palais. There, people have always enjoyed themselves dancing. But to see the really elegant boys and girls Letting Go at London's grand night joints—that really is something.

Funniest thing of all is the sight of most of the dancers Letting Go, while the few who are too self-conscious, or who don't know the movements, ruggedly dance around in a little world and two-step tempo of their own.

SO your suède shoes are greasy, look soiled, and you have no Meltonian cleaner about the house?

The next best thing, then, is to steam them, just as you would a rain-spotted velvet hat, over the kettle, brushing them hard at the same time with a wire or rubber brush.

This brings up the pile, takes out the marks, makes them look like new.

FEW women, myself included, know how to lunch alone in a restaurant. They are all right with something to read, and I don't mean they can't manage their food. It is in between courses that they fidget, crumble their bread, and look as if they didn't know what to do with themselves.

The other day I took a lesson in how it should be done from Marie Tempest.

True, she was in a place where most people knew her, where friends kept coming up, homage paying. Occasionally she blew a first-finger kiss to someone. But when she wasn't doing any of these things, or eating her food, with grace, she simply sat still.

She is just as interesting to watch when she has one, two or even three men squiring her to lunch. All her gestures are right, everything is under control.

It must be nice to be as old as she is, and as young and marvellous-looking. It is her carriage and her turned-up nose that do it. Eyes fade, skins wrinkle, teeth drop out, mouths droop, but a good, straight back and a tilted nose keep you looking young for ever.

THERE is no ending to the American faculty for happy, effective phrase-making.

A friend of mine, on a strict diet because she has been loosely giving way, said, looking with distaste at her dry toast and undressed salad: "I am serving myself right."

WHEN an evening newspaper was running a nightly collection of Cockney sayings, bus drivers, among other London characters, began to get self-consciously Cockney in the hope of having their sayings recorded, and telling their

friends. That's all over now, so the young Cockney bus conductor who was clowning in my bus the other morning was doing it all for the sake of spreading happiness around.

He had something kind and conclusive to say of every departing passenger, something crisp and apposite to say about every stopping-place. At Haymarket, it was "Haymarket, for Burberry's. Best tailors in this town." (Not far wrong.) At Charing Cross he burst into rhyme.

*Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square,
Southern Railway if you care.
Weather report, All is fair.*

By now he had everyone spread with happiness.

He helped me off the bus with one arm outstretched like a minuet dancer, and I went on my way feeling like Little Miss Sunshine.

In the office, I went on spreading happiness around, with great success. We all did lots more work than usual. We all liked one another, we were one big, happy family.

There must be something in it.

By Jean Burnup

THE lovely head below is the work of Pierre, at the new Hair Shop at Elizabeth Arden's.

It brushes up at back in the current style, but because it is cut fairly short, tapered and quietly waved, keeps like that without pins or combs. The front is a mass of curls, as near as anything could be to the way Queen Alexandra wore her hair.

The Arden Hair Shop is an airy, cream and pale-green room in a corner of the Bond Street Salon. You can be curtained off or not, as you like. All the preparations used are made in the Arden laboratories, which means that they are one hundred per cent perfect.

Guillaume, one of the big Paris hairdressers, is chief stylist. He plans to come over several times a year, chiefly at the new dress seasons, to introduce new coiffures for the new clothes. Pierre and Louis, who worked with him for years in Paris, are permanently at the salon.

Elizabeth Arden, getting as usual to the roots of things, says that no hair can look good unless it and the scalp are perfectly conditioned. So that the care and beauty of the hair itself is stressed in her Hair Shop as much as the look of the finished coiffure.



FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department



CAMEL, once thought of as only for country and travel coats, comes along to-day, making sports blouses, skirts, capes, trimmings.

It is a couple of seasons since Jaeger started playing around with camel for other than long coats. Now the word has passed into their language. You say camel as you say tweed, woollen.

They put it in horizontal stripes on a black three-quarter coat. They make it into blouses, either tucking in or belting outside dark tweed skirts. They use it for short jackets over dark wool dresses. Their camel skirts, which don't sit out, get down to brass tacks with hems actually studded with brass tacks.

A particularly good camel and wool alliance is their grey jersey dress and coat of blue camel and wool, faced and cuffed with grey.

Another Jaeger offering is the Inverness cape outfit, which could hardly be beaten for autumn, country, travel, motor use. There is a miniature check wool blouse or waistcoat over a plain skirt, a normal check fitting jacket, a bold check for the cape. All the checks, of course, co-ordinate and are friendly.

Chez Lachasse, there are wide, padded shoulders, circular skirts with tiny jackets. The skirts are sixteen inches off ground. But they suggest that short women should wear straight skirts still, 15 inches from ground. Over suits they put top jackets, waisted, seamed and shaped over the hips, either double-breasted or with one-button fastening.

MATITA use striped jersey fabrics cleverly cut to make you look slimmer, closely pleated skirts of fine wool, and hip-length jumper tops. One of these has leaves of natural chamois, saddle-stitched down front.

A novelty number at this house is a black suit, its jacket fastening with cords tipped with white ends to look like cigarettes. They show striped and checked tweeds in strong rust and green colourings.

The big colour of the season is red and all its offshoots, like wine, mulberry, rust. Pigeon's-blood is an exciting new shade. There is a lot of deep crimson, pale coral.

Colour combines march on, especially in tweeds.

There are green and burgundy checks, plum and blue checks. An amethyst skirt has an oak-brown jacket, a tan tunic dress, a navy jersey top, worn beneath a tan and navy check coat. Black and moss green is a town outfit suggestion, rust and dusty pink suede good-looking against country green.

Browns with a pinkish under-tone, steely blues, warm ambers, golden shades, mustard, and a sort of plummy yellow are also going to be seen around.

Natural camel-hair blouse buttoning down front, with loose three-quarter sleeves, tucked into a gently flaring black wool skirt with stitched panels, zip side fastening. Jaeger.

Black cashmere dress with high buttoning bodice, shaped neckline, long tight sleeves. Fulness comes centre front of skirt from a V-ed flare of deep green. The wrist-length black box-coat has a deep green yoke top, fastening with three green scrolls. Spectator Model.



1. Fine cyclamen wool suit with jumper top darted into the waist, banded with sequins and lines of embroidery in cyclamens, red, green, silver. Pleated skirt. Matita.

2. Bright blue woollen dress with pleats from neck to hem (stitched to thighs), buttoning front with high tie neck. Elbow-length cuffed sleeves. Dorville.



5. Amber net with a horizontally pleated bodice, a centre band diagonally pleated. From the hips the skirt spreads full. The pleated net belt ends with a large yellow flower-spray. Marjorie Castle.

6. Black wool knitted in with mist-blue silk, slit up the side from throat to hem, to show rolled blue silk facings. Blue sash. Spectator Model.



3. Green woollen shirt-type dress with bright orange scarf. The hip-length tweed coat is a brilliantly checked affair in orange, green, browns, red, yellow, with green revers, green pocket-slits. Matita.

4. Deep red tweed suit with stripes of brighter red, blue, green, brown. The fitting, collarless jacket has angled slit-pockets, a V neckline. The straight skirt is side-zipped. Jaeger.

SHOE NEWS

Moccasin shapes . . . High tongues . . . Suède and Calf Alliance
White crêpe studded with gold . . . Perforated Trims



Brown suede moccasin shoe with calf edge, perforated trimming, medium heel. Vani-Tred. 29s. 9d. (Vani-Tred shoes, designed in America, made in England, follow the American system of many widths to each fitting. They give a natural tread base, distributing the body weight evenly from toe to heel.)



Black suede high-cut court-trimmed with stitched black calf. Arch Rite. 29s. 6d. (In Arch Rite shoes you get smooth comfort from a real arch support, clever styling). (Above) Dorothy Dodd model in 'soft navy calf, with a high tongue and two-hole tie front.' Chas. H. Baber. 69s. 6d.



Light-weight sports shoe in two tones of blue, square toed, medium heeled, perforated fronts. Arch Preserver. 45s. (The scientific features of Arch Preserver shoes are a light, invisible arch bridge under the outer arch, a metatarsal maintainer, a flat inner sole.)



One of the most beautiful of the Autumn evening styles, a white crêpe sandal, edged with gold kid, trimmed with gold kid studs. Dolcis. £4 4s.

BLACK AND BLUE

THESE three hats from London's top-hat men are black, blue trimmed. Aage Thaarup's inconsequential black velvet toque, worn over one eyebrow, is given slanting height by wings of Kingfisher blue. Instead of a veil, he ties it beneath the chin and has flying back ends of fine black tulle.

It is a long time since hats were worn on the side, but Jeff—a pioneer if there ever was one—puts a medium-sized black felt bang on the side, and accents the swagger of it all with a long, bright blue quill.

Hats are flat in Spring and Summer, high again in Autumn and Winter, as inevitably as the seasons follow each other. Hugh Beresford's interpretation of the high-again mode is a black felt sombrero, with a blue petersham ribbon splashed boldly across the towering crown.



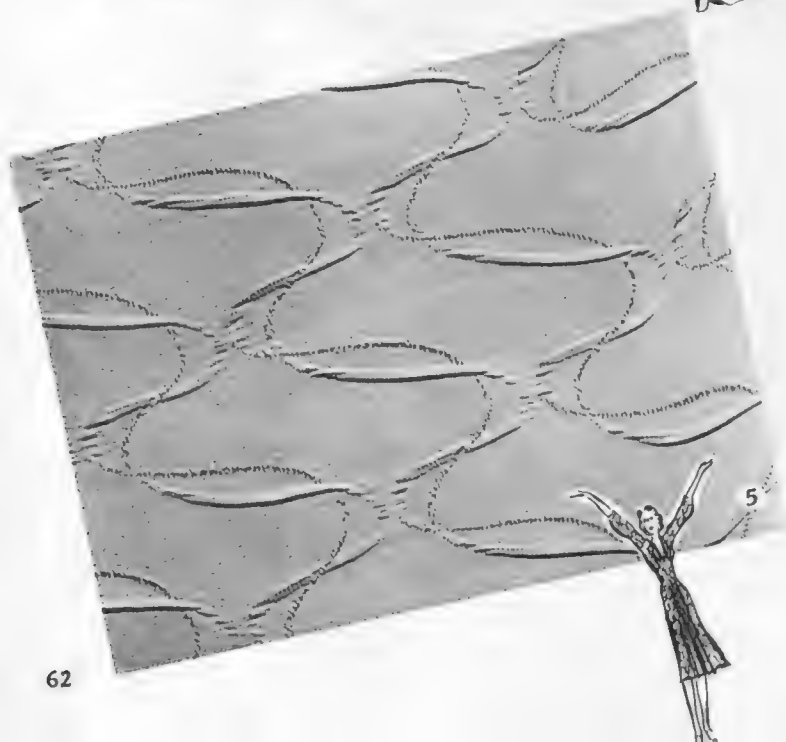
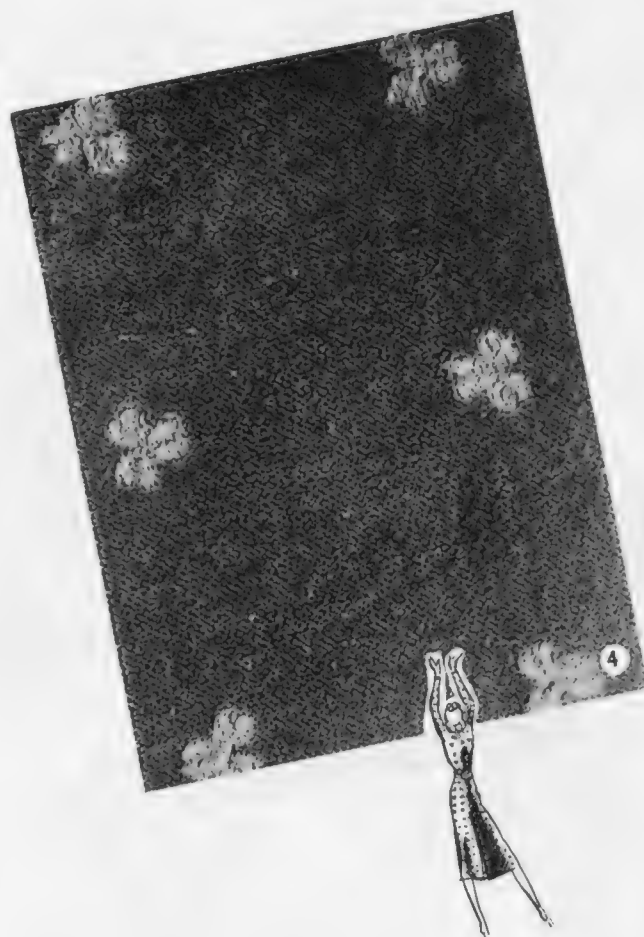
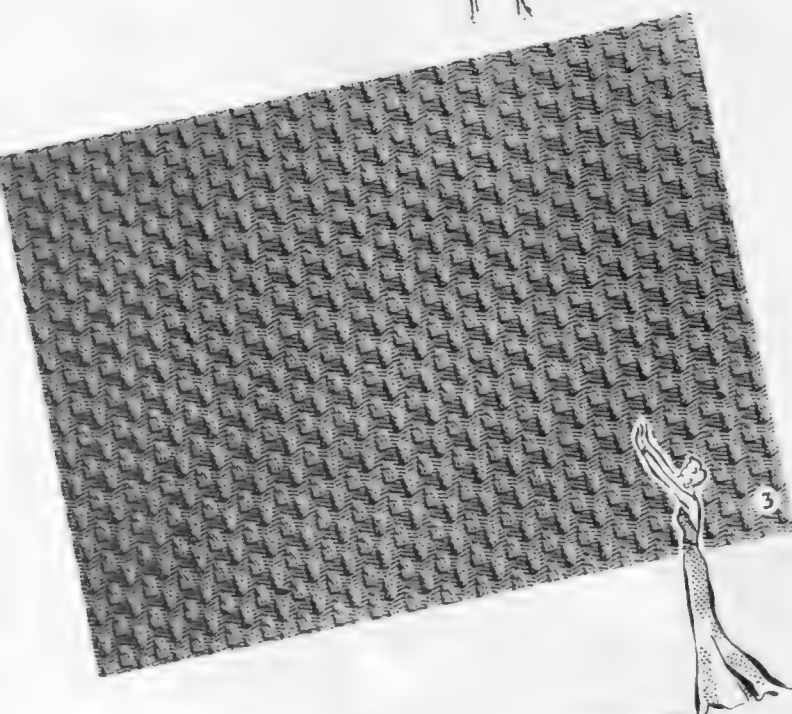
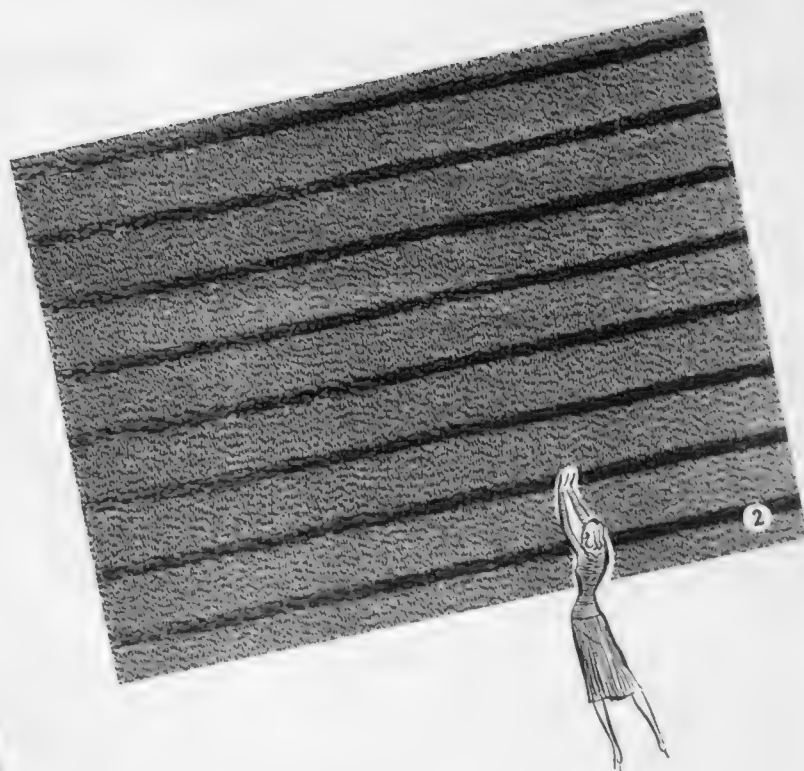
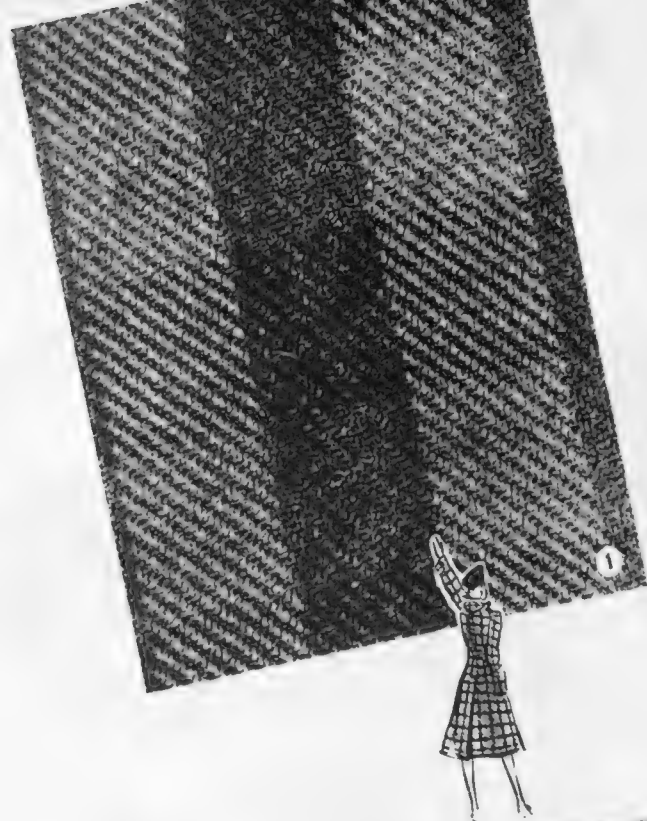
Aage Thaarup



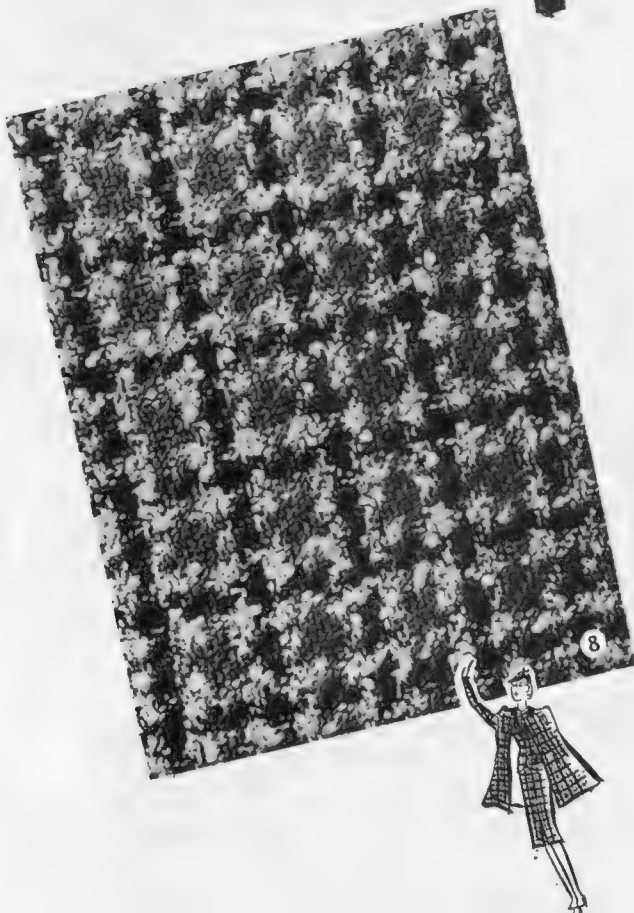
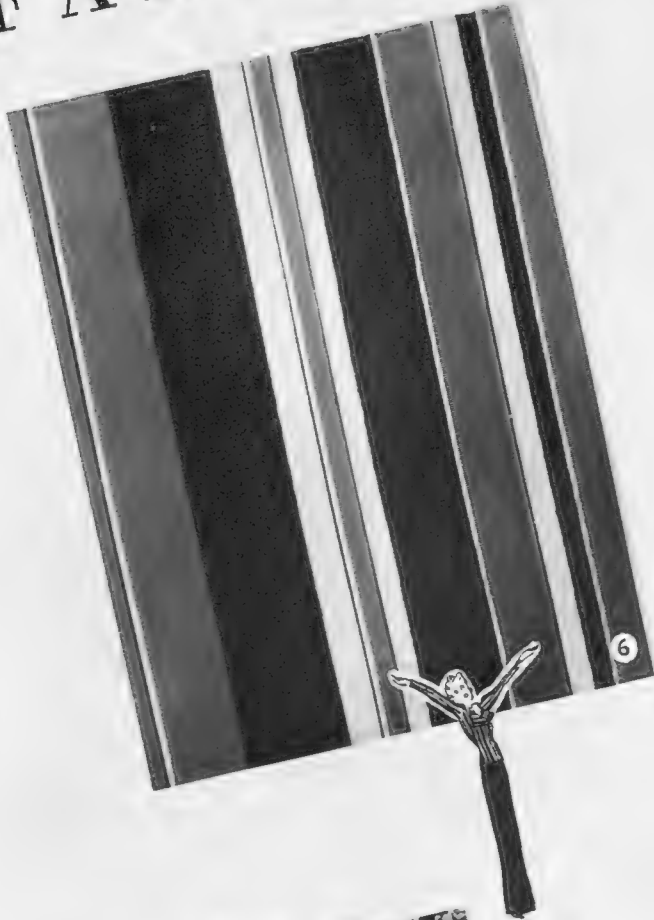
Jeff



Hugh Beresford



FANCIED FABRICS



1. One of the famous Otterburn tweeds, a large, bold, clear-cut check in shades of green, beige, mulberry. 16s. a yard. 54 inches.
2. Satin-striped copper bouclé Celanese crêpe. 6s. 11d. a yard. 38 inches.
3. Celanese lace jersey in bright cyclamen. 5s. 11d. a yard. 54 inches.
4. Viyella 36, green ground embroidered with a red clover-leaved design. 5s. 11d. a yard. 36 inches.
5. Courtauld's embroidered jacquard crêpe, light blue with a lighter blue embroidered thread swirling over the raised surfaces. 4s. 11d. a yard. 36 inches.
6. Courtauld's multi-coloured striped taffeta. 3s. 11d. a yard. 36 inches.
7. Viyella 36, mulberry ground boldly checked with jade, cornflower, beige. 5s. 11d. a yard. 36 inches. Most of this season's Viyella 36 designs have a plain matching Viyella.
8. Rough Otterburn tweed, in a small check design in shades of brown, green, beige, natural purple. 16s. a yard. 54 inches.
9. Smooth Otterburn tweed in a dog-tooth design—beige, plum, brown, natural, overchecked with cornflower and jade. 16s. a yard. 54 inches.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

FRECKLE CURE. Some of you who read this page may be feeling pretty sick at the mention of holidays; for by now you will have returned, back to the old millstone, with only your bronzed skins to remind you of those weeks of freedom.

Talking of bronzed skins, in a very short time they will begin to fade, leaving an ugly, sallowish look as they go. As well, I think, to get the de-tanning business over as quickly as possible, and, even more desirable, if your holiday has left you with a mass of freckles as a souvenir.

A cream which comes to us from America, where freckles on the face are as thick and persistent as daisies on the lawn, has built up a big reputation for itself in removing tan, skin discolorations, and, above all, freckles.

The cream is smoothed over the face at night (it should not be rubbed in) and left on all night. In the morning it is washed off with complexion soap. It should be applied sparingly at first, the dose being increased as the skin becomes inured to use.

WONDER UNDERWEAR. No sooner do I put on a pair of sheer stockings,

than I am forced into some unpremeditated activity, like running for a bus, or playing bears with my nephew. Whssh . . . goes another ladder.—Bang goes another 6/11.

Yes, it's that way with my stockings. But when it comes to underwear going after a couple of rounds with the washtub, it is just too bad. For underneath cost more than stockings, and are a pretty serious item on your budget. They have to fit snug and cling. They have to be filmy-fine. And cosy, too, for we don't wear much, but we like that little warm.

I have just been trying out some underthings that seem to fit the bill. They are sheer, and cut to a tailored T. But that is not all. You just cannot ladder the stuff. Believe me, someone stuck a penknife into a smart pair of pants I had my eye on, and asked me to pull. I pulled, and exactly nothing happened, except that the stuff sprang back into shape.

It does this on the figure after as many washings as you like to give it.

They tell me it is the patent knit that is responsible. And you may also like to know that the stuff is silk.

SEA-SICKNESS CURE. I like to travel. Don't we all? But there is something about a ship that used to give me a peculiar feeling below the belt the moment I set eyes on it.

If you who read these words have ever struck a bad patch crossing Channel or Atlantic, you have found that ships, much as you may love them, have the same effect on you. But why elaborate the theme? . . . Let me tell you quickly that I am now in the proud position of being able to look any ship in the bows with an easy stomach, for when I go a-voyaging, it (my stomach) is provided with a comforter that sees it through the stormiest passages without a tremor.

A seemingly simple little piece of sticking-plaster positively prevents seasickness. The idea being that, if your stomach is kept warm, it can't be sick. The great thing to remember is to put the plaster on before you go aboard, and keep it there. I recommend this friendly remedy to everyone whose business or pleasure takes them across the water.

POLISHER-MITTS. There are few things in life more satisfactory to tired brain workers than doing a job with one's hands. If it wasn't for one's hands. Because, speaking personally, it takes me nearly as long to clean up the paws after weeding the garden, or giving the car a facial, as it does to do the job itself. And gloves are not always satisfactory.

So when the other day I came across a new kind of polisher-mitt, I took it home in triumph like a dog with a bone, and tried it out on the family barouche. Results were super, my hands were unsullied to the end. The mitt is like a mammoth powder-puff and is made of thick white lambswool with a strong calico backing. On to this, some genius thought of stitching a fingerless mitt. Or, if you prefer it, you can have a glove.

You see the idea? You wear the polisher on your hand like a glove and this enables you, not only to keep your hands clean, but to get at all those crevices where dust nestles most closely. And a fine high polish the lambswool gives, too.

It is grand for any kind of woodwork or cellulose, and can be washed through in a moment.

FOR LINED FACES. Is it better for a woman to lack expression and to look young, or to have an expressive face with every line and wrinkle doing its work?

In an argument on this subject, men, though they fall for baby faces without a line, will always insist that they prefer expression.

Actually, lines have very little to do either with emotions or age. They appear because most people lack what it takes to keep them ironed out. To wit: Vitamin F.

This is why so many women of thirty have faces like a tramway junction, while, just occasionally, you see a woman of forty-five and over with a face as smooth as a child's.

Luckily, Vitamin F can now be applied externally. And it has lately been revealed to me that a famous wrinkle-eradicating cream owes its remarkable success in ironing out lines to the presence of this little wonder-worker.

Women of all ages benefit by its use, but it is also claimed that, if the younger woman would apply a little of the cream once or twice a week, she would postpone indefinitely the sad moment when she sees her first line.

PAINLESS EYEBROW PLUCKING. Someone once said that if Helen of Troy's nose had been a quarter of an inch longer or a quarter of an inch shorter, the history of the world might have been changed.

People seemed to think a lot about noses as a criterion of beauty in the past, but now you can get by with any kind of a nose. What does count, is the space between the lid and the eyebrow. At least, that's what the experts say, and perhaps they are right.

Think of Dietrich and Garbo, and Lynn Fontanne. The eyebrows of the first two have reached the altitude limit; while Lynn Fontanne owes much of her ageless beauty to the lovely spacing of her brows. Yes, eyebrows have come to be terribly important, and every hour of the day, somewhere a woman is plucking them and worrying them.

This is a nasty job at its best, so I was glad to hear of a cream to rub in before plucking, which greatly minimises the pain and discomfort. It is pleasant-smelling stuff, and costs only 6d. per pot.

By
Mary
Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

If you want colourful bowls of flowers in mid-winter now is the time to plant them. It is a pleasant fact that the most decorative bulbs are the easiest, notably the large-flowered hyacinths and daffodils, and tulips, if grown in pots of earth instead of bowls of fibre.

But don't neglect the smaller bulbs. I find it fascinating to make miniature gardens with moss and stones and plant them with the small cynthella hyacinths, campanelle jonquils, muscari and blue crocuses.

Be sure to put a layer of charcoal at the bottom of each bowl for then the water will keep sweet and the plants healthy through the winter.

In these little gardens the bulbs are best kept in position with pebbles. The bulbs I have mentioned are the easiest to grow in this way.

Do not attempt yellow crocuses, for under no circumstances do they do well grown



INDOOR BULBS



Tulips should be grown in pots in good fibrous loam; they can be transferred into decorative bowls when just in bud

Be sure to put a layer of charcoal at the bottom of each bowl and see that the fibre is well moistened but without excess water

indoors. Always use wide shallow bowls for miniature gardens, for it is difficult to manage them if deep bowls are used.

The most popular of all bulbs and decidedly the easiest are hyacinths. And you can now get them in gorgeous colours, ranging from the richest reds to pink, lavender, lemon and orange yellow, powder blue and white.

If you want large tall spikes, choose the blue or white hyacinths. Red hyacinths, however, are very gay in mid-winter and the pick of these are Jan Bos and the King of the Belgians. Orange yellow is a fine variety of that colour and the two best lemon yellows are Prince Henry and Yellow Hammer.

When planting bulbs in fibre, first of all moisten the fibre well. It should be wet through but without excess water, that is, when you pick up a handful and squeeze it, no water should drip out. Do not ram the bowls with the moistened fibre or when the bulbs begin to grow they will be forced up.

Plant the bulbs so that their tips just show above the surface of the fibre.

Put the bowls in an airy cellar or dark room. *Darkness is essential for vigorous root growth.* Do not on any account put them in a cupboard. Plants need air just (Continued on page 90)



How the bulbs should look after the period in the dark

To make an ordinary flower pot harmonise with the colour scheme of any room, paint the pot all over and decorate it with a simple design in a contrasting colour



By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

BEDTIME BOLERO



MATERIALS REQUIRED
 4 ozs. "Femina" 2-ply Vest
 Wool.
 1½ yds. Georgette for lining.
 1 pair No. 7 and 1 pair No. 13
 Stratnoid Pins.

MEASUREMENTS
 Length from shoulder, 17 ins.
 Across back underarm, 22 ins.
 Across front underarm, 15 ins.
 Sleeve length from shoulder,
 23½ ins.
 Tension: Approximately 5 sts. to
 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS
 K. knit; p. purl; sts. stitches;
 inc. increase; dec. decrease;
 tog. together; beg. beginning;
 pat. pattern; m. make; p.s.s.o.
 pass slip stitch over; s. slip.

BACK

With No. 7 pins, cast on 120 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Knit 5 rows plain knitting. Continue in following pat. :—

1st row : * S. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 4, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 4. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row and every alternate row : Purl.

3rd row : S. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., * k. 3, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 3, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from * until 10 sts. remain. K. 3, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog.

5th row : K. 2 tog., * k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from * until 10 sts. remain. K. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog.

7th row : K. 2 tog., * k. 1, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from * until 10 sts. remain. K. 1, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog.

9th row : K. 2, * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from * until 10 sts. remain. M. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 2 tog.

10th row : Purl. Work until 9½ ins. from beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 12 sts. (one complete pat.) at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 3 ins. pat. Continue as follows : * K. 2, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. Work 5 rows plain knitting. Continue in pat. until 7 ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 7 pins, cast on 84 sts. Work as for back until 9½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next armhole end row. Work 3 ins. Next row : K. 2 tog. to end of row. Work 5 rows plain knitting. Work in pat. until 5½ ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge. Work 1½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 12 sts. every armhole end row twice. Work another front with shaping at other edge.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 pins cast on 60 sts. Work 1½ ins. plain knitting, increasing every st. of last row only (120 sts.). Change to No. 7 pins. Work in pat. until 19 ins. from start (with the garter st.).

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGING

With No. 13 pins cast on 6 sts. Work 44 ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Place on to lining and cut to shape. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew edging to fronts. Sew seams of lining. Sew in sleeves. Slip stitch to bed coat.

Journal of a Girl who takes

CARE OF HER STOCKINGS



BOUGHT new stockings, 4s. 11d. sheers—three pairs of exactly matching shade, always an economy, as when two different pairs have laddered, still have two complete pairs. Saw nails were free from jagged ends and rough skin; turned rings round when examining stockings. Looked carefully for any flaws, for ladder stops at top, for good seaming and fashioning for short and narrow heel patches

*Photographs by MALINS,
Studio Doric*



SOAKED stockings in cold water before wearing, to prolong their life. Put them on carefully turned inside out, with particular care to ease them gently over heels. Found them slightly long at thighs, so turned them neatly down, fixing suspenders on double turn. Careless rolling and placing suspenders below reinforced top asks for ladders, and causes ugly bulges which can be seen through thin frocks



WASHED stockings in Lux and warm water, having first removed rings. Squeezed stockings gently until clean, avoided rubbing. Rinsed thoroughly until final rinsing water was absolutely clear. Pulled them gently into shape and hung them on line—not on radiator or hot-water pipes



WENT for a walk feeling smugly conscious of immaculately clad legs, and reflecting that it pays to take a little trouble to achieve such perfection, such poise. Seams absolutely straight, stockings well-suspended with no creases at knees or ankles, the narrow heel patches adding their subtle flattery to ankles

B E T T E R C O O K I N G

Garbure Bearnaise :

Potatoes, carrots, onions.
Cabbage, tomatoes, haricot beans.
Thyme, parsley, garlic.
A ham or bacon bone, bacon fat.

Peel, wash and cut up those of the vegetables which require it, washing and cutting the others. Quantities need not be strict, say about a pound of mixed vegetables for four people and a cupful of haricot beans. If these are fresh they can be put in with the rest, if not, soak them overnight.

Melt a small piece of bacon fat in your largest and thickest saucepan, put in the vegetables and fry for a minute or two, tossing or stirring the vegetables. Add salt and pepper, parsley and thyme and the ham bone.

Put in twice as much cold water as you will require of soup, bring to the boil and simmer gently for four hours. Halfway through the simmering add a clove of garlic finely chopped. Remove the bone, the thyme and parsley and serve piping hot. If you can get it, a slice of pumpkin adds a very subtle taste.

Poisson Poché Paloise :

Any white fish, turbot, brill, cod or fillets of fish.
A carrot, onion, thyme, parsley, bay leaf.
Vinegar, salt, pepper.
Two egg yolks, butter, tarragon, tomato.

First poach the fish in the following manner: Put into a saucepan a carrot and an onion cut up in pieces.

Add salt, pepper, a bunch of parsley, thyme and a bay leaf and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add enough cold water to cover whatever fish you are using, bring to the boil and simmer for fifteen minutes.

Now put in your fish and poach—that is have the water just on boiling point—until done. Fillets of sole for instance would take only a few minutes but a large piece of cod or turbot, from twenty minutes according to size.

While this fish is cooking start the sauce. Crush a few leaves of fresh tarragon into a pudding basin, also a few mixed black and white peppercorns. Add the yolks of two raw eggs and salt.

Mix the egg yolks and stand the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water. Add tiny pieces of butter all round the bowl, and stir with the wooden spoon as they melt into the eggs.

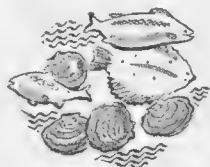
Go on doing this until you have sufficient sauce, making it as you would a mayonnaise, and add salt to taste.

Have ready a tomato, peeled, de-pipped and chopped, also two or three leaves of tarragon, chopped.

Now pass the sauce through a fine, small strainer or squeeze it through a muslin into a tepid, not hot, sauceboat and mix in the chopped tomato and tarragon. Drain the fish thoroughly and serve on a folded napkin in a hot dish and hand the sauce separately.

The sauce can only be tepid; never hot or it would curdle. If this should happen, you can probably save it by adding a drop or two of cold water and mixing it in quickly.

Gourmets' Month



FISH: All fish begins to be good again, shell-fish in particular. Oysters have reappeared



BUTCHER'S MEAT: Better than in August and although home-killed lamb is hardly to be thought of you can use the delicious New Zealand meat. Pork is in



GAME: Rush to enjoy the first game of the season, partridges and grouse.



FRUIT: Besides the usual abundance of Colonial fruits, this is the true season of grapes and figs. Walnuts and cob nuts should make their appearance



VEGETABLES: These are excellent and varied. Don't forget to take advantage of the last of the sweet peppers (pimentos) and egg plant (aubergines). If you know anybody who grows them, have some fresh white haricot beans, flageolets and the delicious haricots mange-tout

B Y A . H . A D A I R

Homard Flambé:

One cold cooked lobster.
A teacupful of cream.
Salt, pepper, paprika.
A liqueur glassful of brandy.

A rather extravagant dish but lovely and easy to make. It could be done by the hostess in the dining-room on a chafing dish or spirit lamp.

Cut the lobster in two, lengthways in the usual manner. Remove all the flesh, including the coral, and cut it up into small pieces. This, of course, should be done in the kitchen.

Melt a small piece of butter in a flat pan, put in the lobster and toss in the butter until hot without letting it cook too much, which would harden it. Sprinkle with a little salt, pepper and paprika and pour over the brandy.

When this is warm, set it alight and let it burn, shaking the pan until the flames die out. Now add the cream, bring to the boil and cook for two or three minutes.

Plainly boiled rice is the best accompaniment to this dish.

Poulet Sauté au

Piments:

A chicken (not more than two pounds in weight).

Two large red sweet peppers, two onions.
Salt, pepper, butter and bacon fat.

Start with the pimentos. To remove the skin, put them for a few minutes in boiling water. Cut in two and scrape away all the pips and white pith; then cut the pimentos into strips about a quarter of an inch thick and fry them slowly in bacon fat until they are soft, without letting them brown too much.

When they begin to soften, add the onions peeled and cut into small pieces.

Carve the chicken, raw, into five or six pieces; two wings, the legs, breast, etc., and make a stock with the carcase.

Brown the pieces of chicken in a casserole with a little butter; season with salt and pepper and put in the onions and pimentos. Moisten with a little of the stock, cover with the lid and simmer for twenty minutes or so.

Do not make the mistake of serving several vegetables with this—just a few plain or *sauté* potatoes are all that is necessary.

Aubergines Farcis:

One aubergine for two people.
Mushrooms, bacon, parsley, breadcrumbs.
Salt, pepper, butter, olive-oil, one tomato.

Cut the aubergines in two, lengthways, and sprinkle the fleshy sides with salt; let this stand for twenty minutes or so while you deal with the rest.

For two aubergines take two ounces of mushrooms, peel

and wash them and chop them very finely. Chop two rashers of streaky bacon, fry this, add the mushrooms, one chopped tomato, salt, chopped parsley. Mix well together and keep hot.

Now warm a little olive-oil in another pan, put in

Perdrix en Cocotte:

One partridge for two people.
Sausage meat.
Carrots, onions, salt, pepper.

Meat stock, small mushrooms, herbs.
Pluck and clean the partridges, bone them and stuff them with sausage-meat and truss them, giving them back their shape.

Put in a casserole a bed of chopped carrots and onions and a bouquet of thyme, parsley and a bay leaf. Lay the partridges on this, and add salt, pepper and a tumblerful of stock. Bring to the boil, cover the casserole and simmer very gently for three-quarters of an hour.

While this is cooking, prepare a handful of small button mushrooms and cook them in butter and water. Take everything out of the casserole, wash it and put back the partridges, adding the button mushrooms and pour over the sauce squashed through a fine strainer.

Piments Farcis:

One green or red sweet pepper for each person.
Cooked rice, mushrooms, parsley.
Shallots, salt, pepper, meat stock, butter.

Treat the sweet peppers in hot water and peel them, then cut off a slice of the tops (thick end). With a spoon scoop out all the insides.

Fry a few finely chopped mushrooms in butter, add two tablespoonfuls of cooked rice for each pimento, salt, pepper and chopped parsley and let this cook gently until all is well mixed and hot, moistening with a little stock.

Have ready a well-buttered fireproof dish, stuff the pimentos with your mixture and place them in the dish. Moisten with stock. Cover with a buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for about one hour. Baste occasionally and if necessary add stock from time to time.

the aubergines and brown them on both sides. Remove them, scrape out the flesh and keep the skins intact. Chop the flesh finely and put it to cook and heat with the other ingredients.

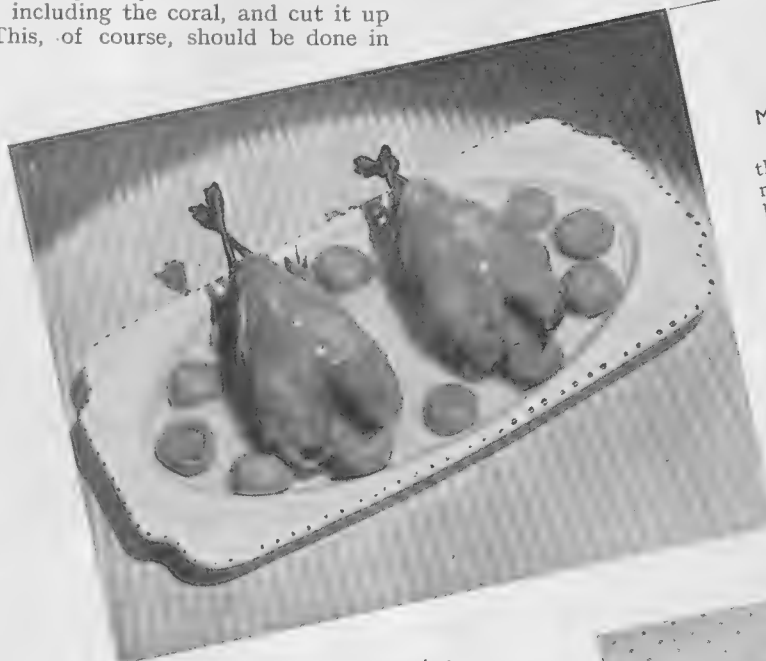
Butter a fireproof dish, lay the aubergine skins in it and fill them with the mixture. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs, add a few tiny dabs of butter and brown quickly under the grill.

Serve as a separate course or at the end of the meal by way of savoury.

Delices de Figues:

For each person, two figs.
Sugar, butter.
Curaçao.

Peel the figs, prick them all over with a fork. Melt a tiny piece of butter in a pan and put in the figs, turning on all sides to heat them. Sprinkle with castor sugar, pour over a little Curaçao (a liqueur glassful would be enough for four to six figs). (Continued on page 105)



BEST BUYS OF THE MONTH



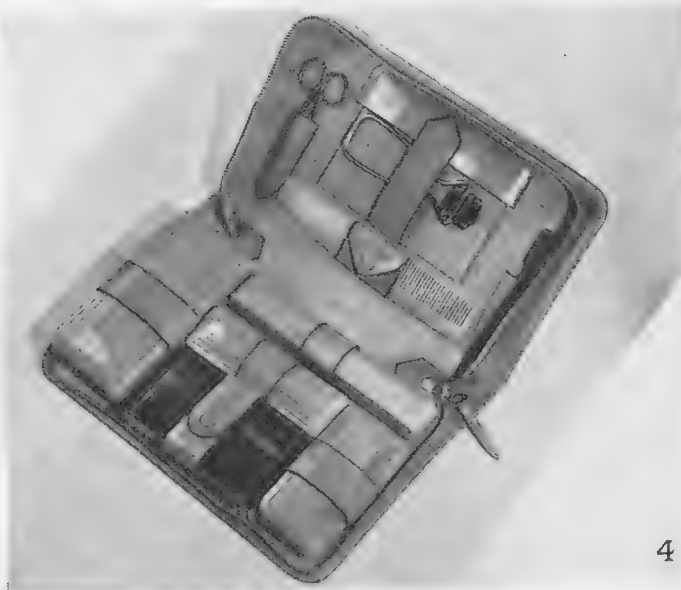
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2



3



4



5

1 Cardboard ash-trays, metallized in gold or silver so that they will not burn. Invaluable for cocktail parties or other occasions when guests are numerous and furniture is precious. Box of 36 price 3s. 6d. (Post free)

2 Zipp-fastening tobacco pouch of satin or leather, lined oiled silk and obtainable in registered colours of prominent race horse owners. Price 12s. 6d. (Post free)

3 This is not the original Scotsman's purse which provided sanctuary for the moth; it owes its origin to the Glasgow Exhibition, is of pig-grained goatskin, fastening with zipper. In blue or brown with tartan ribbon of any clan. Price 8s. 6d. (Post free)

4 Cowhide zipper travelling case, fitted with natural ebony pure bristle brush and containers for all male toilet requisites. Very light and compact. Price 21s. (Post free)

5 The "Trinity" bag, a novel idea for segregating cigarettes, make-up and money. In suède, all colours or combinations of colours, beige silk lined and mounted on a gilt bracelet chain. Price 25s. 6d. (Post free)

6 A white calf cigarette case with facsimiled writing of the donor, post-marked from any town and dated with any anniversary date. Obtainable in any colour. Alternatively the same idea can be carried out on the note case on the left. Price 3 gns. each. (Post free)



6

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles can be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please), and we will see that the goods are dispatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.



ELIZABETH ARDEN PRESENTS
HER NEW FACE - MOULDING HOME TREATMENT

Elizabeth Arden brings a new way to beauty into every woman's home. Her brilliant new Face-Moulding Home Treatment follows her well-known principles of Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing, but includes two new and equally important steps; Moulding with her new Face-Moulder and exercising the Facial Muscles according to the system outlined in her new Face Exercise Charts. These Charts, together with the necessary home treatments for particular skin or contour defects, are included in her new Face Moulding Book just published. It was written especially for you!

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Confidently Recommended

These delicious creams are home-made, and each is prettily packed in a separate grease-proof container. The Chocolate Digestive Mints are coated with the finest bitter couverture, which subtly counteracts the sweetness of the filling.

Both kinds are sold in boxes at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 6s., and are obtainable from all the leading stores. When asking for them remember the name, Elizabeth Shaw.

For over half a century Cuticura preparations have been building up a well-deserved reputation for their invaluable healing and emollient properties. The derivation of the word Cuticura is interesting, being a combination of two Latin words, *Cutis* meaning skin and *Cura* meaning care. Users of Cuticura preparations will agree that they are aptly named.

The soap is delicately medicated and gently emollient, absolutely pure and free from caustic alkali. It can be used

Whether it is hair on the legs or under the arms that is the cause of your embarrassment when bathing, dancing or in the ordinary routine of life, it can be quickly and easily removed with New White "Veet," leaving a clean, soft and smooth skin with no coarse, stubbly growth.

This odourless cream depilatory is obtainable from leading hairdressers and stores in a trial size at 6d., full sizes at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

A spatula for spreading it on and full directions for use are clearly given in each packing, and should be carefully read and followed. Although this preparation is absolutely safe for those with normal skins, it is always advisable to make a trial application on a small patch of hair on the leg or forearm, since a few women have such abnormally sensitive skins that the mildest of applications may cause irritation.

The manufacturers of "Mischief" perfume always have some novelty to offer, and their latest packing is a neat hand-bag size bottle, nestling in white silk inside a miniature hat box, over which are plastered gaily-coloured travel labels from all the smartest places in the world. These boxes, obtainable in black or grey, cost 1s. 9d. each and make delightful small gifts.

Another novelty at the same price is the "Tiny Topper," a miniature top hat in black or white contained in a hat box. The toppers can be used as ashtrays after the perfume bottle has been removed.

"Mischief" perfume is also obtainable in black and chrome flasks in trial sizes at 1s. 3d. and larger sizes at 3s., 5s. 6d., and 12s. 6d., and a still further innovation is the "Boudoir" pack, comprising a really lovely jet black flask of streamline ultra-modern design with cap and base of polished chromium, in a silk lined casket of exquisite design, price 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., and 21s.

We are happy to give
endorsement to these
reputable advertised goods

with confidence on the face for really cleansing the pores, and if any signs of pimples, redness or roughness are present, a little Cuticura Ointment used five minutes before bathing the face, will quickly clear up the trouble.

Other more recently introduced preparations include a fragrant and soothing talcum powder and an excellent hand cream.

Cuticura Hand Cream should be used immediately after washing the hands and should be gently massaged in, when it quickly vanishes so that there is no unpleasant stickiness. It whitens, softens, and soothes a dry, cracked skin, keeps the hands nourished and young.

Cuticura preparations are sold by all leading chemists, soap from 1s. a tablet; Ointment from 1s. 3d.; Talcum Powder, 1s. 3d.; Shaving Stick, 1s. 3d.; Shaving Cream, 1s. 6d.; Hand Cream, 1s. 3d.



Fat arms, a spare tyre, plump thighs, these are the problems of a number of people who are otherwise satisfied with their proportions, therefore a preparation that will get rid of superfluous fat locally, without tiring exercises or rigid diets is the very thing.

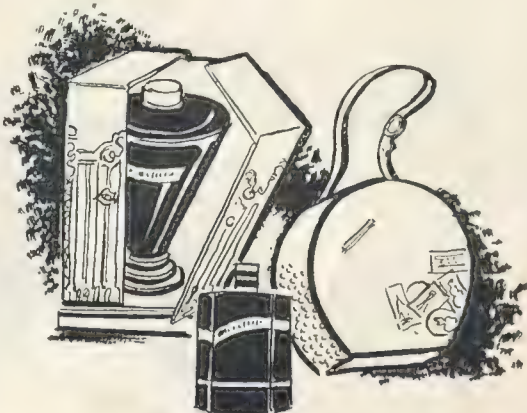
Redex will do this for those who persevere with it. Don't expect miracles all at once. It takes from seven to ten days before results are noticeable. Between the tenth and twentieth day the fat will disappear. Three weeks' use of it and three bottles have produced remarkable results in a number of cases.

This preparation, 21s. a bottle, has been submitted for careful analysis to independent analysts who report that it is entirely free from harmful ingredients and contains nothing that would prove deleterious or irritating to the skin.

The lotion should be rubbed in where required every day, and it is important that the user should not take a bath within eight hours of using it, in order that it may do its work before being washed out of the skin. The treatment should also be continuous. To miss a day greatly decelerates the slimming action.

After a good dinner to allow your guests to settle down to indiscriminate chocolate eating will probably give them the indigestion they deserve, and will send them home with a false impression of your hospitality and unkind suspicions that the meat was tough or the meal ill-balanced.

If you are the perfect hostess and hand round a box of Elizabeth Shaw's Digestive Cream Mints or Chocolate Digestive Mints, they will leave with digestions unimpaired and you will establish a reputation for meticulous hospitality.





I knew you would appreciate
Craven 'A' *quality! They*
are so much smoother to the throat

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof Cellophane
 10 for 6d. • 20 for 1/-

CARRERAS LTD. — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

IN ARABIA ONE DRINKS SABZI...★



...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET
Schweppees

★ Sabzi is made from Bhang, a kind of hemp. But Schweppees is going big in the bazaars nowadays, in fact it's going with a bhang. It is also apt to go for good when an unscrupulous Arab folds his tent and silently steals away with his neighbour's bottles.

WHEREVER YOU ARE...THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppees

Why Regulate Motorists Only?

WE English are supposed to be a reasonable people; but there seems to be still an extraordinary lack of logic in the national outlook when the increasingly urgent question of road safety is being debated. This is most evident when any new regulations are proposed, with the intention of controlling this or that class of road users.

It seems to be generally agreed that, as our roads become busier and more crowded, we must have more and stricter rules to govern the driving of motor vehicles. This is accepted as an obvious, although perhaps annoying, necessity. The motorists themselves admit it.

For some obscure reason, however, it has never been agreed that the same necessity applies when it is a question of regulating either pedestrians or cyclists. Whenever some proposal is made, as for instance to compel cyclists to carry rear lamps or to make use of special cycle tracks, an immediate outcry is raised. One would think that the last citadel of private liberty was being assaulted!

What is still more remarkable is that no one apparently dares to accuse the cyclists, or their spokesmen, of being prompted by pure selfishness in resisting these forms of control. The public as a whole is hypnotised into believing that there really is a case for exempting cyclists from any new form of legislation.

I say "hypnotised," because this is the sheerest nonsense. If it is right and fair to tell a man, when he goes out in a car, exactly what he must or must not do—and if it is reasonable to insist that his car shall be equipped with this or that safety appliance—why on earth should it not be equally right and fair and reasonable to take the same line with another man when he goes out on his bicycle?

It is no real answer to say that the motorist goes faster, and therefore is the party who requires control. The point is that the public roads are used on equal terms alike by the motorist and the cyclist. Each must therefore accept his share of responsibility for seeing that they are used with the greatest possible regard to safety.

If it is found desirable to subdivide these roads, allotting part to cars and part to cycles, how can either party—except from the most selfish of motives—object to being "segregated"? The whole idea, and the public money spent in carrying it out, is so plainly intended for their mutual benefit.

Nothing, to my mind, could be more absurd than the present arrangement,

By

The Earl of Cardigan

whereby the motorist *must* keep to his strip of roadway, whereas the cyclist, according to his inclination, may or may not keep to his special track. Yet apparently there are cyclists—supposedly reasonable men and women from that vast multitude—who would resent most strongly even this anomaly being altered.

I am sure, however, that the time is coming when a commonsense outlook will *have* to prevail. It is impossible that, with 6,000 people being killed on the roads every year, any particular class should consider itself exempt from further regulation. It is almost equally impossible that any class should continue to proclaim its resentment of legislation which is designed to reduce this death-roll.

Even pedestrians, I firmly believe, will have to be subject to rules and regulations. Where there is a footpath, it must eventually be made obligatory for the pedestrian to use it. At present, no one can prevent a wrong-headed person from walking habitually in the centre of the roadway—and this is surely a ludicrous state of affairs.

I am no lawyer; but I believe I am right in saying that there is only one offence which a pedestrian can commit. He must not stand about on a pedestrian crossing. Apart from that, he is at liberty to do anything, however dangerous or irritating to the harassed motorist, that comes into his head!

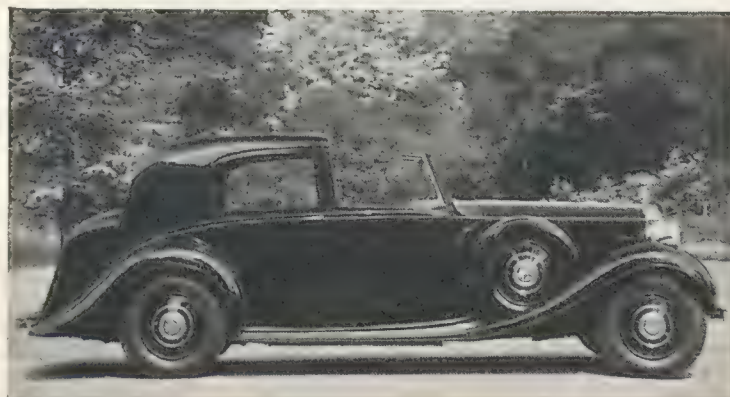
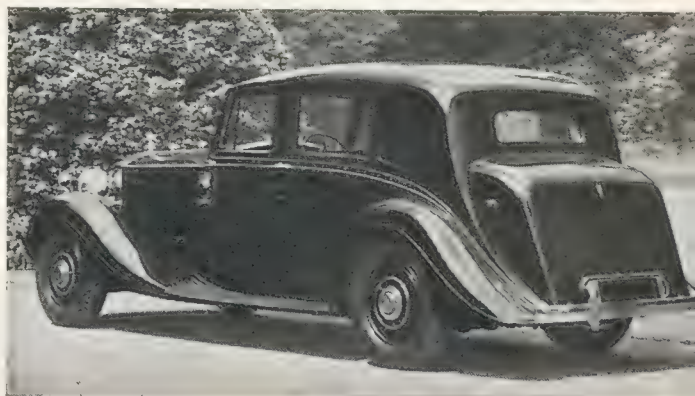
He is certainly under no compulsion—as he should be—to use a pedestrian crossing, even when one is available within a few yards of him. Motorists

have no other alternative but to give way to him when he is on such a crossing—but there is no corollary that he must give way to motor traffic when he chooses to cross elsewhere.

The usual, rather arrogant, attitude of the pedestrian who plunges across the street, causing all the motor traffic to pull up in order to avoid him, is supposed to be based on the theory of "I'm as good as you are." Let us hasten to admit this as a basis for argument. Let us agree that the pedestrian is as good as the motorist. It surely follows that he is no better—i.e., that he has no right to receive greater consideration than he is prepared to give. This is common justice.

If the man in the car is deemed to have exactly the same status as the man afoot, then surely each should have exactly the same obligations, and should be governed by the same sort of regulations. If the motorist is compelled to stop when the traffic lights go against him, so should the pedestrian be compelled to stand fast when the warning "Don't cross!" is displayed.

At the present time, it may seem almost a heresy to suggest that the pedestrian should be subject to compulsion of any sort; but logic inevitably demands it. If it is necessary for every road user to stop or go or pursue this or that course at the word of command, we must insist on universal compliance. If anyone is unwilling or indifferent, we must penalise him. Above all, we must be impartial—making no exceptions for or against the man in the car, the man on the cycle or the man who travels on his feet; the three varieties of traffic.



Two views of a very handsome Sedan de Ville, by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, on the new 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom III chassis. In the back view of this car note the very latest semi-angular treatment of the back panel, including the luggage boot. The other view shows the sliding-roof extension away, the first compartment fully open

Consumption of new Lighter Castrol on Austin 18

*"absolutely nil"
over 4000 miles
of desert*

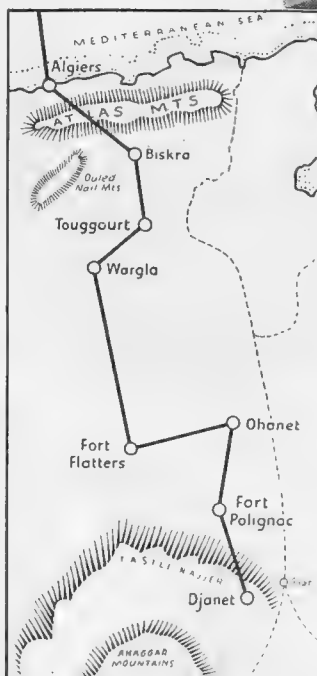
H. E. SYMONS writes:

THE CUTTING, GIVONS GROVE, LEATHERHEAD

"You may be interested to know that I used the appropriate grade of your new *Lighter Patent Castrol* in the course of a particularly arduous journey between the Libyan and Sahara Deserts.

"As you know, Sahara nights are usually extremely cold, but high temperatures are reached during the day and I wanted an oil that would be perfectly free when starting from dead cold and yet retain its qualities under very hard driving conditions in the heat of the day.

"The new lighter Patent Castrol XL proved 100 per cent. satisfactory on the most gruelling desert journey I have yet undertaken. Owing to a scorching following wind the temperature inside the car was frequently over 112 degrees Fahrenheit, and on one occasion reached 116 degrees, and the engine was consequently running at high temperatures most of the time for long spells in low gear. I am glad to say that the oil consumption of the Austin Eighteen



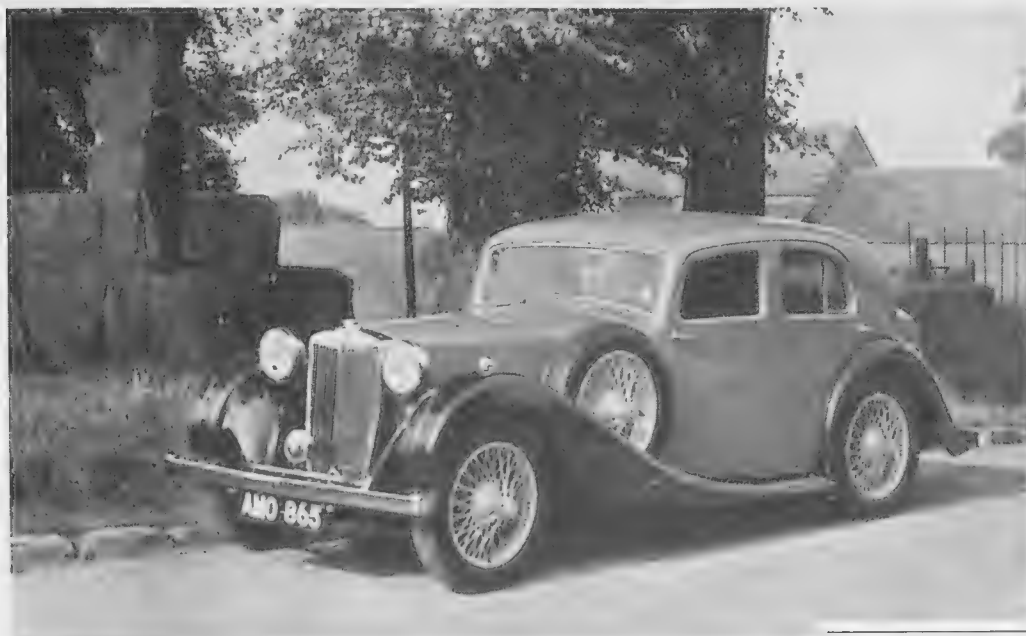
saloon, which I used for the journey, was absolutely nil over a distance of 4,000 miles and the pressure never varied throughout.

"This test has convinced me that lighter Patent Castrol can be used with confidence in very hot climates, and that it retains its lubricating properties over long periods of hard driving."

The original of this unsolicited appreciation to C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., may be inspected at Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.



AUSTIN OFFICIALLY RECOMMEND THE NEW LIGHTER PATENT CASTROL XL



right for getting the car away quickly after a right-angle turn, or for taking a sharp bend on a hill.

THE good road-holding must be largely due to the semi-elliptic springing, which gives comfortable riding without erring—as some modern springing does—in the direction of “sloppiness.” The controllable shock absorbers also are of value. With these set to “soft,” very bad surfaces can be negotiated quite happily—although naturally it is on a fast road, with shock absorbers “hard,” that a car of this type is at its best.

Efficient steering is another essential feature in a sports car, and the M.G. earns high marks in this respect. A moderately high steering ratio is used, which gives easy control on corners, while the steering action is agreeably light. The steering column is adjustable to suit the driver.

The brakes are hydraulic, and give plenty of power. The driver also has good visibility owing to both his front wings being in view. The pedals, however, are not ideally arranged, and he may have some difficulty in disposing of his left foot.

The coachwork is decidedly attractive, having well-balanced lines which are in keeping with a sports performance. The seats are leather-upholstered and there is plenty of leg room for the passengers. Those in the back seat, however, are not quite so well treated in the matter of head room. An extra inch or two of height would be an advantage.

I don't often mention instrument panels; but that which is fitted to the M.G. is unusually striking, besides being very comprehensive.

It includes a revolution counter—an item which every keen driver is bound to appreciate. There is also an ingenious device known as a “thirtilight,” designed to show a green light when—and only when—the car's speed is between 20 and 30 m.p.h.

There is a useful amount of luggage accommodation, and the price of the complete car is £325. For those who can appreciate a small sports car with an out-of-the-ordinary performance, this is very far from being an excessive figure.

THE 1½-LITRE M.G.

A Small Car with a Real
Turn of Speed

By
The Earl of
Cardigan

IN a sense, none of the small cars which are built to-day can fairly be described as “slow.” Any 12 h.p. model will do its 60 m.p.h., while some can reach 70 m.p.h., and even an 80 m.p.h. maximum is not unique.

The 1½-litre M.G., however, really does deserve to be termed “fast.” Its ability to reach 80 m.p.h., with so small and economical an engine, would be sufficiently remarkable in itself; but this is not all. There are other features also which justify me in saying that this car is an uncommonly “good 'un to go.”

Let us begin by visualising the M.G. on a main road, running at perhaps 60 m.p.h. At this pace, any other small car could easily keep up with it—but in most cases only at the expense of being driven very nearly “flat out.”

The M.G., on the other hand, is merely cruising. Its engine is certainly turning pretty fast—but it is only doing three-quarters of the “revs” for which it was designed, so that we may confidently assume that it is not hurting itself in the least. Also, instead of having little or no acceleration left, it is at its most efficient; that is, it has its maximum acceleration still available if the driver should require it.

Moreover, should there be a curve in the road, the ordinary small car would require a bit of holding.

With the M.G., however, one has the satisfying sensation that the car is “sitting down” firmly on the road. There is no side-sway, and none of that “unbalanced” feeling which is so disagreeable at the higher speeds. There is a real sense of solid contact between the tyres and the tarmac—and this undoubtedly does much to make 60 m.p.h. cruising enjoyable rather than disturbing.

When we investigate these points in detail, we find that the 1½-litre engine is of four-cylinder, overhead-valve design, its most unusual feature being the twin carburettors. Although acceleration from low engine speeds is not especially rapid, the car will pull very smoothly and steadily even when reduced to something like a walking pace.

If really brisk acceleration from low speeds is required, it is essential that the gearbox

should be used. There is nothing to be deplored in this—for it is an extremely pleasant gearbox. The ratios are very well chosen, and three out of the four of them have synchromesh engagement. Many drivers indeed will appreciate having gears which lend themselves so well to intelligent use.

The maximum in top gear, as we have already noticed, is just about 80 m.p.h., and it is therefore appropriate that the third gear should be a high one in which, even against a gradient, 60 m.p.h. can be reached. Second gear is also to be commended, for it is just

The 1½-Litre M.G. in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; twin carburettors; 12 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox with three synchromesh ratios.

Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; Top gear 80 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic with controllable shock absorbers; good road-holding.

Steering: Very accurate; geared fairly high.

Brakes: Good, hydraulic.

Coachwork: Attractive.

Smith's Jackall four-wheel built-in jacks.

Price: Saloon, £325.



THE neat layout of the toolbox with a place for everything and everything in its place. An added touch of refinement is the felt lining to the lid to prevent rattle



A TELESCOPIC steering wheel adds that last touch of comfort so necessary on long journeys and makes the car fit the driver rather than the driver fit the car



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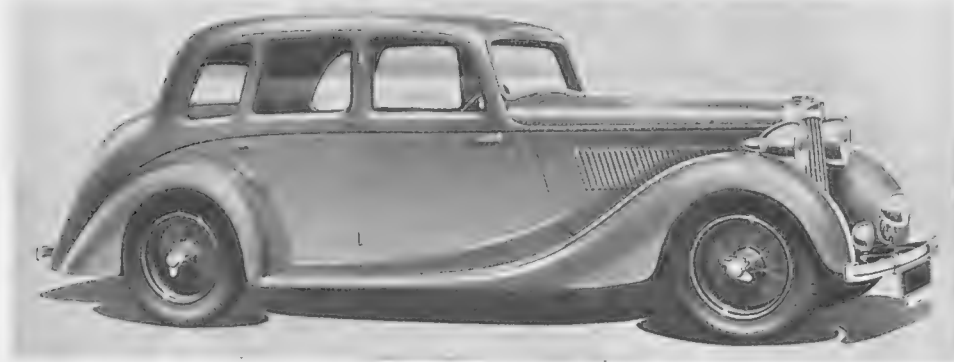
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THE design of the modern car is not made for the old-fashioned screw-up jack. You often find that, when you have discovered the jack and succeeded in placing it under the low-swept bodywork, it is necessary to search for a suitable block to stand it on. This is where the necessity for Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacks makes itself felt. Because with Jackall the jacks are permanently fitted to the axles and operated from inside the car. No need to grovel with a wobbly jack—you merely sit in the driving seat, work a small handle and—up she rises.

THE NEW LEA-FRANCIS

A Welcome Revival

By The Earl of Cardigan



The new Lea-Francis "Six" Light Saloon with its low sweeping lines, which evidence its capacity for speed and comfort over long distances

I can only be to motorists of very recent standing that the firm of Lea-Francis will require any introduction. For many years, there was always a Lea-Francis model to be considered by anyone looking for a light car of the more sporting type, and very often also a Lea-Francis "in the limelight" in connection with some racing event or other. One does not feel, therefore, that the latest production is anything other than an old friend reappearing in new and up-to-date guise.

It is difficult to sum up a complex piece of mechanism in a single phrase; but I shall always think of this new Lea-Francis as a singularly *honest* motor car. To begin with, the particular model loaned to me was described as a "Fourteen." When I looked through its specification, however, I found that its R.A.C. rating was only 13 h.p.

Here, at once, was something unusual. Many cars are sold under misleading descriptions—but usually a so-called "Fourteen" is actually the possessor of a 16 h.p. engine. Never before have I met a car which did itself less than justice in describing its taxable horse-power!

It did not seem surprising when the Lea-Francis engine proved itself to be a remarkable proposition in other directions also. Its design is unusual. The four cylinders have overhead valves, driven by twin camshafts which, while not being exactly overhead, are located in the upper part of the cylinder block. Whatever the theoretical advantages of this may be—and one can envisage several—it is quite certain that, in practice, an uncommonly high degree of efficiency is thus achieved.

Here again, the extreme honesty of the Lea-Francis is to be noted. To record the performance of the engine, the instrument panel contains a revolution indicator and a speedometer, both of which give readings which may be taken as rigidly truthful. The maximum top-gear speed is not much in excess of 70 m.p.h.—although I touched 72 m.p.h. at one moment—but I can safely say that, with the needle standing at this figure, I have seldom travelled faster, and am almost inclined to credit the statement made by Messrs. Charles Follett Ltd., that the speedometer of the car loaned by them to me was just a trifle on the "slow" side!

In any case, the Lea-Francis must be

reckoned a faster car than most, if only by reason of its extremely good acceleration. The pick-up of the engine from low speeds is remarkably rapid, and the driver can at any moment "put his foot down" with the certainty of obtaining really satisfying results. Uncommonly good average speeds are therefore assured.

The gearbox, although seldom required, is both easy and pleasant to use. It has four speeds, of which three are synchromesh, operated by a short and rigid lever. In third gear, a maximum speed of 50 m.p.h. is available.

Another factor which makes the Lea-Francis a fast car in the matter of averages is that, even when carrying full saloon coachwork, it holds the road quite admirably. The semi-elliptic springing, although by no means "hard," has considerable firmness—with the result that one can take corners at a good speed with complete confidence.

The steering is an excellent feature of this car, which again makes it very controllable when one is travelling fast. It is not too low geared, but combines pleasantly light action with complete accuracy. The brakes are equally good in their own way. While amply powerful enough—they are of Girling type—for all emergencies, they can be applied with firmness—and one need have no fear of being projected through the windscreen!

As a result of all this, one does not have to sit down grimly, determined to "push" the car along, in order to make good going. Without any urging, the Lea-Francis picks up its speed quickly: it holds its speed even on roads which are difficult and twisty, and can at any time be smoothly pulled up. There is no mental strain, even when the driver elects to cruise at 60 m.p.h. or so.

The same "honest" characteristics are evident when one examines the Lea-Francis coachwork. The saloon is built to make four people completely comfortable—and it certainly succeeds in doing so. The chassis

The Lea-Francis "Fourteen" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; twin camshafts; 13 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 72 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, firm; no side-sway.

Steering: Very light and accurate.

Brakes: Excellent, of Girling type.

Coachwork: Attractive and very comfortable.

Price: Saloon £395.

The London Distributor is Charles Follett Ltd., 18 Berkeley Street, Mayfair, W.1, where a full range of Lea-Francis cars are on view. Telephone: Mayfair 6266

has a relatively long wheelbase, and thus the rear passengers are enabled to sit just forward of the rear axle. They are not cramped in the interests of "compactness." There is sufficient head-room, and the designer has been generous as regards both elbow-room and knee-room.

There is a rear luggage boot, and the general lines of the coachwork are very pleasing to the eye. An attractive minor feature is that all four doors close easily. Besides being satisfactory in itself, this must indicate a high standard of constructional care and accuracy.

At £395, the makers neither intend nor wish to sell the Lea-Francis on an enormous scale. They do reckon, however, that the new model will appeal to the man or woman who wants a really good light car, and one that is just a little "different"—in which I fancy that their judgment is entirely correct.



Spacious leg room, and draughtless ventilation, are points in favour for the rear seat passengers of this sports car, known for its luxury and comfort

Across the Bridge (Continued from page 15)

the open door of the Academia Comercial, where pretty mestizo girls sat all the morning learning to typewrite. Tip-tap-tip-tap-tip—perhaps they had a dream, too—jobs on the other side of the bridge where life was going to be so much more luxurious, rapid, and amusing.

We got into conversation; he seemed surprised that I knew who they both were and what they wanted. He said: "We've got information this man Calloway's in town."

"He's knocking around somewhere," I said.

"Could you point him out?"

"Oh, I don't know him by sight," I said.

He drank his beer and thought awhile. "I'll go out and sit in the plaza. He's sure to pass sometime."

I finished my beer and went quickly off and found Lucia. I said: "Hurry, we're going to see an arrest." We didn't care a thing about Mr. Calloway, he was just an elderly man who kicked his dog and swindled the poor, and who deserved anything he got. So we made for the plaza: we knew Calloway would be there, but it had never occurred to either of us that the detectives wouldn't recognise him. There was quite a surge of people round the place; all the fruitsellers and bootblacks in town seemed to have arrived together; we had to force our way through, and there in the little green stuffy centre of the place, sitting on adjoining seats, were the two plain clothes men and Mr. Calloway. I've never known the place so silent; everyone was on tiptoe, and the plain clothes men were staring at the crowd looking for Mr. Calloway, and Mr. Calloway sat on his usual seat staring out over the money-changing booths at the United States.

"It can't go on. It just can't," Lucia said. But it did. It got more fantastic still. Somebody ought to write a play about it. We sat as close as we dared. We were afraid all the time we were going to laugh. The semi-setter scratched for fleas and Mr. Calloway watched the U.S.A. The two detectives watched the crowd, and the crowd watched the show with solemn satisfaction. Then one of the detectives got up and went over to Mr. Calloway. That's the end, I thought. But it wasn't, it was the beginning. For some reason, they had eliminated him from their list of suspects. I shall never know why. The man said:

"You speak English?"

"I am English," Mr. Calloway said.

Even that didn't tear it, and the strangest thing of all was the way Mr. Calloway came alive. I don't think anybody had spoken to him like that for weeks. The Mexicans were too respectful—he was the man with a million—and it had never occurred to Lucia and me to treat him casually like a human being, even in our eyes he had been magnified by the colossal theft and the world-wide pursuit.

He said: "This is a rather dreadful place, don't you think?"

"It is," the policeman said.

"I can't think what brings anybody across the bridge."

"Duty," the policeman said gloomily. "I suppose you are passing through."

"Yes," Mr. Calloway said.

"I'd have expected over here there'd have been—you know what I mean—life. You read things about Mexico."

"Oh, life," Mr. Calloway said. He spoke firmly and precisely, as if to a committee of shareholders. "That begins on the other side."

"You don't appreciate your own country till you leave it."

"That's very true," Mr. Calloway said, "very true."

At first it was difficult not to laugh, and then after a while there didn't seem so much to laugh at; an old man imagining all the fine things going on beyond the international bridge. I think he thought of the town opposite as a combination of London and Norfolk—theatres and cocktail bars, a little shooting and a walk round the field at evening with the dog—that miserable imitation of a setter—poking the ditches. He'd never been across, he couldn't know that it was just the

same thing over again—even the same layout, only the streets were paved and the hotels had ten more storeys, and life was more expensive, and everything was a little bit cleaner. There wasn't anything Mr. Calloway would have called living. There wasn't even anything I, with much more modest tastes, could have called living—no galleries, no bookshops, just *Film Fun* and the local paper, and *Click* and *Focus* and the tabloids.

"Well," Mr. Calloway said, "I think I'll take a stroll before lunch. You need an appetite to swallow the food here, I generally go down and look at the bridge about now. Care to come, too?"

The detective shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm on duty. I'm looking for a fellow." And that, of course, gave him away. As far as Mr. Calloway could understand, there was only one "fellow" in the world anyone was looking for—his brain had eliminated friends who were seeking their friends, husbands who might be waiting for their wives, all objectives of any search but just the one. The power of elimination was what had made him a financier—he could forget the people behind the shares.

THAT was the last we saw of him for a while. We didn't see him going into the Botica Paris to get his aspirin, or walking back from the bridge with his dog. He simply disappeared, and when he disappeared, people began to talk, and the detectives heard the talk. They looked silly enough, and they got busy after the very man they'd been sitting next to in the garden. Then they, too, disappeared. They, as well as Mr. Calloway, had gone to the state capital to see the Governor and the Chief of Police, and it must have been an amusing sight there, too, as they bumped into Mr. Calloway and sat with him in waiting-rooms. I suspect Mr. Calloway was generally shown in first, for everyone knew he was worth a million. Only in Europe is it possible for a man to be a criminal as well as a rich man.

Anyway, after about a week the whole pack of them returned by the same train; Mr. Calloway travelled Pullman, and the two policemen travelled in the day coach. It was evident they hadn't got their extradition order.

Lucia had left by that time. The car came and went away across the bridge. I stood in Mexico and watched her get out at the United States Customs. She wasn't anything in particular, but she looked beautiful at a distance as she gave me a wave out of the United States and got back into the car. And I suddenly felt sympathy for Mr. Calloway, as if there were something over there which you couldn't find here, and turning round I saw him back on his old beat, with the dog at his heels.

I said "Good afternoon," as if it had all along been our habit to greet each other.

He looked tired and ill and dusty, and I felt sorry for him—to think of the kind of victory he'd been winning, with so much expenditure of cash and care—the prize this dreary and dirty town, the booths of the money-changers, the awful little beauty parlours with their wicker chairs and sofas looking like the reception rooms of brothels, that hot and stuffy garden by the bandstand.

He replied gloomily, "Good morning," and the dog started to sniff at some ordure and he turned and kicked it with fury, with depression, with despair.

And at that moment a taxi with the two policemen in it passed us on the way to the bridge. They must have seen that kick, perhaps they were cleverer than I had given them credit for, perhaps they were just sentimental about animals and thought they'd do a good deed, and the rest happened by accident. But the fact remains—those two pillars of the law set about the stealing of Mr. Calloway's dog.

He watched them go by. Then he said:

"Why don't you go across?"

"It's cheaper here," I said.

"I mean just for an evening. Have a meal

at that place we can see at night in the sky. Go to the theatre."

"There isn't a chance."

He said angrily, sucking his gold tooth: "Well, anyway, get away from here." He stared down the hill and up the other side. He couldn't see that that street climbing up from the bridge contained only the same money-changers' booths as this one.

I said: "Why don't you go?"

He said evasively: "Oh—business."

I said: "It's only a question of money. You don't have to pass by the bridge."

He said with faint interest, "I don't talk Spanish."

"There isn't a soul here," I said, "who doesn't talk English."

He looked at me with surprise. "Is that so?" he said. "Is that so?"

It's as I have said: he'd never tried to talk to anyone, and they respected him too much to talk to him—he was worth a million. I don't know whether I am glad or sorry that I told him that. If I hadn't, he might be there now, sitting by the bandstand having his shoes cleaned—alive and suffering.

Three days later his dog disappeared. I found him looking for it, calling it softly and shamefacedly between the palms of the garden. He looked embarrassed. He said in a low angry voice: "I hate that dog. The beastly mongrel," and called "Rover, Rover" in a voice which didn't carry five yards. He said: "I bred setters once. I'd have shot a dog like that." It reminded him, I was right, of Norfolk, and he lived in the memory, and he hated it for its imperfection. He was a man without a family and without friends, and his only enemy was that dog. You couldn't call the law an enemy: you have to be intimate with an enemy.

LATE that afternoon someone told him they'd seen the dog walking across the bridge. It wasn't true, of course, but we didn't know that then—that they'd paid a Mexican five pesos to smuggle it across. So all that afternoon and the next Mr. Calloway sat in the garden having his shoes cleaned over and over again, and thinking how a dog could just walk across like that, and a human being, an immortal soul, was bound here in the awful routine of the little walk and the unspeakable meals and the aspirin at the botica. That dog was seeing things he couldn't see—that hateful dog. It made him mad—I think literally mad. You must remember the man had been going on for months. He had a million and he was living on two pounds a week with nothing to spend his money on. He sat there and brooded on the hideous injustice of it. I think he'd have crossed over one day in any case, but the dog was the last straw.

Next day when he wasn't to be seen, I guessed he'd gone across, and I went too. The American town is as small as the Mexican: I knew I couldn't miss him if he were there, and I was still curious. A little sorry for him, but not much.

I caught sight of him first in the only drug store, having a coca-cola, and then once outside a cinema looking at the posters; he had dressed with extra neatness, as if for a party, but there was no party. On my third time round, I came on the detectives—they were having coca-colas in the drug store, and they must have missed Mr. Calloway by inches. I went in and sat down at the bar.

"Hello," I said, "you still about?" I suddenly felt anxious for Mr. Calloway, I didn't want them to meet.

One of them said: "Where's Calloway?"

"Oh," I said, "he's hanging on."

"But not his dog," he said, and laughed. The other looked a little shocked, he didn't like anyone to talk cynically about a dog. Then they got up—they had a car outside.

"Have another," I said.

"No thanks. We've got to keep moving." The man bent close and confided to me: "Calloway's on this side."

"No!" I said.

"And his dog."

(Continued on page 82)

LEGS CAN BE *Lovelier* THIS YEAR!

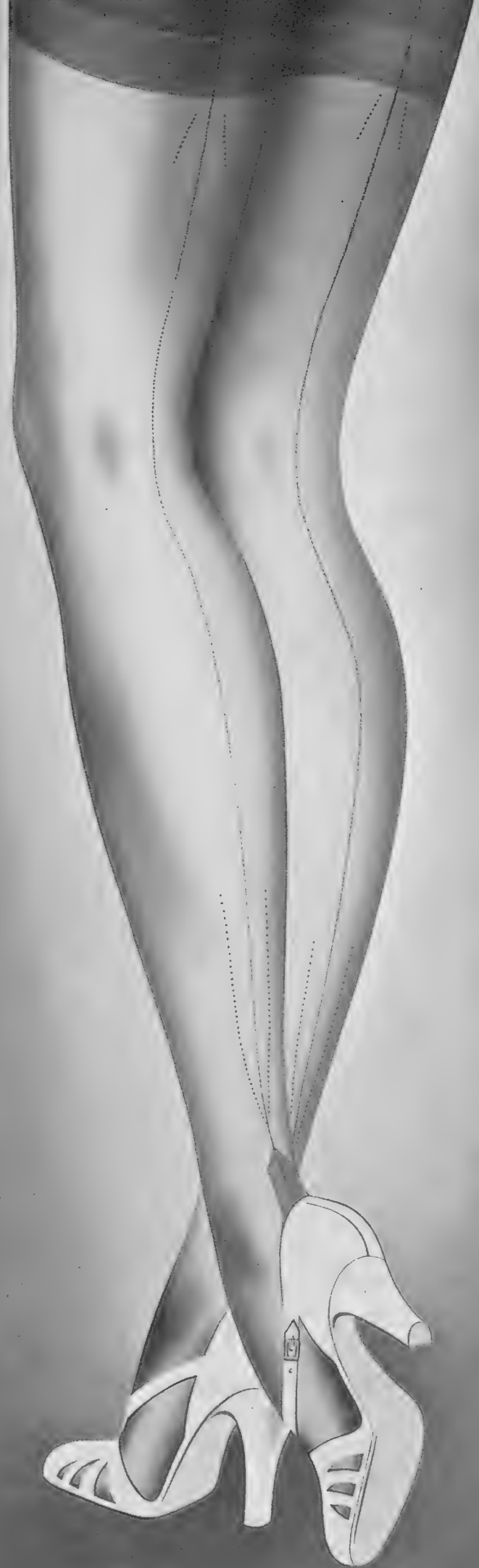


We must apologize for implanting the dark suspicion in your mind, *but are you sure that your stockings look as lovely from behind as they do from the front?*

So that you may be free from all doubts in this matter, let us mention the virtues of these new SY-METRA stockings to you.

They are made in a manner different from all others. The fashion marks (those little dots you see on the calf) *converge on* the seam instead of lying parallel to it. This gives these stockings their subtle, slenderizing qualities. Then they are TRUE-fashioned all the way down to the heel to obviate those untidy twisted seams which spoil your back view. A further pleasant virtue may be found in the fact that SY-METRA stockings, on actual test, give 30% more wear from calf to heel.

If your legs must look at their best always there seems to be nothing else for it but SY-METRA—the loveliest stockings so far.



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"He's looking for it," the other said. "I'm damned if he is," I said, and again one of them looked a little shocked, as if I'd insulted the dog, man's best friend.

I don't think Mr. Calloway was looking for his dog, but his dog certainly found him. There was a sudden hilarious yapping from the car and out plunged the semi-setter and gambolled furiously down the street. One of the detectives—the sentimental one—was into the car before we got to the door, and was off after the dog. Near the bottom of the long road to the bridge was Mr. Calloway—I do believe he'd come down to look at the Mexican side when he found there was nothing but the drug store and the cinemas and the paper shops on the American. He saw the dog coming, and yelled at it to go home—"home, home, home," as if they were in Norfolk—it took no notice at all, pelting towards him. Then he saw the police car coming, and ran. After that, everything

happened too quickly, but I think the order of events was this—the dog started across the road right in front of the car, and Mr. Calloway yelled, at the dog or the car, I don't know which. Anyway, the detective swerved—he said later, weakly, at the inquiry, that he couldn't run over a dog, and down went Mr. Calloway, in a mess of broken glass and gold rims and silver hair, and blood. The dog was onto him before any of us could reach him, licking and whimpering and licking. I saw Mr. Calloway put up his hand, and down it went across the dog's neck and the whimper rose to a kind of stupid hollow of triumph, but Mr. Calloway was dead—shock and a weak heart.

"Poor old geezer," the detective said, "I bet he really loved that dog," and it's true that the attitude in which he lay looked more like a caress than a blow. I thought it was meant to be a blow, but the detective may have been right. It all seemed to me a little too touching

Across the Bridge

to be true as the old crook lay there with his arm over the dog's neck, dead with his million between the money-changers' huts, but it's as well to be humble in the face of human nature. He had come across the bridge for something, and it may, after all, have been the dog he was looking for. It sat there, baying its stupid and mongrel triumph across his body, like a piece of sentimental statuary. The nearest he could get to the fields, the ditches, the horizon of his home. It was comic and it was pitiable; it wasn't less comic because the man was dead. Death doesn't change comedy to tragedy, and if that last gesture was one of affection, I suppose it was only one more indication of a human being's capacity for self-deception, our baseless optimism that is so much more appalling than our despair.

END

A Little Excitement *(Continued from page 45)*

horses pawing the air as they reared in front of the crowd. Frightening!

Terror suddenly took Henderson and shook him.

"Let's get out of it," he said, grabbing Carl's arm. "I'm getting out of it."

Carl looked at him with the cold light in his eyes. His hand slid quickly down to his pocket and Henderson felt the pressure of steel through cloth against his side. Carl's lips formed one word.

"Quiet!"

They were coming now. One could hear the jingle of harness, the noise of the carriage wheels. Henderson loosened the clasp of the brief bag. The crowd surged forward pressing him closer in towards the road. In the van a solitary policeman rode far ahead, then some officers, then four outriders in scarlet and gold, braid shining in the sun.

Blood rushed to Henderson's head blinding his sight for an instant. There was a noise of pulsing blood and the cheering of the crowd about him in his ears. He heard Carl's whisper.

"Now!"

Sight cleared for him as the carriage came rolling into view, inside the Foreign Minister saluting, the British statesman beside him looking straight ahead. Quickly Henderson drew his hand from the bag and threw the steel missile. It dropped in the path of the trotting beautiful horses that drew the carriage, falling with a metallic click in the road and lying there glittering its menace while women screamed.

Wrenching his way through the crowd, Henderson heard no explosion, could hear nothing but the great roar of the crowd. Hands seized him and twisted his arms behind his back. He glimpsed Carl nearby, utterly immovable, looking out at the passing procession with aloof eyes. Carl, who should have covered up his escape, had done nothing!

As the police fought their way with him through the angry crowd, Henderson kept screaming.

"He made me do it, he made me."

The white aloof face of Carl did not even turn round.

TWO hours later, Carl again climbed the stairs of the house in the Gray's Inn Road

and knocked on the door. His face was paler than ever and the dark shadows under his eyes blossomed a little larger. His expression was that of a man who had a disagreeable task that must at all events be done.

The door of the room upstairs opened slowly and the woman Marianne peered out. Seeing him she opened the door wide and he came in, twisting his black hat in his hands. She was outwardly quiet and slow-moving as usual, but signs of some inward tension showed in the quick flutter of her eyelids and movements of tiny muscles in her throat.

"They got Henderson," said the man, turning away so as not to look at her. "I thought I'd better tell you."

"I know," she said.

"I suppose the others told you."

"Steiner knew," she said.

He sank wearily into a chair.

"The thing didn't go off."

"You'll lie awake at nights thinking about that, I daresay," she said, contemptuously. "You'll get a headache over that."

He only looked at her with his dark eyes. He was crazy, she thought, they were all crazy except Henderson. They got hold of ideas.

"How much will they give him?" she said, steadily.

"Ten years," he said. He was sombre as he watched her face start to crumple up. Was she breaking down? She had moved round the back of his chair, and he couldn't see her smiling. He only felt her heavy white arms slide round his neck and heard her heavy voice say:

"That goes with me." Her cloud of fair hair came up against his face.

He sat very still.

"Where's Steiner and Françon gone?" he said.

"Does that matter?" she said.

"I don't know," he said. "There'll be things to fix."

"Steiner said they'd be there for the night at Portsmouth with Lipmann, if you wanted him. You won't want him, not to-night, will you? You wouldn't want anything like that to-night."

Her voice, husky and persuasive, seemed to stir him from his immobility. He undid her hands from round his neck and got up.

He listened, as a car stopped below. Heavy footsteps sounded running up the stairs. The woman's eyes widened as three police and a man in plain clothes suddenly burst in. Carl nodded towards the woman who had backed against the wall, one hand fumbling in her skirt pocket.

"Get her," he said. "Quick!"

As the police closed in a shot rang out and a bullet hit the wall behind Carl's ear. The police twisted a small revolver out of her hand, while the woman screamed.

"Ring through for me to the station at Portsmouth," said Carl to the plain clothes man. "Hurry."

"Very good, sir," said the man.

BOWLER-HATTED, armed with his Brespectably furled umbrella, the smallish man with black eyes in a bulging white forehead stepped into a carriage in the six-twelve from Waterloo. Three or four other men got in. They all nodded to one another in the carriage and said good-evening. Everyone dived behind an evening newspaper. Now and again one of them emerged with a piece of news . . . "I see there's rain due to-morrow" . . . "Queer thing this attempted assassination, I see the bomb didn't go off" . . . "Smart work. The police have got the gang. Two of them at Portsmouth."

The train stopped at Surbiton and Carl alighted. He toiled up the station steps and came along the road to the little house where Elaine watched for him from the windows. Poor Carl! His steps seemed to flag. She thought of him bending over his desk at the office in the city all day, and she thought of the endless round, catching the eight forty-five to town and catching the six-twelve home.

He came in and sat down. He seemed tired. Elaine sat on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers through his black locks.

"Busy day, dear?" she said.

"Tiring," said Carl.

He never spoke about his work. Too dull, of course, she knew it was always dull in Government departments. She took him playfully by the ears.

"Carl," she said. "I've got a nice little surprise for you. I've asked the Hague-Jones people to bridge to-night. I thought you'd like a little excitement."

Character in Decoration *(Continued from page 46)*

of the small house is just as great as in the presentation of a stage set.

In the case of the small house showmanship will make itself felt in the selection of colour effects that increase the seeming spaciousness of the interior. In grouping of furniture that creates an impression of comfort and grace and in a discreet originality throughout that deflects attention from any lack of architectural distinction.

Patterned wallpapers may be used for colourful and original effects where furnishing

must be economised. Panels of a Victorian bouquet design can be used to set off a fine bureau or an interesting side-table. In a bedroom where the character of the furniture is severely simple, originality can be achieved by papering the ceiling with a posy pattern and painting the walls in a high-gloss to tone. Curtains of stiff silk and draped muslin in colourful contrast may finish off this stimulating background.

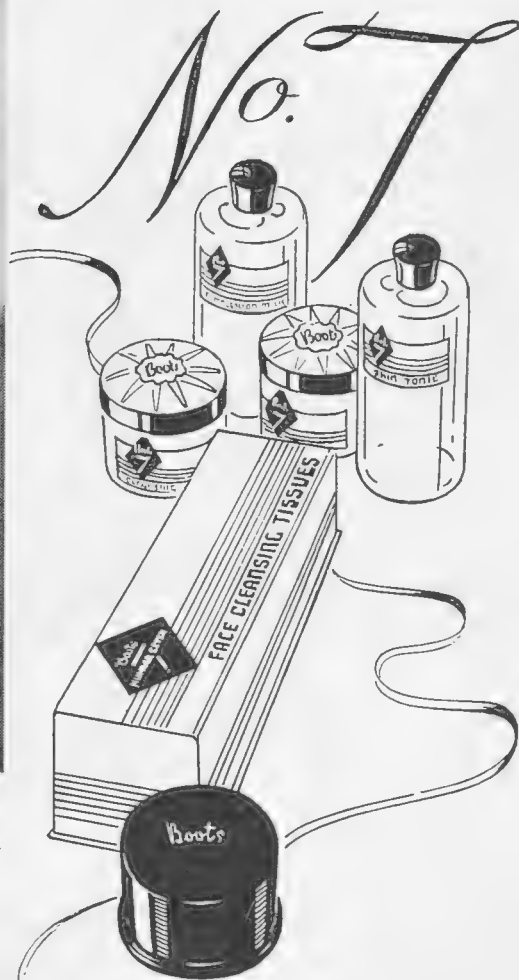
Clever lighting has endless possibilities for pointing the effect and emphasising the

character of furniture and draperies. Lamps must be effective by night and day, and colour schemes must always be chosen with an eye to their effectiveness under artificial lighting.

Presented with originality and forethought the very simplest of furnishings assume an importance beyond their intrinsic worth. Effectiveness lies in the choice of beautiful fabrics, stimulating colour effects and a clearly-defined character.

To know what you are aiming at is half the way towards achieving it.

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The Tigon and the Lyger

(Continued from page 29)

in a horrified rage. Before he could say anything, Alwar walked to the writing-table, scribbled on it, and said, "I know what you are going to say. I will write what you going to say." And he handed the official a chit of paper scrawled with the word "Vindictive."

What Alwar had done was to take a pony which had disappointed him in a polo match, pour gasoline over it, and set it afire, alive.

Finally the British deposed Alwar. In extreme cases, the Government of India will "extern" an errant prince. But only half a dozen have been so externed in recent years, and in several of these cases the offences were political, not personal. The British crack down on a maharaja with extreme reluctance, and usually only when the ruler tries to interfere with politics in British India. Alwar might have gone on murdering polo ponies for years. But he was considered politically "unreliable." Also part of his realm rose in revolt.

Alwar died in Paris in exile. His body was shipped home to India, embalmed by a special process so that the corpse might be properly exhibited. Alwar wished this. He was carried through the streets of his capital, his dead face haughty, dressed in his most blazing uniform, his jewels resplendent—and wearing a pair of sunglasses to "protect" him from the glare! And the people of Alwar lined the streets, watched the grisly procession, bowed to the ground as they did when he passed in life, groaned, and wept.

Now in extreme contrast to the late Maharaja of Alwar is a man whose domain, seventeen hundred miles distant in southern India, embodies all that is best in princely rule. Colonel His Highness Maharaja Sir Sri Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.B.E., Maharaja of Mysore, is what they call a "model" prince. He is an absolutist, but his absolutism is beneficent. Mysore does much—in education, public health, electrification of villages, irrigation, industrialisation—that British India might emulate. In many things, Mysore leads the way.

The Maharaja of Mysore no more resembles the late Maharaja of Alwar than tea resembles ink. Both have a generic relationship, that is all. Mysore is probably the holiest man in India. He has no vices, no interest in the life of the flesh; he lives remotely in his palace; he has no children. He watches his government carefully, but he delegates administration to an extremely competent *Dewan* (Prime Minister). Almost uniquely among maharajas, he lives on a civil list—that is, his personal moneys are separate from state funds; he spends each week-end in prayer and meditation.

The Maharaja of Mysore takes Hinduism, his religion, with extreme seriousness, and obeys its multitudinous rules with devotion and precision. For many years he refused to leave India, because orthodox Hindus lose caste by crossing water; in 1936, however, he made his first trip to Europe. The maharaja travels in a special train to avoid pollution from foreigners or from Hindus not of his own caste. The story is that he bathes, to remove pollution, even after receiving the British Resident; excepting on ceremonial occasions, he receives the Resident only at 6 a.m., so that he may conveniently bathe thereafter. On the other hand, he shows surprising liberalism in appointments. His Prime Minister, Sir Mirza Ismail, for instance, is a Moslem, his private secretary is British, and another important secretary is an Indian Christian.

The Maharaja of Mysore went to Tibet on a walking trip recently, a pilgrimage to the Tibetan holy places. Activity of this devout kind is his only relaxation.

INDEED it is all but impossible to generalise about the maharajas. There are maharajas of subtle and sophisticated intelligence, like the old Gaekwar of Baroda; there are others in the Central Indian Agency who are, very nearly, savages. There are maharajas with

rubies on their toes worth \$100,000; there are others whose annual income—literally—may be only a few score rupees.

Their names are fantastic, like the Jam of Nawanganar or the Wali of Swat. Their titles are even more fantastic. To address the Maharaja of Patiala correctly, one has to insert somewhere in the name, a name elephantine in length anyway, the word "Sri," which means "Lord," one hundred and eight times. To shorten the process (I am cutting out innumerable sub-names), the Maharaja of Patiala is called simply Lieutenant-General His Highness Farzand-i-Khas-i-Daulat-i-Inglishia Sri 108 Maharajadhiraj Mohinder Bahadur. The "108" goes in like an algebraic device.

The young Maharaja of Jaipur, an attractive lad who is quite possibly the best polo player in the world, inserts the word "Sawai" before his name. In the native language "Sawai" means simply one and a quarter. The Jaipur tradition is that the ruler is not merely a maharaja, but a maharaja and one fourth. And, sure enough, underneath each royal flag flying in Jaipur City, is a little flag, one quarter the size of the big one, to denote this twenty-five per cent bulge on rivals.

Some maharajas in Rajputana belong to the "solar" or "lunar" branches of Rajputs; they are descended from the sun or the moon. One, Bahawalpur, is descended from the Abbaside caliphs of Bagdad; another, Jaisalmer, claims descent literally from Krishna, one of the chief Hindu gods.

One maharaja, the ruler of Aundh, has written a book on physical culture; another, Rewa, aged only thirty-four, asserts that he has already shot five hundred tigers. Several rulers, like Vadia, enforce prohibition in their states; there are others who have consumed more than a normal budget of champagne.

One maharaja, young Cooch Behar, went to Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge; several have never been to school at all. One maharaja, Ibrangadhra, has married five times (by the way our friend Alwar had four wives), and one, who shall be nameless, has at least a hundred children; there are others as ascetic as Mysore or frugal as Hyderabad.

There are maharajas who have their own railways, like Baroda and Hyderabad; their own coinage, like Jaipur, Udaipur, Kutch and Hyderabad; their own postage, like Hyderabad, Patiala, Sind and Gwalior. There are other maharajas, petty chieftains, who are lucky if they ever see a railway train, have a coin to jingle, or a letter to mail.

One maharaja, Rajpipla, won the Derby in 1934 with Windsor Lad; one, Indore, lost his throne over the affair of Mumtaz Begum, a dancing girl; one, Gondal, is an M.D. from Edinburgh and has written a history of Aryan medical science; one, Tonk, boasts that he has separated the executive from the judiciary; one, Cambay, notes that his state may try capital offences.

Sometimes the language of maharajas is flowery. One, Balasinor, belongs to a clan "famous not for their kingly pomp, dignity, and splendour, but for their luxuriance of benevolence and exuberance of magnificence." The Maharaja of Balasinor is "endowed with the natural gift of writing drama" and is a poet in the Urdu and Gujarati languages.

The physical as well as moral extremes amongst the maharajas are enormous. Take Hyderabad, the premier Indian state, which has a population of fourteen and a half million people, an area of 82,698 square miles, and annual revenues of 85,000,000 rupees. Take, at the other end, Banka, population 1,316, with an area of five square miles; Amrapur, population 407, area two square miles; Bihora, population 266, area 1.75 square miles; and Bilbari, population twenty-seven, area 1.65 square miles. The annual revenue of Bilbari is solemnly given as eighty rupees; the annual expenditure as eighty rupees also.

The princes have, and have had for more than fifteen years, a sort of trade union. It is

called the Chamber of Princes; every maharaja with a salute of eleven guns or more is a member in his own right, and has one vote; one hundred and twenty seven states with fewer guns share twelve other members. In recent years the chancellorship has more or less alternated between the maharajas of Patiala and of Bikanir. The Chamber does not do too much. Most members are jealous of their comrades. The Chamber has no legislative powers, and states like Mysore and Hyderabad very seldom take part in its deliberations.

Both Patiala and Bikanir resigned from the Chamber at one time. The Maharaja of Patiala explained as follows: In 1934 no session of the Chamber took place owing to the fact that no work was ready for being placed before it. Even the last annual session was held with great difficulty, and it was at considerable inconvenience to me personally that sufficient attendance had been secured to get a quorum. . . . The conclusion was irresistible that the princes on the standing committee did not consider the work of the Chamber important enough to merit their attention."

The thing the maharajas are proudest of is not their jewels, not their harems, not their medieval splendour (if they can afford splendour), but their guns. Take a gun away from a maharaja, it means more than losing an arm.

In the upper bracket are the "salute" states, those which are entitled to an official salute in guns. The maharajas with guns are enormously sensitive about them. The guns are a symbol of their sovereignty; the British raj salutes them thus. The guns make a considerable racket. When the Chamber of Princes meets in Delhi, and each prince gets his salute on arrival at the railway station, the noise is cataclysmic. The princes, children all, adore this. The rule is that no salutes are fired on Sunday. Some princes wait in their royal trains all day on Sunday, if they are so unfortunate as to arrive that day, so that the proper salutes may be fired Monday morning.

Sometimes people suggest that giving certain princes more guns would be a convenient form of bribery. But it wouldn't work. The gun structure is more complex, more zealously guarded, than the hierarchy of Burke's peerage. Some states, like Jaipur and Jodhpur, are, the British admit, "under-gunned"; but to step them up would cause no end of trouble. The states would like more guns, but each state wants to be a gun ahead of his neighbour.

One hundred and forty nine of the five hundred and sixty two states have guns. The others are condemned to permanent stony silence. There are only five twenty-one-gun states; these are the lush states, the states with biceps and heavy shoulders. They are Hyderabad, Mysore, Baroda, Kashmir and Jammu, (the Maharaja of Kashmir and Jammu was the "Mister A" of a notable scandal some years ago) and Gwalior, which is reputed to have the best army of all the native states. There are six nineteen-gun states—Kalat, Indore, Bhopal, Travancore, Kolhapur and Udaipur. And there are twelve with seventeen guns—Rewa, Cochin (which has just introduced legislative reforms), Patiala (reputedly the grimmest of the states), Bahawalpur, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Bundi, Bikanir (one of the best), Kotah, Bharatpur, Tonk, and Kutch.

The British control the princely states through an organisation known as the Political Department. This is the branch of the Delhi Government, responsible directly to the Viceroy, which appoints the British Residents and Agents-General scattered throughout princely India. Not every state has a British Resident; for instance, the Maharaja of Bikanir is permitted to rule without one. Several states like Jaipur and Jodhpur, share one Resident; the smaller states are grouped together into agencies, and one British agent-general may have (Continued on page 86)

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

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thirty or forty different states to handle. The Residents in the twenty-one-gun states are usually distinguished members of the Indian Civil Service who are near their time of retirement but have missed becoming governors in the provinces of British India, the supreme job. They get Mysore or Hyderabad, where there isn't much work to do, as compensation.

Often it is said that the British Residents rule the states. The generalisation is a bit too broad. Circumstances vary. Certainly the ordinary maharaja will take good care to be on good terms with the Resident, and as a rule he will see eye to eye with him on public policy. But Residents seldom care to dictate to maharajas. In Mysore, for instance, the ruler is certainly not the British Resident, but on the contrary the maharaja himself together with the competent dewan, Sir Mirza Ismail. All the states admit the sovereignty of the British Crown, but the British Crown is a long way away. By and large, the Resident never interferes with the internal administration except in the event of crisis. "The most important part of a Resident's job," I heard it said, "is what he doesn't do." In the event of grave crisis, of course the British raj can do almost anything he likes.

Almost every maharaja has, if not a complete cabinet, a prime minister, who is known as the *dewan*. The maharaja may himself be the head of the cabinet council, in that case the dewan becomes vice-president; in most cases the dewan, whatever his official title, does the work. These dewans are a curious phenomena. They are chosen from any part of India and from any profession, though most of them are lawyers or politicians; they do not need to be citizens of the states they administer; often they circulate, serving several states in succession; they are a special caste, of itinerant prime ministers. Some are exceptionally able and distinguished men; the Dewan of Travancore, for instance, was hired actually from the Viceroy's Council Cabinet. As a rule a maharaja choosing a dewan consults the Political Department as to the talent available, and—as a rule but not always—consent of the Political Department is necessary before an appointment takes effect.

Now, an illuminating point, some twenty dewans are not Indians but British. These are usually retired members of the Indian Civil Service who are offered private jobs with maharajas and who accept; they are—I mean no offence—political mercenaries. They have no formal or official relation with British India; they owe sole allegiance to the native state that employs them. Jaipur, Jodhpur, Cooch Behar, Bundi, Tonk, Kapurthala, are among highly important states with British dewans. The only twenty-one-gun state ever to have a British dewan was Kashmir. In addition many states, like Hyderabad and Rampur, appoint British experts as finance ministers; many choose British colonels as military advisers to train their armies, like Jaipur; several, like Mysore, appoint British judges as justices of their High Courts.

The Political Department, it goes without saying, knows everything it needs to know about every maharaja. There are secret files and dossiers.

Hyderabad, a solid block of territory in the very centre of India, is the premier or native state. Its ruler, the Nizam, is called "His Exalted Highness," the only title of the kind in India. The attitude of the Nizam and of his alert and accomplished dewan, Sir Akbar Hydari, will probably determine the ultimate fate of Federation. The Nizam is supposed to be worried about its possible implications. Sir Akbar is said to be devoted to the idea.

The Nizam, as everyone knows, is the richest man in the world. No outsider can estimate the amount of his fortune accurately, but competent guesses put his annual income at £10,000,000, his fortune in gold bars at £50,000,000, his collection of jewelry at no less than £400,000,000. Not everyone knows that, despite his incredible wealth, the Nizam is afflicted with almost pathological tendencies to parsimony. His palace is shabby; his habits are frugal; he drives a twenty-six-year-old Rolls-Royce. No Nizam, incidentally,

has ever been known to leave the borders of India.

The Nizam, who is said to be the best brain among all the ruling princes, has often written poems in Persian; recently he broke into print in English with a Christmas lyric:

Blest in his birth; the son of Mariam came,
Heaven's secret—and man's glory at its height!
Auspicious fate! the Magic of his name,
Fills votaries' hearts with love, their eyes
with light.

Auspicious hour that to the Temple brought
The living Word, the Messenger ordained,
As though the breath of Morn life's garden
sought
And Rose and Nightingale in love en-
chained!

Spring blew its breath into the crystal bowl,
To give a brighter colour to the wine;
And that December for the World's dead
soul
Held in the Cup of Life a draught divine!

Osman! He came as Prophet and as Guide
To lead the Nations in the Righteous
way,
The Faith was firmly planted ere he died,
His destined task completed in his day.*

The Nizam is a Moslem of distinguished lineage; the bulk of his people, under a Moslem ruling caste, are Hindu.

The wives of his two sons are cousins; one is a daughter, one a niece, of Abdul Hamid, the late Sultan of Turkey.

Kashmir and Jammu is in the extreme north. Its complexion is the reverse of that of Hyderabad; Kashmir is a 92 per cent. Moslem state ruled by an infinitesimal Hindu oligarchy. It is bigger than Hyderabad, (85,885 square miles), but its population, 3,646,000, is much less. The maharaja, born in 1895, has had to face severe internal discontent which grew into an armed uprising in 1932. A commission of inquiry headed by the present head of the Political Department, Sir Bertrand Glancey, reported on a number of grievances and suggested a number of reforms. For instance, Kashmir had one thousand nine hundred and ninety villages, but only eight hundred and forty two primary schools; there were complaints that labour was requisitioned, without pay, for the benefit of the state; widespread corruption was found in the police and other administrative officials, some of whom lived by extracting a toll from the villagers. Kashmir is one of the backward states of India. The oligarchy demands, though the population is overwhelmingly Moslem, the strictest observance of Hindu religious principles; for instance, the penalty for killing a cow, even accidentally, is a long term in jail. The cow, like the peacock and monkey, is holy to Hindus.

Travancore, by contrast, is an exceedingly progressive and enlightened state. In the extreme south of India, it has been open to foreign influence for many centuries. Travancore has the highest literacy rate in India, surpassing even the best British provinces; recently it inaugurated a major reform by opening the temples to the "untouchables," i.e., those depressed and outcast Hindus who are not allowed the privileges of worship elsewhere in India. The maharaja is a youngster, born in 1912, whose reign began in 1924 after a long regency under his mother. The dewan, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, is one of the best known public men in India. An odd point about Travancore is that succession (to ordinary property as well as to the throne) is through the female. The present maharaja's sister will transmit the succession.

Bikanir, in the western part of Rajputana, is essentially the creation of the present maharaja; before his reign it was seldom numbered among the states that count. The Maharaja of Bikanir is the perfect "type" of Indian ruler, a magnificent creature, the quintessence of proud and glittering regality. He celebrated his fiftieth year on the throne last year; no one who saw him, on elephant back, leading the jubilee procession through

*Reprinted from the *Madras Mail*

The Tigon and the Lyger

his capital, will ever forget it. The Maharaja of Bikanir has mingled Oriental splendour with western paternalism with shrewd hands; he is an autocrat of autocrats, but his state is well run. Tragedy has dimmed his later years as it did those of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria; his son was found shot, together with his A.D.C., in circumstances which—like the Mayerling tragedy in Austria—have never been explained.

Bikanir may build canals to irrigate his arid country, but he preserves indigenous traditions. Even the wife of the viceroy is not permitted to see his wives.

Then there is Patiala, the premier Sikh state. What is one to say about His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala? That he has a special title, the "Favourite Sun of the British Empire?" That, like Bikanir, he is an impressive personal spectacle of Oriental magnificence? That his state is, next to Kashmir and some of the Kathiawar principalities, probably the most backward in India? That a private commission of inquiry attempted, without much success, to discover something of the mysteries of his private life? That, moving with the times, he has announced a new "constitutional assembly," over which, however, he retains (!) personal power of veto? Or that he has virtual life and death powers over 1,625,520 people.

The Maharaja of Patiala, being an orthodox Sikh, has never cut his hair or beard. He braids the hirsute mass together and winds it underneath his jewelled turban.

The Maharaja of Patiala, according to Sir William Barton, maintains kennels for his ninety-five dogs in truly regal fashion. Three Englishmen are in charge; the dog hospital, with three wards and an operating theatre, "puts to shame" military hospitals in the rest of India. The kennels are "specklessly clean, with tiled walls and electric light." Tiled walls and electric light, however, are not among the ornaments of western civilisation which have yet reached the bulk of Patiala's people.

We come now to the attitude of the princes to the project that will determine their future, namely, Federation.

That they will lose a good deal by Federation goes without saying. First, though they may maintain their legal status as separate entities, they are bound to lose a certain measure of sovereignty. The laws of the new central legislature, as it is at present envisaged, will extend for the first time to princely India.

Second, they may lose a number of special privileges. Federation will be a myth or a joke if states are permitted to retain such ornaments to "national" dignity as their own postage stamps and coins.

Third, some of them will suffer severe financial losses. Many states have their own customs regimes; about twenty per cent of the state revenues of Jaipur, to take one example, are from import tariffs. Yet internal tariffs are bound to disappear if Federation is to be more than a fiction. As the Government of India Act is now drawn, the native states will not be subject to federal income tax, but other British Indian taxes, notably a corporation tax, will—in time—hit them.

Fourth, most of the states think they will lose what is more important to a despot than rubies, namely, prestige.

On the other hand, the native states are bound to derive certain great advantages from Federation.

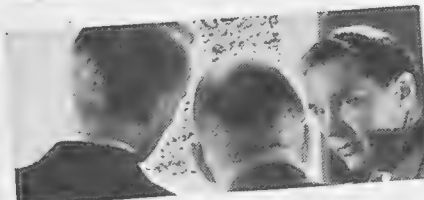
First, at least when the project was first broached, the princes thought that it might release them from the occasionally onerous demands of the Political Department. They would, they thought, be partners in a free union, not the vassals of the Government of India.

Second, while Federation would tend to reduce certain of their rights, it would also be a fixed and final guarantee that the states should survive as separate states. The democratisation of India grows apace. Federation might be a sort of insurance for the princes that it would not go too far. The princes would be (Continued on page 88)

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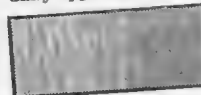


WOMEN WHO ARE USING Pond's Cream containing the “skin-vitamin” say it does far more than creams have ever done before! In 2 to 3 weeks it has given their complexions a bright, clear look, they say: made the skinsmoother, given it finer, more youthful texture!



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BUT when Pond's Cream containing the “skin-vitamin” is applied, glands become normal, cells round out, tissues fill out—the skin turns smooth, clear and healthy.

IN 3 WEEKS replace drab,
coarse, old-looking skin with smooth, flawless, new skin

THERE is a revolutionary development in face cream!

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Women Test It

Read above about the wonderful results which this new kind of face cream has on the beauty of the skin. Results proved by 3 years of scientific tests carried out by leading biochemists. Beauty results which women themselves saw in their complexions when they used this new cream.

Then try for yourself Pond's Cream with the “skin-vitamin” in it—Pond's

Vanishing Cream or Pond's Cold Cream.

You'll find that Pond's Vanishing Cream not only softens and smooths your skin for powder and holds your powder on, but also nourishes your skin with the “skin-vitamin,” which creates a glamorous new skin for you within 3 weeks!

Likewise, Pond's Cold Cream not only cleanses, softens and stimulates your skin, but now also nourishes your skin with the beauty-creating “skin-vitamin” which gives you a new, lovely complexion!

You use these creams as before. They are unchanged except for the new ingredient. No change in jars, tubes or prices! Sizes from 6d.



THE LADY MORRIS

“Skin brighter—lines gone”

“Now that Pond's Creams contain the ‘skin-vitamin,’ they're even more marvellous. In just a few weeks they've made my skin brighter, smoother, with a finer texture, and any little worry lines have faded completely.”

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—
The Active “Skin-Vitamin”



Look for a small “SV” on the corner of the label. This means the cream contains the “skin-vitamin.”

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surrendering minor privileges in return for permanent security.

Third, Federation as envisaged at present gives the princes stronger representation in the central legislature than their numerical proportion justifies.

Fourth, the prospect of Federation became fashionable, and the princes find it useful to follow what the British decide is to be the fashion.

Federation was, in curious fact, first suggested by the princes themselves. Two dewans, one of Bhopal, the other of Bikanir, were the fathers of the idea, together with the great Allahabad lawyer, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. The project, presented by the maharajas at the first Round Table Conference in 1931, was, the British assert, a bombshell; the British didn't think the princes were ready for such an evolution. But, the princes being willing, the British seized the chance to push it.

The first Round Table Conference took place a long time ago. Now, by and large, the princes have backwatered. Some of them still want Federation; a great many others, weighing the alternative benefits and disadvantages outlined above, have turned against it; the great states of Hyderabad and Mysore are on the fence. The princes, it seems, wanted "some kind" of Federation, but the Federation under discussion to-day is more than they bargained for.

The present position is that Federation is part of the new Government of India Act, but that the federal provisions of the act are not yet in force. "Instruments of accession" have been prepared—they are not quite ready—which will be presented to the princes in due course. Each instrument of accession differs according to the special treaty rights and privileges of each state. It has been an extraordinarily complicated legal job to draw them up, five hundred and sixty two in all.

Federation goes into effect as soon as states comprising fifty-one per cent of the total population of princely India sign the instruments of accession. Thus if Hyderabad, Mysore, Kashmir, Baroda, Gwalior, and a few more of the big states signify their consent, the others must follow or be left out in an unpredictable cold. What is going on now is a process of blackmail and bickering. The princes want concessions before they sign up. As a price of signature they are demanding special favours.

But if Federation were merely a matter of the British and princes, it could come into force to-morrow. There is a third great factor to consider—the Indian National Congress.

THE Congress is the chief political party of India. It is more than a party, since it includes men of greatly varying allegiances, from millionaire mill owners to communists and socialists. It is, if one may attempt to define it in a phrase, the organised expression of India's will to independence. Mr. Gandhi is its revered elder statesman; Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is its active leader. It was Congress which organised the non-co-operative and civil disobedience movements in the

years 1920-21 and 1930-32; it was for Congress ideals that Mr. Gandhi and a hundred thousand others went to jail. The Congress is the voice of national India. It stands for one thing above all; independence from Britain.

Now, as we have seen, that part of the Government of India Act which came into force on April 1, 1937, dealt with provincial autonomy. The eleven provinces of British India, as distinct from princely India, entered a period of modified self-government. Suspicious of the act, jealous of the reserved powers of the British Government, the Congress at first refused co-operation. Then elections took place and Congress won a smashing victory in seven out of the eleven provinces. Came a period of hesitation and wrangling, after which Congress governments were formed in the seven provinces. As a result, Congress is no longer merely a powerful and intransigent opposition; in seven-elevenths of British India, including Bombay, Madras, the United Provinces, the North-West Frontier, Congress is the actual government.

The Congress is a split on some issues. On one issue it is absolutely solid. The Congress has diverse collective thoughts on some subjects. On one subject its reaction is instantaneous, and its thought unanimous. The issue on which it is solid, the subject on which it is unanimous, is opposition to Federation.

Congress opposes Federation—this scheme of Federation—for a variety of reasons:

First, coming into force of Federation would set the seal on the whole Government of India Act, many provisions of which Congress still bitterly opposes, for instance the viceroy's right to veto and his reserved powers on matters like Defence and Foreign Affairs. Federation will serve to "freeze" the present situation.

Second, Congress claims that Federation is simply a device whereby the British assure themselves of a conservative and anti-national majority in the central legislature for many years. The princely delegates, it is presumed, will vote with the British. The British are using the princes, the Congress feels, as their bulwark against the Indian people.

Third, the princes have too much representation on the projected new legislature. They number less than one quarter of the population of all India, but they are given one hundred and four seats in the Council of State, as against one hundred and fifty six for the rest of India, and one hundred and twenty five in the Legislative Assembly, as against only two hundred and fifty for the rest of India.

Fourth, the princely delegates to the new legislature will, according to the Act, be nominated, not elected, i.e., they will be nothing but mouthpieces of the rulers.

Fifth, the instruments of accession now being drawn up leave far too much legislative and other power in the hands of the princes. The native states are not brought deeply enough into the federal structure. The Congress, which stands for the people of India on an all-India basis, cannot possibly "desert" the people of the native states, who will have

The Tigon and the Lyger

fewer privileges under Federation than the people of the provinces.

Sixth, elections to the new central legislature are indirect, which puts Congress at a disadvantage.

Seventh, the princes are on their last legs, propped into power by British support; Federation gives them permanence, which they do not deserve.

All this Congress believes. Whether or not Congress can be made to back down, to dilute its opposition, remains to be seen.

Congress opposed provincial autonomy almost as fiercely—at the beginning. Later it was willing to accept a compromise.

But as things stand at present, Congress is pledged even to the extreme of civil disobedience to ward Federation off.

THUS a complicated triple equilibrium exists. The British want Federation desperately, but the princes are lukewarm and Congress is in opposition. The British could, of course, crack down on the princes or bribe them. Almost any prince in India would do anything for a K.C.M.G. But the British cannot afford to make Federation a fact if it will throw all India into turmoil and disorder. The Maharaja of X, let us say, and Pandit Nehru are, for quite different reasons, on the same side of the street, a unique occurrence.

Not that the princes would dare to make overt trouble. Indeed, why should they? So long as they oppose Federation, they are in the curious position that their enemies in Congress are fighting their fight for them.

There is one kind of Federation Congress would accept. Congress is not opposed to Federation in principle, but only to this special project of Federation. What Congress wants is Federation without any princes at all. It would abolish the princes as anachronisms.

But the British would not permit this. The princes are useful to Britain, and they will be more useful if Federation comes.

And some sort of Federation is a historical necessity. The British want it. But they don't want it if the cost is going to be civil war.

Meantime Congress could, it would seem, defeat Federation by getting fifty-one per cent of the native states to refuse to sign the acts of accession. But Congress would be able to do this only (a), by private deals with various maharajas, which would be exceedingly difficult to negotiate, or (b), agitation in the native states, which is almost impossible of success.

The British, especially in the east, are accustomed to get the things they want. They are committed to Federation by the Government of India Act. They cannot easily back down. Yet Congress must be mollified, to say nothing of the princes. How to get the lion and the tiger to lie down together, and produce a tigon or a lyger that will live?

Federation is bound to come. But how? This year will tell the story. . . .

END

£ : s : d of the Cinema

(Continued from page 17)

twelve per cent of the takings may be spent on staff wages, or approximately a penny per customer. For this amount the cinema owner must find cashiers, cleaners, projectionists, attendants and usherettes. You will agree that he makes a pennyworth of labour go a long way in your service.

ANOTHER cinema complaint is ventilation. So often the manager is accused of draughts in the theatre. The modern cinema has an air-conditioning plant. Pure air is forced into the auditorium through grills at a low level and impure air extracted by means of turbine fans revolving in ducts in the roof. Most local licensing authorities demand a minimum amount of pure air per cubic foot of capacity each hour, and insist

that the whole conditioning plant should run during the time the premises are open. What appears to be a draught is actually the air circulating for the welfare of the patron. This predominates at the ventilating grills, and what appears to be a draught is actually a current of fresh, warm air forced into the building for your benefit.

PERHAPS you have at some time had the misfortune to sit on a sticky mess adhering to your seat, but don't accuse the manager of negligence. Every seat in most cinemas is occupied twice during the day, and while they are doubtless cleaned and carefully examined when the premises are closed, it is impossible for the manager to institute an examination while the performance is

actually in progress. Nevertheless, if your clothes are soiled or torn, you have an excellent case for damages against the proprietor, and he will not dispute your right to have the damaged clothing cleaned or repaired at his expense.

Probably at some time or another a cinema employee has refused to take charge of your parcels and directed you to the cloak-room, despite an assertion that you don't want to bother. The employee is only obeying orders to safeguard his employer's responsibility, as legally the proprietor is responsible to exercise reasonable care in guarding an article left in the custody of any one of his uniformed employees, no matter whether or not that employee is authorised to accept such responsibility. (Continued on page 90).

Are you a slave to your Cooker?



MY FLEXIBLE
FLAME WILL
SET YOU
FREE

Are you one of those women who slave for hours on end—cooking themselves as well as the meals—switching about from one fixed heat level to another in their anxiety to keep “things going” properly? If so, switch over **without delay** to Mr. Therm and his flexible flame and leave the cooking to look after itself!

On the 45 and 48 ‘New World’ Cookers Mr. Therm gives you perfect finger tip control to any point between simmering level and rapid boiling strength; and in addition to this amazing flexibility there is the improved oven of the ‘New World’ with over a dozen different temperatures at your service. Just set the ‘Regulo’ at the required number and this famous oven-heat-control sees to it that the temperature never varies.

“Don’t be a slave to your cooker,” says Mr. Therm, “let my flexible flame set you free!”



- ▲ **POWER BURNERS** to give more concentrated heat. Super-fast one, boils 1-pint kettle in 125 seconds. Self-lighting hotplate burners with Radiation patent non-lighting back feature.
- ▲ **STAY - CLEAN HOTPLATE** spotless with a wipe. Non-spill support for the smallest pans.
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- ▲ **THE “REGULO,”** first introduced in 1923 by Radiation Ltd., is fitted on Radiation cookers only. See the number in the triangle—the distinctive sign of the ‘Regulo.’

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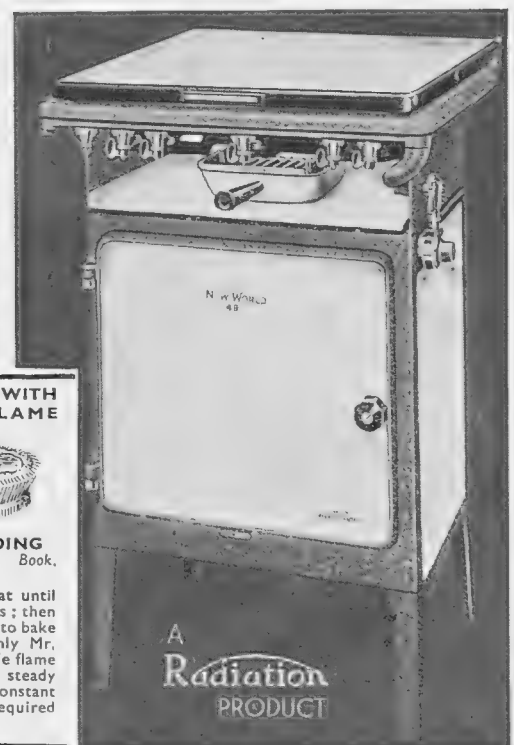
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EASY TO COOK WITH
A FLEXIBLE FLAME



CHESTER PUDDING
(Radiation Cookery Book, page 100.)

Stir over a gentle heat until the mixture thickens; then into the oven it goes to bake for 20 minutes. Only Mr. Therm and his flexible flame can give you the steady simmering heat and constant oven temperature required for perfect results.



SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

A
Radiation
PRODUCT

One-eighth of a penny out of that average admission charge is expended by the cinema proprietor in insuring against his responsibility for damages.

NOT less than forty per cent of the net weekly takings is expended in film hire, so that threepence-halfpenny per person is spent on the actual entertaining medium.

Do not think too harshly if your local cinema does not secure the film you have been most anxious to see. It is not because the manager doesn't know what you want, but rather because of a combination of circumstances over which he has no control in what is probably the most delicate and involved buying market in the country. A cinema exhibitor negotiates the exclusive rights to exhibit specified films in a certain area. If a competitor offers a better deal to the film renter, then your cinema does not show the film. In many instances managers must book for exhibition a number of inferior films in order to get one good one, so that there may be an excuse even for a bad picture. Practically fifty per cent of the total film hire is paid by the circuits or chains of circuits. In some instances these circuits have a working arrangement with certain film renters, so that a proportion of the films shown are predetermined before production.

As the number of cinemas has increased, so has the tendency for several cinemas in the same district to show the same films. This is unavoidable, because of the restricted amount of product available and the excessive cost of producing. Theoretically, it would be very nice for every cinema to have a different programme, but it is an economic necessity for the more expensive films to play in a multiplicity of situations. Despite this, the grave position of the British film industry to-day proves that the available revenue is not sufficient to reimburse the producer. The cinema trade has given the public such good value for money in the past, that it finds it difficult to maintain the standard and make a reasonable profit. It is by no means impossible that ultimately some retrenchment will be necessary, either by reducing the length of the average programme and showing only one feature film instead of the customary two, or by a slight increase in admission charges.

ANOTHER myth about modern cinemas is that films are frequently cut short when they reach the suburbs and provinces. This is illogical, illegal, unnecessary and a cruel untruth about an industry that honestly endeavours to give you value for money. The manager works out his time-table weeks before the film is due for presentation. He bases his calculations on the registered length of the film as it is passed by the Censor. He is forbidden by both the owners of the film and the licensing authorities to alter it in any way after it has been approved.

It is interesting to record here that the

lighting and heating of a cinema costs approximately four per cent of the takings, or almost a halfpenny per patron. Most of this sum is eaten up by the amount of current required for the projector arcs.

The sound is picked up from a track printed on the side of the film, amplified and transmitted to horns immediately behind the screen. These horns are rigidly fixed in the centre, but a newly invented system promises to make sound mobile, so that it may follow the characters in the picture and emanate from the actual origin.

Most rigorous fire precautions are observed in the operating box, and despite the highly-inflammable nature of film, there is probably less danger of fire originating in that particular quarter than in any portion of the premises. These regulations are framed by the Home Office and by the local licensing authorities, and nothing is left to chance.

Quite recently a Scottish cinema was burnt down, the fire originating in the auditorium, and the only part of the building to be saved was the operating box and the films therein.

There is no danger from fire in the modern cinema which can invariably be emptied in less than two minutes. The only real danger is panic. As this possibility is common both to cinemas and to public halls where outside shows or cinematograph entertainments where alleged non-inflammable film is used, the cinematograph exhibitors' grievance about these halls not having to comply with Home Office safety regulations is apparently justified.

The cinema exhibitor to insure that his apparatus is as nearly perfect as possible, pays a service charge to the equipment company. This probably amounts to one per cent of his revenue, but is a necessary expenditure to ensure that you are not let down if it is humanly possible to evade this danger.

Still another expense charged against the cinema is that of advertising. Although it is neither necessary nor advisable to follow the example of "Barnum" and try to gull the public, it is essential for managers to advise prospective patrons of the programme offered. Bill posting positions are expensive, and are assessed for rating purposes by the local authorities. A modest estimate of the cost of advertising would be not less than five per cent of the takings, or nearly a halfpenny per patron. The form of this advertising causes the manager much anxious thought, as in many instances the method of billing is stipulated in the booking contract, for example, that the names of certain famous stars such as Garbo and Will Hay must appear above the name of the film. Again, there may be a special clause in a contract that the film producer's name must appear on all publicity. There are a hundred pitfalls, and non-compliance with any one of them may cause the manager to involve his employers in an action for damages.

£:s:d of the Cinema

Dilapidations cost a cinema owner a small fortune—not less than seven and one half per cent of the capital value per annum. In other words, the original capital cost of the theatre must be spent every thirteen years to maintain it in reasonably good condition. Soft goods, carpets, seats, and equipment, of course, constitute the biggest charge. Painting and building repairs follow closely. It is astonishing how thoughtless the ordinary man in the street is where other people's property is concerned. Lighted cigarette ends are dropped on carpets; chewing gum is stuck on seat backs, lavatory fittings are ruthlessly destroyed and the culprits, in most instances, would not dream of retaining a penny without endeavouring to return it to the owner. Thoughtlessness costs the cinema proprietors tens of thousands a year, and incidentally they must allocate another halfpenny out of your admission fee to cover the cost of these dilapidations. That money might usefully be diverted into other channels if members of the public would only exercise a modicum of consideration.

RATES and property tax constitute a heavy charge against the running cost. Most rating authorities assess cinemas on a basis of six per cent of the annual takings. Assuming that the property tax is charged on approximately the same amount, then you will find another halfpenny out of every admission swallowed up by these charges.

Out of the average ninepenny admission charge, we have accounted for:—

Entertainment Tax	1d.
Staff	1d.
Films	3½d.
Heating, Lighting, etc. . . .	½d.
Advertising	½d.
Carbons, Lamps, etc.	½d.
Dilapidations and Repairs . .	½d.
Rates and Taxes	½d.

The cinema proprietor is therefore left with one penny per person out of which he must pay insurance, office expenses and find his profit. A modest profit is made on the café, sale of ices, chocolates, cigarettes and other subsidiary trades within the theatre, but it will be realised that the modern cinema is not a gold mine, providing unlimited dividends for shareholders. It is a highly competitive business which with careful and judicious management shows a reasonable return on money invested. It fulfils a useful purpose in national life, and a better understanding of its difficulties and ramifications by the general public will be beneficial to the shareholder, and will enable patrons to appreciate and enjoy more fully the unrivalled value they get for the modest cost of admission which, at ninepence for three hours, works out at less than the cost of heating and lighting a small room.

END

For People who Grow Indoor Bulbs

(Continued from page 65)

as much as human beings need it and even the smallest bulbs cannot get enough in a cupboard.

Watering the bulbs is an important matter. For the first fortnight give none unless the fibre feels dry. After the roots have started to grow the plants will need more water.

Never give water straight from the main because it is far too cold in chilly weather. Nurserymen are most particular to give water that has stood in the same temperature as the plants for at least twelve hours.

To know whether you have given too much or too little water, tip the bowls carefully on their sides as far as possible and if any water can be poured out there is too much. On the other hand never let the bowls get dry, or the bulbs will fail to flower.

When top growth is about an inch or so high, bring the bowls gradually into light but take three days to bring them into full light.

Finally, put them on a sunny window-sill,

for the more sun they get the earlier they will flower. Turn the bowls round each day or the plants will flower unevenly. *And never leave the bowls in draughts.* No human being resents draughts more than plants resent them.

The easiest and showiest daffodils to grow indoors are King Alfred (one of the finest yellows that grows quite two feet high) and Madame de Graaf (a lovely white about sixteen inches high).

It is not the least use growing these handsome plants in any bowls less than six to eight inches deep.

In shallower bowls the plants cannot make proper root growth and consequently produce few flowers. Failing deep bowls they can be grown in flower pots. Earth can be used instead of prepared fibre.

Never use new flower pots without soaking them first for some hours and if using old pots wash them well and do not use them until they are perfectly dry.

Bulbs planted in pots can be stood on a

bed of weathered ashes out of doors and covered with fibre or litter. Do not stand them on a path without ashes, or worms will get in. Leave the pots out of doors until late December.

Be careful not to bring them into warmth too quickly. The best way is to put the pots into a cold room first and then gradually accustom them to the warmth of a living room. This takes a few days.

Tulips can be grown in fibre, but they always do best in pots of earth. The two best to grow indoors are de Wet (a rich terra cotta) and Rose Grisdelin (a silky pink). Amongst the double tulips the easiest is Murillo.

Finally, remember that though growing plants need all the sunlight they can get, once they are in flower they should be kept out of the sun. In sun the flowers fade quickly, but in shade they last a long time. This applies to all pot plants, but especially to tulips.

HAIG

IN EVERY

HOME



VISIT THE
DISTILLERS
COMPANY'S
PAVILION
at GLASGOW
EXHIBITION

OBTAINABLE ALSO
IN SMALL SIZES

DON'T BE VAGUE
ASK FOR

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

They Were All Foreigners—Once

(Continued from page 9)

Two expatriate Americans, Whistler and Henry James, were also doing what they could for the *fin de siècle* state of British art of this period.

I like to contemplate, too, a certain grave in Highgate cemetery and wonder how different the course this country might have taken had British immigration authorities of the 1850's been less tolerant to its occupant.

In that grave lies Karl Heinrich Marx, who for thirty-four years of political exile was permitted by successive British administrations publicly to castigate in his writings all existing political and economic systems. Marx's ponderous theories, as those of other alien reactionaries, percolated slowly through the structure of British thought and in milk and water form became the basis of the new Labour idealism. They were gulped down in even more diluted form by the Liberal intelligentsia, and by the time of the world upheaval of 1914 this country had survived most of the growing pains of socialism, had got its trade union machinery well under way and many social reforms—health insurance, old age pensions, workmen's compensation—had already been instituted.

The communism which presently burst like a bomb in Russia and then spread in a barrage over Germany, Middle Europe and Italy left the English masses comparatively untouched. "Why, bless your soul, it was all old stuff; Marx was writing that nonsense in the library of the British Museum when your grandfather was a boy."

Communism now has flickered out even in Russia, but how great a debt England owes to the Victorian Liberals' custom of harbouring all shades of political exile—and of thus

taking the top off its safety valve—can only now be gauged in an England still many years in advance of other great nations in democratic social reform.

Perhaps the kingdom of the subconscious which Mr. Freud first began to explore fifty years ago will similarly come to enrich the English mental processes. Freud, an old man now in a St. John's Wood home, is still young enough and alive enough to draw greater professional and public attention to psycho-analysis. Much of this new science may be disproved; much of it will remain—enough perhaps even to prick the bubble of Britain's dominant sin of hypocrisy?

Who can tell?

Or who could tell eighty years ago that a young German princeling of the House of Battenburg would ever live to be one of the finest sailors the Royal Navy has ever known, and responsible more than any other man for the efficiency of that service when the time came for it to meet the naval forces of the country of his own birth? Prince Louis's hounding by the Colonel Blimps of 1914 is as discreditable a page in the history of Mayfair salons as any other, save one concerning another prince.

It is vain for the stalwarts of Melton, the Dukeries and the Shires to stand upon hustings platforms and, leaning over a table draped with the Union Jack, to talk of imperilling the British ideal.

Great Britain thrives on alien ideals. To-day it is a country in which the public mind is stimulated and refreshed with the work and thought of such men as Jacob Epstein (Middle European-American-Jewish), Jan Smuts (Dutch-African), Alexander Korda

(Hungarian); it is the centre of an empire of capital, thanks largely to the Deterdings, Kleinworts, Schroeders, Lazards, Mondes and Rothschilds. Argue against capitalism and the evils of international banking as you will, but in a world still capitalistic it is surely asking too much that Britain should be martyr enough to take the lead in subscribing to any other economic system.

So, in the meantime, Britain might as well remain tops under the existing scheme.

The British character is a living thing, like English speech which is just at the moment being galvanized by American phraseology; the British character is not, thank God, hide-bound, but in a constant state of flux.

There lies its strength.

The doors of Britain remain open, and she is willing to borrow from anyone, safe in the knowledge that she is always strong enough eventually to engulf her creditors. Out of the Middle West, for instance, comes a young husker trained in the methods of the great Marshall Field shop in Chicago. He transforms the whole business of English retail shop-keeping. His name is Gordon Selfridge.

After thirty years he decides to become a British citizen.

Those who believe that the only thing history teaches us is that history teaches us nothing, should return to their history books. The ages are strewn with the wreckage of great nations who pursued the ideal of racial purity, and whose religion became the still-popular one of national glorification.

You will find the names of Greece and Ancient Rome among such nations.

END

My Years in England

(Continued from page 13)

efficiency that I wrote an article for a London Sunday newspaper in which I said: "The worst thing about the German situation is the time-lag in the complacent English mind about catching up—or waking up—to what is being done in Germany." I went on, abandoning war subjects, to elucidate that perfectly terrific mobilisation of the civilian mentality for *civilian* life that one sees everywhere in Germany these days. The editor refused to print it; I was pro-Nazi, he said.

IT was in a peeved frame of mind that I rode up from Harwich to London. I was appalled at the pasty faces, the inferior physique, the lackadaisical manner of the young Englishmen I saw lolling on the railway platform, along the way. After the pink-cheeked German youth, fresh from a year of open-air life in the Labour Corps, and then two hard years of military service, these casual young Englishmen presented a shocking sight. I thought of the thousands of young German aviators, you see them everywhere in Germany to-day, with their orange-tabbed, silver-winged lapels—and confident, competent smile of belonging to one of the finest fighting services in the world. My peevishness almost turned to fright.

But then I recalled my own first flight in the R.F.C. That melancholic dawn when I sat and watched more advanced students doing cart-wheels, loops, spins, Immelmans, whistling side-slips down from the gloomy clouds . . . of the D.H.6 I was waiting to go up in, which its cadet-pilot crashed right in front of my face . . . of the bored, effeminate young instructor, with wings up, who wriggled out of the wreckage and came across to me. "We'll just take up this one," he said. It was an Avro. For forty-five minutes he slung me around the horizon; then, after some ghastly contour jumping, he did a side-slip that blew out one of my cheeks, a neat swish-tail landing, and taxied a few yards to the tarmac—where I was disgustingly sick.

"It's no use," I moaned, clinging to the castor-oil soaked fuselage: "I'll never make a pilot!" "Go in and have a good breakfast of bacon and eggs," he commanded. "I make 'em all sick."

This tired, lady-like young man (he was the best pilot I have ever seen) killed himself afterward in Egypt, celebrating Armistice. But, as we became great friends, I thought of him on this train-ride, and his jaunty ghost seemed to grin:

"Now don't you be an ass and take more meat for flying."

It was comforting. This young man, and he had good reason to know, would have been the first to warn you not to under-rate the German pilots. He had met them over the line; and if ever there was a case of where Greek met Greek. . . . That was just the awful part of it. That this heroic tragedy could happen again. My thoughts then turned gratefully to Neville Chamberlain and the blunt way he had cut across the bows of Mr. Anthony Eden, to try and make a friend of Italy before it was too late. I appreciated his pure realism—even if he was only making it easier for Italy to betray Germany for the second time. (Thoughts, I might say, that I had heard one or two candid Germans snap out before I left.) And thus, slightly reassured, I took a taxi to South Kensington, never before, on a return to England, so keenly curious to find out what was *really* happening and—"the shape of things to come."

OF all my returns to England this was certainly the most puzzling. This, perhaps, because I was looking for confirmation—for I have "beliefs"—and they are not based on the weak phrase that "England muddles through." Call it courage, brains, character, determination, evasiveness, compromise, sheer duplicity (which it very often is), I have an unholy respect for a certain *quality* of the Englishman's effort in times of crisis. It is an unknown quantity. The Englishman doesn't know its size himself,

and—neither do his enemies. *It is not obvious, like the mass-directed effort that hits you in the face in Germany or Italy, or even Soviet Russia.* Take the humble British Foreign Office, for example. Wise foreign correspondents know that this can be at the same time the most helpful and the most dangerous to them in the world. They know that the *permanent* staff of the Foreign Office has (or have they still got that?) a fixed, almost maniacal belief that an Anglo-French military alliance (perhaps openly announced) is the only thing that will save Europe. They know, at least they ought to know, that, if the Foreign Office trusts them, they will very often be put in possession of information that they cannot cable to their home offices—and that, one day, any day, this apparent candour will be used to propagandise them beyond all get out. Always watch your step with the modest, simplicity-loving members of the British Foreign Office.

Similarly, dining with a newspaper editor, when the papers were full of the lack-of-aeroplane scandal on the eve of the resignation of the Air Minister, he said: "I don't know. I know we get little mimeograph sheets from the Government, saying: 'Please do not mention such-and-such a plane . . . please say nothing about the horse-power of such-and-such an engine . . . please do not comment on the XYZ's speed. . . .' The other day, right smack in the middle of all this air racket, I got a sheet with *four pages of this!* Now what I want to know is this: Are we, the newspapers, being propagandised this slick way—or—have we got these planes and engines? Is the Government kidding the Germans? Or are they trying to kid us? If it is propaganda, all I can say is—it's damned subtle!"

Damned subtle is the correct description. From places as far off as the Balkans, even South America, I have watched and marvelled at the way, during these last risky years, the English statesmen and diplomats have held the fort of prestige with so few guns in the bastions. Mentally, (Continued on page 94)



*... a living chessboard ...
dancing maidens who moved from square to square
as the great Mogul played. Shadows which still haunt the
Palace at Fatepur Sikri ...*

Fatepur Sikri is a fantastic city in sober stone; the whim of Akbar, greatest of the Mogul Emperors. To mark the birth of an heir, he decreed a new capital, seven miles in circumference, gorgeous with the wealth of the Mogul Empire. In its courtyards, Akbar played Pachisi—forerunner of modern chess—with living pawns. Among its twisting passages he amused himself at hide-and-seek with his harem.

He built a fairy Palace for five thousand women with a crystal stream winding through each apartment—'the Stream of Paradise'. For fifteen years, Akbar ruled from this capital, bigger than the London of its day. Then his mood changed; he discarded Fatepur Sikri like a child throwing aside a toy and left it as it is to-day . . . empty, deathly still, an exquisite memorial to an autocrat's caprice.

Come to Fatepur Sikri, see the man-made glories of Agra and Delhi, the natural beauty of India's great hills and rivers. A trip to India is a healthy holiday and a balanced one. In the pleasant climate of the cool season, there is much to see and much to do—with excellent tennis and golf, and the thrill of big-game hunting. Rail travel is comfortable and trains are, in some cases, air-conditioned. The cost? Much less than you thought. Once in your life at least, you must come to India.

I N D I A

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they have been as nimble as ballet dancers! They seem to have carried the momentum of former greatness to its absolute limit. For a long time Whitehall believed in keeping the parlous state of England's armaments, and therefore England's weakness, from the Englishman. So much so that after having thoroughly disarmed England, during MacDonald's England, it is the sentimental Labour and Liberals now, even their Members in Parliament, who would like to shove England into actions meaning war over the Abyssinian and now the Spanish affair. England's position seems unknown. So much so that when, over A.R.P., the Government has inaugurated a campaign deliberately to scare the Englishman—the Englishman won't be scared.

That is what, these days, makes a return to South Kensington so interesting.

For South Kensington, that Valhalla for English heroes on this earth, is stirring. South Kensington, be it understood, I am using as a frame of mind; my remarks are equally applicable to Tunbridge Wells or Bath. But when I asked a bank manager in South Kensington upon my return from Germany how the *rentier* class was reacting to world events, he told me of an old customer of theirs who had come in and signed her maiden name. When he pointed this out, she said piteously: "Oh, did I? I'm so worried these days, what with another sixpence on the income tax, and now *Czechoslovakia*! I don't know where I am!" The same day I read in a London newspaper how some trade union leaders, the engineers', had refused to let the Government encroach on their "rights" in its request for full co-operation to meet England's need for self-defence, and had demanded a stipulated attitude of the Government towards the Fascist countries first. Strange England to come back to—to see one complacent, hitherto almost lethargic class waking to the danger of to-day—and another, proverbially thought to be "on its toes," clinging to a sentimental idea of an omnipotent England, always able to enforce its ideals.

THAT is an interesting point to consider in the England of to-day; this dangerous idealism of the working classes. Publishers have found it a gold mine for Left literature. A great many of the political intellectuals left the ranks of the Labour Party when it was hurled into the outer darkness in the panic election of 1931, or else they were kicked out (Labour does not want these amateurs really); but, standing in Trafalgar Square, as the police charged, the night the first hunger marchers tried to reach Parliament, I saw that many of the legs standing at the foot of Nelson's column (which the police were about to swat) belonged to Bloomsbury "Communists," slender, long-haired young men, with their short-haired girls, wearing red rosettes in the button-holes and shouting "Cossacks!" at the infuriated police. But they have dwindled. A certain café in London, in which it is almost impossible to get a seat after nine o'clock, London's Bohemia, seldom hears the magic names Moscow or Karl Marx now. I know the Labour Party voted for rearmament in hopes of keeping the peace; nevertheless, its leaders daily badger the Government into taking attitudes or actions that would almost certainly lead to war or an embarrassing position *vis-à-vis* Germany or Italy. I have just mentioned the typical "British" attitude of the trade unions; they won't have their independence trifled with. They will deal with the Government; let the Government deal with Germany. And, strangely enough, when I come back to it, it is in good old, musty, complacent South Kensington that I seem to find the most realism in England to-day.

South Kensingtonians (i.e., the upper half of the British middle, or ruling class) can be as egotistical and duplicit as any other class or strata of people in the world when they put their mind to it. More so, because they have an overpoweringly long tradition of godliness and righteousness to comfort them in any devious acts forced upon them by circumstances. They won't be troubled

by conscience. And against this adroit class I think that the British Labour Party has for a long, long time shot its bolt. This ruling class, I think, has been duplicit in the way it has tried to cover up the distressed area of Britain: the Welsh mining valleys, Cumberland, the dead textile towns, trying to find "polite" names for them. The lack of direct, drastic Government enterprise (something other than the "dole") to make a life for the hundreds of thousands of able-bodied Englishmen, standing hands in pockets along the street kerbs, waiting for the old age pension to come along—this seems shameful. My years in England include 1926, when I rode with the Welsh miners all through the General Strike—in Wales, I read the lying *British Gazette*—and frequently I have wanted to take the American Ambassador at Large, or some of our optimistic delegates to the years of futile disarmament, trade and so-called economic conferences, away from their luxurious suites in London's best hotels, far away from the snug security of modest 10 Downing Street, to the silent streets of Manchester (so roaring, when I first knew them, with the rattle of drays), to the Rhondda, that "Valley of Despair," to Ashton-under-Lyne, where I found hardly a spindle turning, and unemployed British textile workers wearing cheap Japanese shirts—"They only cost a shilling!"—that had put them out of business. . . .

I do not think that Hitler's Germany (the group of men in power) would tolerate the distressed areas (you call them merely "depressed"!); they have not that much obedience to private property. Say what you like.

I HAVE undergone the experience, but I refrained from making the trite comment that some of my more guileless English friends (particularly young ladies playing lawn tennis in the countryside—and on such damp, mole-dumped courts, too) have thought me "queer" because I was an American—there is a certain "Alice in Wonderland" unworldliness about some of these country-bred English virgins—and that they taught me I should never say Coldstreams—but Coldstream; not "the Trooping of the Colours," but Trooping the Colour—the first was *very* wrong, it had five words that were incorrect in it! It seems childish, the importance that so many English attach to such trivialities; infantile—and smug. And I have not yet voiced my constant admiration and amazement at the way the English have preserved their gentle green countryside—this, with 3,000 motor cars passing over Staines Bridge one hour last Whitsun. Where I am writing this, less than twenty miles from Hyde Park, a cock pheasant has just uttered his raucous shriek from the woods around the house; some fat wood pigeons are eating the saxifrage my Swedish host has just put in; from my window I cannot see a house—just the rich, red, ploughed fields, the curving green hills with their crests of rounded beech, and the old red brick towers of Lullington Castle (first place where lawn tennis was played) rising over the drowsy Kentish apple orchards. At sunset, as I come in from walks, yokels with their legs wrapped in burlap trudge past me, furry-faced. I listen to their shrewd, rural philosophy in the pub. In this quiet retreat, so near London—and yet so far away—I sometimes wonder if England is changing. Or if it can change fast enough?

That, years ago, would have been the England I would have written about. But those years of foreign journeys and returns have brought their changes. I now have reservations. I no longer have my first, unadulterated adoration of everything English. And (now that I am in England) I can air some of these things. I think, for instance, that there is more true democracy in a small German town (the one I just spent three months in) than there is in a whole English county. In fact, I know nothing more packed with snobbishness than an English county—except the English who would like to be "county."

Last year, in a sanctuary down in Somerset, where in the Spring I catch a few trout

My Years in England

around Easter and shoot a few cock pheasants and woodcock when the beeches turn red, I listened in the bar of the local "hunting" hotel to a London "gentleman" (I put him in quotes) being odiously man-to-man with the local rabbit trapper. The rabbit-man, ex-sergeant in the H.A.C., had just driven him back from a rough shoot. Everything in this gentleman's manner oozed with his satisfaction over the way he was able to talk to a local—"For the British rustic always knows a gentleman when he sees one, you know." Said the gentleman: "Well, we'll just have the other half of this one and then I'll toddle up for my bath." "Thanky sir, don't mind if I do, sir." When he had gone up the local water-bailiff (forty years on the Exe) put down his pint. "Get anything, Jarge?" he asked.

"E? Why the likes of he couldn't hit a flock of barn doors coming over."

It was gorgeous.

This type of Englishman is harmless (they are as common as sparrows); but, years have taught me, they have a most interesting genesis—they feel they ought to catch trout and salmon, and shoot pheasants and partridges; because that's what a gentleman does. *Punch* plays up to this snobbishness, never failing in season to print its threadbare jokes about the Jew in the hunting field, the stockbroker stalking in Scotland; the American girl, salmon fishing, who says to her gillie: "Waiter—some fish has sucked the bug off my string!" Nothing annoys an American more than when an Englishman—particularly one who has never fished or shot himself—looks at him suspiciously if he chances to mention such sport—as if he were a *poseur*! We Americans who were country-bred grew up with fishing rods and shot-guns as our earliest Christmas presents; and we had practically an unpreserved country to use them in. Worse luck! Shooting, since the war, has now become snobbish in America (that's one of the things the English have done to us—I have a Chicago magazine for the sophisticates before me, its coloured advertisements odious with pictures of men in English tweeds—wearing Tyrolean hats, Guardee moustaches and talking a snob's lexicon of sport); and the boys of the New York Stock Exchange have bought up almost all of the Carolina goose flats. So much so that when I was down there last time, a local who sat in the blind with me (he was half Indian) as we watched, one windy dawn, string after string of Canada geese going by, close to the water, well within gun range (under the new laws I could not fire a shot before 7 a.m.), this local said: "Sure we shoot them! An' we shoots them any *time*, *anyhow* we feels like it! They're ourn, ain't they. God put them there. Who the hell gave Andrew Mellon the right to think he owned all them ducks?" I might say he was also the local padre.

Why, we have so many "sportsmen" in America that some of the states make them wear their licence numbers on their backs—and red hats, so that they do not shoot each other. First deer-scores every year from Sullivan County, New York, are always four or five human victims who have been potted by some other sportsman when "he saw the bushes move. . . ."

This is not irrelevant; because the British Isles are a paradise for sportsmen—if you have the money. As the Scots say, the difference between a wild Highland trout and an English trout is the difference between a highwayman and an alderman. I have found it so. Returning from sizzling India (where I got some black buck on the pink, sandy plains of Patiala) I headed, for the fourth time, straight for the Shetlands. And there on its wine-red moors one sunset (having just lost an eight-nine-ten-pound sea trout—he gets bigger every minute) I got a wire telling me to rush to Berlin. Three times I have crossed to the Hebrides, fished the three lochs behind Tarbet, and lay in the corn-ricks, shooting the sunset flight of ducks on the little islands off Benbecula—the ones their peasant cultivators get out to by wading across at low (Continued on page 96)

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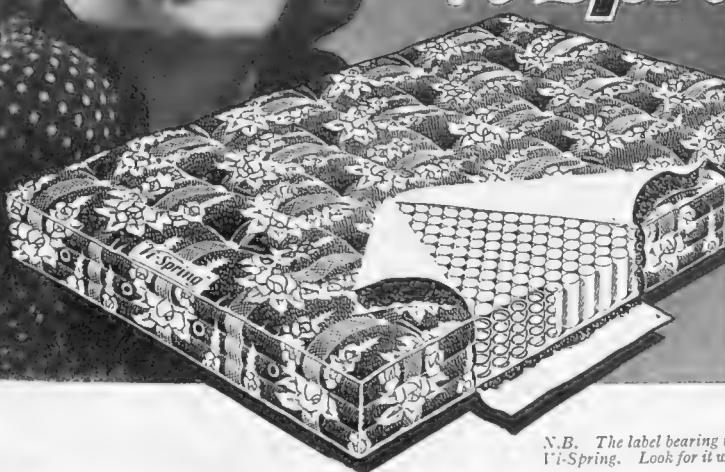
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tide. At Blaker's Farm, Uxbridge, permitted to use the rod of a member of the British Foreign Office, I, the stranger, caught a 2½ lb. trout. Forty minutes from my luncheon table in London, most beautiful trout I have ever seen, he lay two nights on ice at the St. James Club—before Monday, when I had Hardy make a cast of him.

Outside Norwich, if I ever doubted it, I saw that by their constant practice on high, driven pheasants, the English have certainly produced, as a "class," the finest shots in the world. I watched the Chief Constable of Norfolk bring down bird after bird that I thought were too high even to shoot at. I distinguished myself before the whole house-party by standing at the junction of two streams and missing every duck that was driven out from below the willows. My host, who was keeping up his shoot in pre-war style, said peevishly: "Get everything you can, because I am going to sell these birds—and this shoot is going to break me sooner or later, anyhow."

He was bull-headed about it. He had been born, as had so many of his ancestors, on this magnificent estate; the war and back-breaking taxation had descended upon him, but—having married off his three daughters successfully, and having only a cousin, whom he disliked, to inherit it—he, and this estate, were both going to go to their deaths the same way they had always lived. He never invited me up there again after my miserable display at the driven ducks. I don't even know him any more.

"IN these little islands . . ." as I heard Lord Birkenhead humbly begin a most arrogant speech at The Pilgrims one night (it was on the eve of the 1930 Naval Conference; and he went on to say that England policed 80,000 miles of sea lanes), I have, for nearly a quarter of a century, spent some of the best years of my life. They have been rich with experience. I have slept in the stinking drifters of the herring fleet in the North Sea—"The stink in dere will turn de silver in a man's pocket!"—and I have come "out in front" at the Globe Theatre, in London, and grinned foolishly while my female collaborator made the first-night speech of the only play I will probably ever perpetrate on the Englishman. It ran thirteen nights—but during that time I managed to lead most of my friends past its bill-boards, and innocently exclaim: "Oh look—there's my name!" (I think that play still holds a record for awfulness). I have been "in the chair" for many of your leading statesmen; I think I was the first man to teach Ramsay MacDonald how to

eat corn-on-the-cob—without getting butter on his nose; and I ordered a modest little vegetarian lunch for Gandhi (with fruit from Grasse) that cost about three times what an ordinary Savoy luncheon would. I was late the day I was to receive Stanley Baldwin, walking in with him, clasping his hand as he looked wonderingly around for the chairman, filling his cherry pipe. . . .

Once or twice, almost in a fit of nostalgia, I have driven up to the Midlands, to visit those towns again; Manchester, Sheffield, Bradford. . . It was grand, once more to hear someone say "Champion lad!" The slums of Glasgow; fairy glens and desperate black valleys of Wales (where the polluted streams run like ink—and unemployed men blink in the unaccustomed sunshine); five years of Wimbledon; Brighton Pier, Blackpool—"Aah, bah goom, lad!"—and then back to South Kensington, where a couple of pigeons coo every spring and summer in the tree overhanging our brick garden wall. Perfect peace. . . .

YES, I have returned to South Kensington again as I finish this article. Because, owing to a shift in the winds of chance, I have had to leave it . . . and will probably only see it now at longer intervals. And, although I find it impossible to put a name to its peculiar quality, I feel that it is a storehouse for some of the best among the English sense of values. To be specific, instead of romantic, I will say that when I came back from India, the people I met at dinner in South Kensington asked the most intelligent questions and showed the most understanding of Gandhi and the civil disobedience movement. You see, so many of them had served there themselves. And they were much more tolerant and broad-minded than many of the young officers I met, just beginning their careers, in the clubs of British India. Much more wise than London Labour or Liberal intellectuals who wanted everything in India to be written with blood. "And how is the little man?" asked a parrot-faced Colonel Blimp one night at dinner. "Have you ever seen him?" I asked foolishly. The man smiled slowly. "I think so," put in our host. "General X took Gandhi out of South Africa." I know a modest man in South Kensington who spent years of his life chasing a tiny little bird through the jungles of tropical islands—because it had one more feather in its wing than its species, or something like that—and he got it. Its Latin name now is coupled with his. Once, when he was setting off for an expedition to investigate (and put a stop to) the export of certain feathers from South America, a

My Years in England

friend came to him and said: "I wouldn't go if I were you. You might get yellow fever." "Oh, nonsense." "Yes—you will certainly get yellow fever." All three members of the previous expedition got yellow fever—and all died from it. They never came back. You won't come back; no foreign white man ever comes back from that part of the country—you see, the export of these feathers is a private monopoly of the Dictator." You get stories like that, in South Kensington, over the coffee.

Outside the Dictator countries, and the God-sent gift of Roosevelt who is wringing diehards' necks and giving a spiritual shake-up to America, no political figure has assumed any heroic size in any of the Democracies. In England, where the Liberal Party seems a ghost and Labour is obviously suffering from the lack of a sufficient grievance, a workable programme, and particularly a leader, the direction of things seems to be gravitating more and more every day into the Conservative class. As things look now, nothing little short of revolution, will take that power out of their hands within the foreseeable future. This class recruits from the younger growth of the people I have been calling South Kensingtonians. It may sound silly, and far-fetched; but I believe there is a lot of latent power in that depository for former English heroes. Its age of genteel respectability is ending. Its nap after Imperialism is over. It will have to—*faute de mieux*—take an active part in the affairs of the country again. Provide motive power.

I think if anyone reads *Hansard* for the last two or three years he will agree with what I say: Labour's contribution has been little more than a wail of lament. And a very ineffective one.

If that sounds queer to you, just put it down to the fact that I am a foreigner. I may fail to understand you just as you cannot understand us. As my Swedish host said to me last night at dinner, discussing his countrymen's predilection for formality on every occasion:

"Take my friend Axel Yonson. He goes up on the train from Bidborough every morning. He has a first-class ticket. The same two gentlemen always ride with him in his compartment. They are very funny men, they tell funny stories. For three weeks Yonson rode with them—and they never spoke to him. One morning one of them told a story so funny that Yonson couldn't stand it. He got up and introduced himself: 'My name is Axel Yonson,' he said, 'please, may I join in the laughter?'"

END

They Build a Bridge (Continued from page 23)

one. Once he stayed so long inside that Old Jack poked his head through the open door, took his master's collar between his teeth, pulled him away from his cronies, and forced him back to work. . . .

WHEN we stroll on to the huge workings where some 350 men swarm ant-like we see the vast strides in technique which have been made since Rennie's day and the time when Thomas Telford, son of an Eskdale shepherd, built something like two thousand bridges, including the Menai Bridge, besides the Caledonian, Gotha, and other canals, and from three to four thousand miles of roads.

Telford was a prodigious student and worker. As a young man fired with ambition he rose at five or six, tackled accounts and other business matters before breakfast, laboured on works and in drawing-office until five, then wrote, drew, or read until bedtime. "I am so totally enveloped in my own business that I very seldom read a paper," he confessed later in life; "indeed for half a year past I have scarcely had time."

Both he and Rennie were masters of the methods and material at their command—Telford even transcended them when he

conceived a design for a cast-iron single-arch London Bridge which was a technical anticipation of a later vogue. But they lacked the fuller knowledge of mechanical and engineering principles of design available to-day, and revolutionary discoveries such as interlocking steel sheet piling for driving into the ground or river bed to form watertight coffer-dams for foundation work; reinforced concrete—modern cement and rolled steel bars; steam and electrically-driven cranes and other plant; compressed air tools.

The cost of the structure of Rennie's bridge, including Parliamentary expenses, was £618,370; total cost with approaches, £937,392. It comprised nine arches each of 120 ft. span, and was 42 ft. wide, 1,380 ft. long. The new one will be 80 ft. between parapets, with only five spans each of about 238 ft. clearance.

Thus, river traffic below and road traffic above will be considerably facilitated. These modern advances permit of a wide roadway with the most up-to-date surfacing and lighting; wide spans, with piers well placed to suit navigation channels. Even the heaviest modern vehicles will create no problem of vibration.

Here we are, then, looking down into one

of the huge rectangular coffer-dams, 117 ft. by 27 ft., within which the concrete piers are being built. Each interlocking segment or pile was driven down 20 to 25 ft. into the hard clay bed until the four sides were complete.

The enclosed river water was then pumped from this steel "box" with the open top; pumps are still working to clear away water which seeps through. Here was a pit, free from disturbance by the river, in which to start work.

The stiff clay was cut out by pneumatic tools to make a pier foundation; the bottom concreted to form a solid base on which to build.

London is lucky in having this hard clay bed; it is better for the bridge-builder than the soft alluvial deposit found in other places, though more difficult to work.

Building the pier on this foundation is really automatic routine work, except for the scientific checks: so much concrete within so much rolled steel framework made of steel rods from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch thick, bound or welded together in the workshops on the Surrey side.

It is like building a mouse-trap or bird-cage on a colossal scale—and that is what the interior of these (Continued on page 98)



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women
fair to
men?*

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They Build a Bridge

coffer-dams resembles: huge cages, or rather series of cages, with human figures moving about among them instead of menagerie creatures.

The material is hoisted and lowered into their depths by five derrick cranes moving along rails on separate timber piers built out one by one from the Surrey side as the work progresses; they can lift seven tons.

One man's job is to stand aloft on the edge of the coffer-dam and guide the loads down through narrow openings in the girder framework by a series of signals to the crane-driver high above him. Men who are building bridges must have a good stomach for heights and be able to cross planks and girders and climb long ladders with the river swirling below; there is no other method of reaching the coffer-dams where the crux of the work is going on.

When the boat-shaped concrete pier is completed and faced with stone, the arches or spans follow, then the roadway and footways and parapets.

The new bridge will be capable of sustaining loads far in excess of the heaviest peak traffic. There will be no timber sub-structure under the piers to cause trouble through erosion, as was the case with Rennie's bridge. It should last not merely a century, but virtually for ever.

Mr. Nolans, a quiet-speaking, philosophic Irishman who graduated in engineering at Trinity College, Dublin, had much more space to play with when he commenced his life's work on the Manchester Ship Canal.

But the work forges on, according to schedule, with each department dovetailed expertly into the general scheme so that one will not hold up another, but all function in unison to supply the needs of the men on the site.

Building a bridge under modern conditions is team-work exemplified. We talk now of "Rennie's bridge." With whose name shall we identify the bridge of 1940?

Mr. Herbert Morrison, as leader of the L.C.C., is identified with the Council's great corporate enterprise in launching the scheme and overcoming obstacles. Mr. T. Peirson Frank, his chief engineer, is its technical sponsor; Sir Giles Gilbert Scott its appointed architect.

Rendel, Palmer & Tritton, who designed Silvertown Way, Barking Road Bridge, the new Chelsea Bridge in London and the new Howrah Bridge now being built over the Hooghly at Calcutta, are the appointed engineers for design and supervision; Peter Lind & Co., Ltd., the contractors for execution of work.

Through all these one ranges in vain for one name, one definite personality. Your modern technician has no use for it; he prefers anonymity and says: "It's the firm," or "It's the undertaking as a whole."

He makes his contribution to the great scheme and slips away—as the Arab with his tent, wraithlike. He shrinks from the limelight of publicity. The vast public knows him not, though the work he does is for its inestimable benefit for generations, centuries to come.

It is his gesture, perhaps, to the hundreds of unknowns around him, each of whom, in his way, has contributed his best. No personalities, please! Rennie and Telford lived in a simpler, less complicated age. For the engineer to-day: the job in hand, and then the next, and no fuss, no *furor*. *Sic transit gloria*. . . . Or, in other words: "Home, John, with the pay packet, and let the kudos look after themselves."

To the day, then, when I shall gaze from my high windows and see a new bridge with fine, clean lines instead of the present eruption, and the traffic slipping over it as easily as billiard balls over the baize; when I shall say, in the manner taught me by modest technicians: "A very simple, ordinary job, really—no more exciting than junior fiddling about with his meccano outfit on the nursery floor!"

It will be good to have again the uncluttered dignified sweep of the river under the St. Paul's skyline.

Kashmir:

Land of Mountains and Lakes



Dal Gata, Srinagar, Kashmir

THERE are some places in the world which might be called happy—happy in their history, in their natural setting and in their climate. Of these, the chief must be Kashmir. So much eulogy has this country received that one becomes almost suspicious; so much praise, one feels, is good neither for man nor place. But yet Kashmir seems to have been truly blessed from the very beginning.

When some vast cataclysmic disturbance of the earth's surface threw up through its crust the Himalayan mountains, the walled depression which was thus formed, which is now Kashmir, was one vast lake. It was the home of Hindu mythology. It was the abode of myriad water gods and of water-dwelling snake divinities; it was the heaven whence Brahma, the supreme god, seated upon his lotus leaf, surveyed the world; and it was to this Nirvana that those who had passed through their sevenfold circle of life, came for their eternal rest.

In course of time the waters from this impenetrable paradise pierced their way through the encircling girdle of mountains and debouched upon the Punjab plain at Jhelum, where, over two thousand years ago, Alexander the Great fought his battle with Porus and for the first time in history the Indian hosts met and were overcome by the strength and organisation of Europe.

With the bursting of the mountain ring that encircled her, the Arcadian days of Kashmir were at an end, and under the advancing onslaught of man the gods betook themselves to other more remote and undefiled Elysia. But still Kashmir remained a smiling land, for she was away from the Himalayan route of invading armies, and she was venerated as the first home of the gods. Her people, swathed in the peaceful beauty of a magnificent setting, became themselves lovers of peace and made their country into the pleasure resort of the kings who, from time to time, ruled at Delhi. So great was her spell that even that prince of swashbuckling cut-throats, Mahmud of Ghazni, did little to disturb her peaceful way of life.

It was as the summer resort of the Mogul Emperors that Kashmir acquired many of those features that are the landmarks of

to-day; and it was under these enlightened kings that this land of mountains and lakes, of graceful trees and abundant flowers, became a central theme in song and story, which caught the romantic imagination of the world. It is perhaps only natural that this line of kings, who blended a stern courage and a thirst for conquest with a love of beauty and a sense of the beautiful, should find in Kashmir a haven for all their dreamings. The Moguls were lovers of flowers, and to them a garden was something more than a beautifully cultivated plot. It was a place of repose, where human skill could embellish a natural setting of beauty so as to attain, if that were possible, perfection. If Jehangir had left no other monument than those exquisite gardens at Nishat and Shalimar, his name would have been honoured. It might be said of these that "if there be a paradise on earth, it is here, it is here." They bring that sense of peace and tranquillity which is only possible when the work of nature and of man are in complete harmony.

BUT it is not only for its gardens that Kashmir is the Mecca of almost every visitor to India who has the time to penetrate to this mountain Eden. Kashmir is a holiday land, a land where the hunter, the mountaineer, the lover of wild hills and solitude, can find rest and contentment equally with those who require natural beauty only as a background to the joys of social intercourse. Srinagar, with its lake of pink lotus, its canals and river front, its encircling snow-clad mountains, its social whirl in club and houseboat, can be the starting point for something more than days lazily dreamed away in the shadow of whispering poplars on lotus-splashed lakes, or on the iris-covered mountain sides.

There is the haunting charm of the old roads, that lead on beyond, over snowbound passes into the heart of the great mountains; beyond the reach of wheeled traffic, over cliff-hung tracks and down valley trails which lead to Ladakh or Kashgar. These are paths which have existed since man first started his endless trafficking. Along these trails you will come upon anti-devil walls, whose stones are carved with texts against whose potency the devil cannot prevail.

Prayer banners flap in the breeze, and from every irrigation canal the squeaking of the prayer-wheel is heard, and you feel glad for this protection against the avalanche and earthquake, the blizzard and the wind which mean death upon the high passes. At times your road takes you over glittering snow fields, at times over grasslands dotted with the sheep and goats of the wandering Gujar shepherds, grasslands which are gay with wild flowers of every hue.

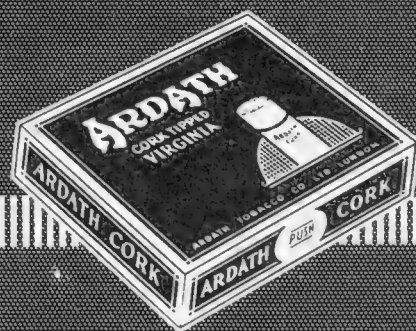
Although the water gods have gone and taken with them the mystery of these great solitudes, Kashmir is still a happy land and an easy land. You pack all your belongings on the backs of diminutive ponies and set out with your fishing rod for the Happy Valley or one of the many streams that abound with their trout-laden waters; or you make for some glacier or some accessible mountain peak or with your gun pursue the Himalayan bear and the Barasingh in their rocky fastnesses. You are transported into a different world to the one that lies behind you, beyond the mountains. You are an insignificant speck upon the grandeur of the landscape and you are free. It is this which perhaps above all is the essence of Kashmir.

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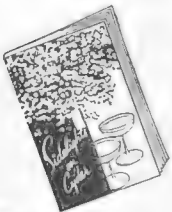
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was noisy with the shuffling feet and the astonishing sounds of the band. Every now and again a coloured gentleman seated beside the drummer raised a trumpet, stuffed, Mr. Pettigrew imagined with a brass bun, and was permitted by his associates to indulge with a solo of ear-splitting and rather hoarse hootings. He wriggled his body while he hooted. Mr. Pettigrew thought it most displeasing.

Winifred leant across the table.

"That's hot music," she whispered. "I've heard of that. It's grand, isn't it?"

"For God's sake," said Mr. Pettigrew, "get some whisky. A large whisky and some soda."

The waiter nodded and sucked his teeth. "Take this lady's order first," snapped Mr. Pettigrew.

The waiter drooped a weary eye on to Mr. Pettigrew's head. Then he produced a menu card from a breast pocket outlined in gold braid.

"Now what'll you have?" said Mr. Pettigrew. He handed the card to Winifred half-ashamedly. He ought to have had more sense than to bring her to this infernal place. He was letting himself down. If it hadn't been for his ridiculous sense of pride.

She took the menu with a nervous smile and Mr. Pettigrew saw that her cheeks were flushed, very pink indeed and that her eyes were sparkling bright. Her lips were trembling and she'd not removed her gloves.

"Just an ice, then," said Winifred.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Pettigrew. He'd got to recapture lost ground somewhere. She shouldn't dismiss him with an ice, even if that was meant as a criticism in his choice of place.

"Let me," said Mr. Pettigrew and almost snatched the menu from her.

"Consommé," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Iced. Clear. Then some lobster. Lobster rather than crab? Yes, I think so. And mayonnaise. And a bottle of champagne. Half a bottle. Madame will have that first. And get me that whisky. For God's sake, get me that whisky quick."

The waiter grunted. Someone in the far corner began to laugh shrilly. The man with the trumpet drowned the sound with a dreadful screeching. Winifred's eyes were blinking rapidly. The tip of her nose was getting shiny. There was a fixed smile upon her face.

"We'll move on soon," said Mr. Pettigrew.

She nodded in a dreamlike way. The entire band took their cue from the trumpeter and went mad.

"This is awful," said Mr. Pettigrew. He knew his party had gone all wrong.

Winifred smiled wanly. She tilted her head to hear better.

"Awful," yelled Mr. Pettigrew.

She leant across the table.

"I said it was awful," bellowed Mr. Pettigrew.

The band stopped playing on a fearful discord.

"Yes," said Winifred. She seemed scarcely to be breathing. "Yes. It's gorgeous. Beautiful. Just beautiful."

Mr. Pettigrew sank back in his seat. The trance-like gaze on Winifred deepened. Her elbows on the table, she cupped her chin in her hands. Her eyes began to follow the couples as they returned to their tables.

"All the best people," she said.

Mr. Pettigrew drew in his breath sharply. "They're smart," said Winifred. "And wealthy. Wonderful."

Mr. Pettigrew became aware of the waiter's presence. He waved the food from him and dumbly pointed to Winifred. Then he swallowed his whisky and ordered some more. Winifred took off her gloves and began to eat. Mr. Pettigrew watched her with astonishment. She took her food daintily enough, but by the way she got it back, it seemed clear enough that she'd not had a square meal for a month. She sipped the champagne and grimaced a little, then she took courage and finished a glassful.

She made no attempt at conversation. In a little while the band started again and a man with a violin stopped his fiddling and began to sing. It was a heart-breaking sound, but now well into the lobster Winifred kept time with her fork. Every now and again she would look across at Mr. Pettigrew and nod and smile.

IT was all certainly a revelation to Mr. Pettigrew. In his long and easy life it had never occurred to him what a great many people there must be who can find delight in simple things. It was perfectly clear that Winifred was in a seventh heaven. Yet the champagne was of a practically unknown brand and the lobster no doubt was tinned. The whole shooting-match wouldn't amount to more than twenty-five bob. And for that paltry sum he had led his simple Winifred through the gates of paradise. Twenty-five shillings. Good lord, but that was probably an entire week's wages to her. What astonishing things could be done with a little money if you knew the way. What amazing things he could do for Winifred. Dear little soul. He ordered more whisky.

With her coffee he gave her a liqueur. *Crème de Menthe*. He felt instinctively that it would prove a success. He was quite right. He bought a box of Turkish cigarettes with gold tips and presented them. Winifred was dizzy with bliss. When the band struck up again she looked yearningly towards the dance floor.

"I've a bone in my leg," said Mr. Pettigrew. Not that he couldn't dance with the best of them if he wanted. He'd paid enough for the infernal lessons anyway.

"That's quite all right," said Winifred and smiled magnificently.

Mr. Pettigrew warmed to her more than ever. How quick she was to understand, to meet a point of view. How easy to get along with. Not like some people he knew, always ready to criticise and carping at everything. Dear, good, little creature. He emptied his glass of whisky.

"Beautiful place," said Winifred dreamily, "such a beautiful place."

Mr. Pettigrew glanced at her sharply. He hoped she wasn't feeling the effects of the champagne and the liqueur. She certainly looked a little flushed.

"Feeling all right?" he inquired.

"Lovely," said Winifred. "You don't need to worry over me. I'm just a little mellow, that's all. You know, so much and no more, that's me."

"That's a good girl," said Mr. Pettigrew.

She certainly was a good girl. Everything she did was right. Doubtless with her Alfie, to an onlooker's eye, she might appear gauche, but in this present company she was everything that could be desired. It was no good denying it. Women—particularly certain rarer women—were swift to react to an environment. It was woman's supreme gift and Winifred possessed it. Such tractable material, such clay in the skilful potter's hands. It was a matter for rejoicing to think you could do so much for a woman. Youth, fine looks, the grand manner, what were those things compared with the wit and wisdom that the years bring?

Mr. Pettigrew said as much.

"I am glad you've enjoyed yourself, Winifred. I have found it very easy to give you pleasure. I may not be in my first youth, as it were, but it is not only here you want it"—he touched his waistcoat over his heart—"but here." He tapped his forehead.

"Oh! go on," said Winifred.

"I'm being perfectly serious," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Let me tell you..."

He began to tell her a great deal. He felt just in the supreme mood of telling this sensitive creature the mysteries of Life. He explained to her the vast and profound principles of civilised living. He spoke of the Aim of Existence: of First Principles: he spoke of Love. He became involved with Venus and Aphrodite; he touched upon temporal Love, and Love that is of the Soul

entering therein through the Portal of Intelligence. The more he talked the more he liked the sound of his voice. No one ever let him talk at home. The floods of speech long since dammed up, roared into full spate. He hadn't enjoyed himself so much for years. He took another whisky and his brain felt like a printing press spinning out the printed sheets just as you saw in the pictures. He gesticulated freely and upset the salt. It didn't matter. And all the time across the table, through the amber misty light he could see the pale ethereal outline of Winifred's face beneath her little black hat. He could feel the intensity of her interest, in her silence, in the way she nodded her head gently from time to time.

The waiter tapped Mr. Pettigrew on the shoulder.

"We're closing," he said.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pettigrew, "very well, then. Give me my bill."

Winifred woke with a start.

"Coo," she said.

Mr. Pettigrew paid the bill and led Winifred up the stairs into the Piccadilly night. The electric signs were winking and blinking, but the buses had stopped and people were running for the Underground.

"Taxi," called Mr. Pettigrew.

He put Winifred into the taxi, gave the address to the man and settled the fare. Then he peered into the dark interior.

"Good-night, Winifred."

"Aren't you coming along?" asked Winifred.

"No," said Mr. Pettigrew. "I live in the other direction."

That was true enough, but the reason lay deeper. Nothing should taint so perfect, so romantic, so exquisite an evening. There should be no common holding of hands in that darkness which admittedly was very inviting. The soul of Mr. Pettigrew had taken command. From the warm gloom came Winifred's voice:

"Thank you ever so."

"Thank you," said Mr. Pettigrew and held out his hand. She clasped his hand gently.

"Good-night," said Mr. Pettigrew.

Then quite suddenly she leant forward and deftly and yet by no means casually kissed him upon his half-unsuspecting lips.

"Silly," she murmured.

The soul of Mr. Pettigrew beat fluttering hesitant wings and then, not to be denied, zoomed from out its confines, so that Mr. Pettigrew snatched himself free, quickly closed the door of the cab and from the kerbside waved the driver on.

He stood for a moment on the pavement watching the taxi till it disappeared down the Haymarket, then with the sensation of a canonized martyr, a mixture of glorified frustration and exquisitely painful exhilaration, he began to walk briskly in the opposite direction. The walk he felt would do him good. He strode along at a tremendous pace. Indeed, he felt as if he were walking on air-balloons.

IT took him an hour to reach his house in Langlow Gardens. The place was in darkness and seemed heavy with sleep. He switched on the hall light and hung his hat and coat up. Then he saw the note on the hatstand tray. It was in his wife's scrawling handwriting. He tore the envelope open irritably.

"I haven't waited up. If I don't see you before you leave in the morning, don't forget we have the Wellington-Crosbies to dinner to-morrow. And if you can remember it, see if you can get some broad elastic for your Slimco abdominal belt. Half a yard will do.—Mabel."

Mr. Pettigrew crumpled up the sheet of paper and stuffed it into his pocket. To the devil with the Wellington-Crosbies. And was it his job to go buying elastic? Wasn't that what you kept a wife for, to do such things as this? And as for the damn belt, it didn't do what it advertised to do. It didn't reduce a bit. He was still fifty-three inches round the waist. Faugh! It made you sick. Abdominal belts, my foot. Mabel! No soul, that's what it was. Nothing like a soul. Not a sausage. . . . (Continued on page 102)



What the Mischief's happened to him?

● Goody-goody! He's bought orchids. Surely carnations would have done?

But no! There's a 'something' about her that makes her more than merely

lovely . . . that gives her a chic miles above mere smartness . . . a charm that,

try as he will, he simply can't forget! You see, in addition to being an

Easy-to-look-at young woman, she wears the thrilling new perfume—

"Mischief." So it's all up with the poor man. He wants to lunch with her,

3/6, 5/6, 12/6

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dine with her, dance with her and

lay the whole wide, wonderful world

(in this case represented by orchids)

at her little high-heeled feet.

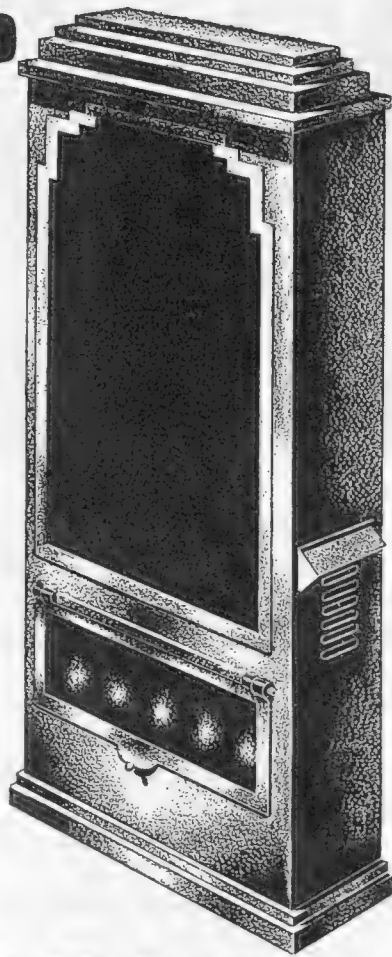
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Sugar-Daddy

Shaking with indignation, Mr. Pettigrew went up to bed.

At breakfast, the following morning, Mr. Pettigrew was in no good humour. His nip of saline crystals in his early cup of tea had tasted sharp and disagreeable. Like Mrs. Pettigrew's note, they had left a nasty taste in his mouth. Moreover, his head ached with a dull nagging pain situated at the base of his skull. The grilled kidneys and bacon in the silver dish appeared as an abomination. Their very odour turned the cockles of his heart green. He watched his son and daughter devour the ghastly stuff with a relish that played havoc with his nerves. At the end of breakfast Mrs. Pettigrew arrived. She looked exasperatingly smart and young for all her years. She said:

"You were pretty late last night. How were the Masons? Aren't you eating any breakfast?"

Mr. Pettigrew scowled at her. Doris, aged nineteen, winked across the table at her brother Peter. Peter with the audacity of twenty-two, leered back at her in a way which Mr. Pettigrew found extremely distasteful.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sharply.

"Nothing," said Doris.

"What do you mean—nothing?"

"She means," said Peter amiably, "that it's too bad you were out on the jag."

"Children! Children," said Mrs. Pettigrew.

"It's all right," said Doris, "we're only pulling Pop's leg."

Mr. Pettigrew pushed back his chair. He flung the *Daily Telegraph* on to his empty plate. Everyone else looked astonished.

"All right, is it?" demanded Mr. Pettigrew. "I like your cheek. I like your infernal cheek . . ."

"I say . . ." said Peter.

"Shut up," said Mr. Pettigrew. "What's all right? That I'm insulted at my own breakfast table! Tell me that."

"No one's insulting you," said Mrs. Pettigrew. "You know what the children are, dear. They like their fun."

"Fun!" said Mr. Pettigrew, and his face became swollen and red and congested. "If that's what they call fun, it's not my idea of it. Guzzling their breakfast and grinning at me. What have I done?"

"I'm sure you've done nothing at all, dear," said Mrs. Pettigrew.

"Pay through the nose and get insulted," shouted Mr. Pettigrew. "That's all it comes to. One day I shall be through with it all. Don't forget I warned you. Don't forget."

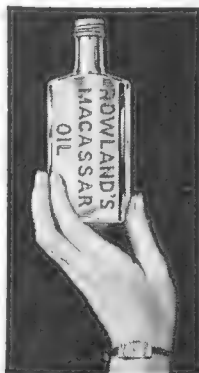
And with that he left the room with an abruptness that set the dishes on the side-board clinking.

"Any more kidneys?" asked Peter Pettigrew. He was a phlegmatic young man.

IT was no better at the office. Mr. Pettigrew could feel within a few moments of his entrance the atmosphere of tension. In the outer office the clerks were whispering together and he imagined their glances followed him as he passed through the glazed glass door. Encountering the office boy in the passage, Mr. Pettigrew asked him if there was anything funny about him, else why the damn silly grin on his face? The office boy fled like a mouse along the wainscoting. Even his own personal and confidential secretary, Miss Prem, had a bloom as of secret merriment upon her usually leathery features. Twice in his dictation, she asked for the clearer pronunciation of a word. Nobody's mind seemed on the morning's work. There was a spirit of levity about everything. Mr. Pettigrew left his eleven o'clock glass of hot milk untouched. He felt that it would curdle within him like red-hot junket.

At noon, unable to restrain himself any longer, Mr. Pettigrew pressed the buzzer and demanded of Miss Prem what the devil was eating everybody. Miss Prem seemed surprised. Hadn't Mr. Pettigrew heard? Mr. Pettigrew replied that he hadn't heard anything but a lot of tom-fool answers to

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every question that he'd asked. Miss Prem explained. The younger partner had announced his engagement, and a roster was going the rounds of the office so that every one might subscribe.

"What for?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

Miss Prem raised her eyebrows and pressed her lips together.

"The wedding present. The young lady was in the office just now. Such a nice girl. We all feel they'll be very happy."

Mr. Pettigrew snapped his teeth, which momentarily shifted the suction-plate. He passed his hand swiftly across his mouth.

"You all feel they'll be very happy, do you?" said Mr. Pettigrew with a sort of heavy loathing. "You just say that because it's the thing to say. The usual sort of drivelling, insane catch-phrase. How do you know they'll be happy? Why do people always imagine marriage makes people happy? It's babies and Income Tax and rents and rates and tied by the heels and at the beck and call of a household which has neither compassion nor interest in the poor devil who's got to keep them all going. Finish those letters and sign them for me. I'm going out. I've got a headache, a damn awful headache, and I don't know when I'll be back."

He spoke the truth. He didn't know when he'd be back. Perhaps he'd never come back. Why should he? Down in the wilderness of East Ham bloomed a little flower. Somewhere, moiling and toiling amongst the pants and vests was Winifred. He took a taxi.

"Marks and Spencer's, East Ham," said Mr. Pettigrew.

Winifred would understand. He would take her from those gruesome surroundings. He would lead her by the hand like a little child. And she would trip along beside him and now and again glance slyly up into his eyes. He would take her to one of those big dressmaker people and they should take off her dowdy clothes and dress her like the Queen of Sheba. Then he would find a little place for her, Chelsea way perhaps. A little furnished flat and there should be orchids for her. And a radio and a kitchenette, where she could cook cunning dishes in the evenings to come, when he would visit her. They would sit each side of the fire, decently apart and he would talk to her, as last night he had talked. Just talk, no funny business. He would pour his soul into Winifred and it would crystallize within her. She should grow beautiful as a creation of his mind.

He felt better already. His headache was now only as if someone had hit him, some days ago, in the nape of his neck with a hammer. He lay back in the seat of the cab and stretched his arms, so that the seams of his waistcoat crackled. He felt too big for his clothes, for the interior of the cab. He felt too big for confined streets, for offices and houses, for all the petty minds that daily surrounded him. He felt gigantic. Perhaps there wouldn't be a flat. A country cottage at the foot of the downs. Deep June evenings and rainy winter nights. September moon and the blossom in the spring. Long walks across the downs, "There's a wind on the heath, brother, who would wish to die?" The good sweet air of the open country.

A waft of fried fish and stale sweets assailed Mr. Pettigrew's nostrils. He grimaced. The taxi ground to the edge of the kerb. Mr. Pettigrew got out.

"Is this the place?"

"The only Marks and Spencer's in East Ham, sir."

"Right," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He paid the man and clasp his umbrella as a crusader might grip his sword, entered the store.

There seemed to Mr. Pettigrew that there were a great many people about: far too many people. They jostled and pushed him, dug him in the back and nudged him in the ribs. He had never, he thought, disliked his fellow creatures in proximity so much. But he fought his way from department to department, searching all the time, peering over the multitudinous heads about him, looking for that (Continued on page 104)

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Sugar-Daddy

El Dorado, that should be labelled "Men's Haberdashery."

He found it at last. He had been staring at "Stationery" and "Toys," with "Men's Haberdashery" at his very back. He thrust aside a stout lady and stepped upon a lean lady's toe. They both spoke at once and said very much the same thing. But their piquant and critical remarks fell upon ears, heedless of all but one voice. He glanced up and down the teeming counter. One second now and he would see her. Then in all the gallant fury of his knight-errantry he would sweep down upon her. He would take no excuses. There would be no time for words. If he had to drag her from this hellish place he would do so. Where was she, now? Winifred.

Winifred. . . . She wasn't there: right and left. Up the counter, down the counter he looked. She wasn't there. There were five girls serving behind the counter, but not one of them looked like Winifred. He felt suddenly quite hollow inside. His heart began to thump dreadfully in his chest. He strode forward.

"Where's Winifred?" he said.

A girl with a freckled face and black hair like a Japanese doll, stopped sorting socks in a tray and said:

"How's that?"

"Winifred," said Mr. Pettigrew. "She serves here, behind the counter. I must see her."

"Winifred Bingle?"

"How do I know?" cried Mr. Pettigrew, in his distress.

"Ask me another," said the girl and began arranging the socks again.

"I must see her," said Mr. Pettigrew.

"I know she's here."

"What's she like?"

"She's tall and fair. Yellow hair—no, golden hair. And blue eyes. The bluest eyes you ever saw."

"Oh! 'Er!'" said the girl.

"Well?" cried Mr. Pettigrew. "Well? Tell me! Go on!"

"Oh! 'Er!'" said the girl. "She's sacked."

"Sacked!"

"This morning. Come in late, been up all night or something and the manager sacked her. So she went for her boy-friend and he came and fetched her."

"Boy-friend?"

"Yes. Come in his uniform, too. Said he had to get special leave. He didn't half look nice in his uniform. Said he'd bust the manager on the nose, but he didn't. No, she's gone."

"Gone," echoed Mr. Pettigrew. "Gone!"

The girl with the freckles screwed up her face and regarded Mr. Pettigrew keenly.

"Well, I never."

"Eh?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Now I come to think of it," said the girl. She began to giggle.

"Come, come," said Mr. Pettigrew testily.

"What is it?"

She did say, "If my sugar-daddy calls, give him my love."

"Sugar-daddy."

"Yes. Sugar-daddy."

Mr. Pettigrew looked at the freckled-faced girl and then his glance fell away from her. He had the feeling that somehow he wouldn't ever look a girl in the face again. He glanced away from her and he found himself looking into a mirror, beyond the counter. The image in the glass fascinated him. He saw an elderly gentleman with a large waist and a big pale face, that had a bilious look about it. He blinked his eyes and the thing in the mirror blinked back at him. It looked like a big grotesque baby that might cry at any moment, the sort of thing you pinched and its tongue popped out. A ludicrous sort of thing. A silly, beastly sort of thing. A damn silly cry-baby thing. . . .

"Ain't you well?" asked the girl with the freckles.

"I'm very well," said Mr. Pettigrew, and thought to himself his voice sounded very far away, yet it had, he felt sure, a ring of dignity in it.

"Well, what can I get you?"
 "Elastic," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Broad elastic. Suitable for a body belt and I want half a yard of it, please. That's what I really called for . . . yes, just half a yard. That's what my wife said, I think. Remarkable woman, my wife . . . considerate and helpful. Yes, just half a yard. . . ."
 END

Gourmets' Month

(Continued from page 69)

When it is warm, set it alight. Burn until the flames die down, shaking the pan occasionally.

Serve with little sweet fingers or petit fours and for an elaborate party, hand separately some sweetened whipped-cream also flavoured with just a little Curaçao.

Soufflé des Iles:

Half a pint of milk.
 Three egg yolks, four whites of egg.
 Preserved ginger, a slice of pineapple.
 Ground rice, sugar, butter.

Mix a tablespoonful of ground rice with half a pint of milk in a saucepan over a slow fire, little by little and whipping well. Boil for a few minutes. Add the yolks of three eggs, beating them well in, *off the fire*.

Sweeten with castor sugar and add a slice of pineapple finely chopped and the same quantity of ginger finely chopped. Let this cool.

Beat to a very stiff froth the whites of four eggs which you fold into the mixture.

Butter a soufflé dish, dust with castor sugar, pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for twelve to fifteen minutes.

END

Your Boy is Off to Prep School

(Continued from page 41)

if it is the fashion. Take it in your own room if he hates parting with it. Be ready to get up a vital interest in any new hobby of his, ranging from coins to caterpillars and collect for him madly. You will be repaid.

Be prepared for alarms and excursions about infectious illnesses. You may be asked at a few hours' notice to fetch him away in quarantine for scarlet fever, mumps, measles or what not.

Don't write reams to the headmaster's wife or the matron about your boy's peculiar inside, or his complexes. Much better to find out from the matron on your first visit all the medical details that your maternal soul desires and then leave well alone.

END

Let "Ranee"

Read your Character
 from your
 Handwriting

See Announcement
 on page 110



autumn fade-out to
normal complexion...

with this simple INNOXA home treatment

As the summer wanes we look in our mirrors and somehow that healthy bronze tan doesn't look so good. Besides, it's fading anyhow—and it won't blend at all with the new autumn fashions!

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For autumn skin health. Follow the correct Innoxo daily treatment prescribed for your type of skin in the booklet "Natural Loveliness." In addition, apply Innoxo Skin Balm overnight, and once or twice in the week an Innoxo Facial Cream Pack applied as instructions, and you will have no trouble from fading tan.

For autumn make-up. Cream of Roses Foundation in a shade lighter than during summer. Beware of using too light a shade of Innoxo Powder while your skin is still dark, but aim to match your colouring with the appropriate shade of Foundation and Innoxo Powder. Innoxo Ruby Cream and Lip-stick to finish a perfect after-tan grooming.

This and other simple Innoxo treatments for dry, greasy and ageing skins, together with a free copy of the booklet on Natural Loveliness by Innoxo, can be obtained from all high-class shops or from: Madam, Innoxo Salon, 37/38 Old Bond Street, London, W.1—Telephone: Regent 3306/7—where Innoxo Beauty Treatments are given daily. Advice on individual problems by letter or interview and consultations are free.

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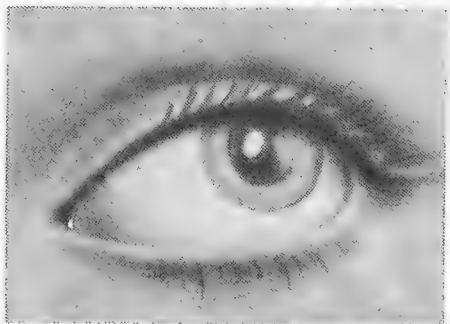


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Obtainable from all chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath). Triple size 3/6 without eye-bath.) Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

Blood Money

(Continued from page 27)

Believe me, the police know something! One should be prudent in these parts."

He drove back to the beach, sweating now at the thought that there is always someone to see you, and remember, no matter where you are. He had to warn Lemolli. They had to move on without wasting time. But was it safe to drive to the farm, if the police were watching the roads? Perhaps, if the Greek had betrayed them, the mobile guards were already there. This adventure had suddenly become a nightmare.

It was the English girl who solved his problem. She touched him on the shoulder, making him jump. "It wouldn't interest you," she said, "but I've been having a free lunch in the restaurant here. The manager has been trying to get me—us—to perform as a regular thing. He's talking about a contract when the regular season opens."

"You'd be great," he said. "Honestly. I ought to know. All you want is experience."

She was watching him, anxiously it seemed. "And I have to pick a partner who doesn't have to work!"

"What did you tell him?"

"That I was sorry it couldn't be managed. He says we filled his tables this morning."

He was thinking of something else. "Well, we certainly did."

"All the same, I'd like to get some of my things from Nice." She hesitated. "I suppose you couldn't be a boy scout and run me over there? The trip should be as exciting as lounging about the beach anyway. And if you insist I could buy myself some roller skates."

HE took her arm. "Of course! Come on!" He had his plan then. Following the upper cornice he could pass by the mountain track that led up to the farm. If there were no police in sight he could risk a passing call on Lemolli, and even if he were caught in the neighbourhood, with this girl in the car he would have every excuse to be exploring quiet country.

"This is a marvellous car," the girl said as they ate up the long slopes. "Is this all you do—just mooch round driving it here and there?"

"I just mooch round," he agreed.

"You couldn't bring yourself to help a girl out by playing in that restaurant for a while?"

"I'd like to," he told her. "But I have to move on. What do you call yourself, by the way?"

"Mary Frayle. And it's my real name. You're Alfredo Ravioli, or something, I suppose?"

"You can call me Ray. And Mary's good enough for me."

"Thanks a lot. Do you have to drive so fast?"

He slackened off. So far they had passed one group of gendarmes lounging innocently by a level crossing. The country seemed clear. He decided to risk it. When he reached the turning he bounced off on to the dirt road and drove boldly up towards the farm. He pulled up by the chapel. The country looked dead.

The girl was watching him. "Is this where I put on the skates?" she asked. "I thought you were driving me to Nice?"

"Just a minute," he apologised, listening intently. He slipped through the chapel and sauntered towards the farm. Lemolli was waiting behind the door of the kitchens. "What's wrong?" he demanded.

Ray explained, speaking quickly. His heart was pumping: he could feel a hundred eyes watching him. "I'll pick you up somewhere after dark, and—"

"You alarm yourself, *mon vieux*," Lemolli laughed. "A lot of flics on motor cycles! They have to do something. What could that Greek have done? I was with him all the time. I am safer here than on the roads and in a day or two it will pass."

"They say they know you are in the district. They won't leave until—"

"Phht! Everywhere they will be saying

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Britannia & Eve for September, 1938

they know I am there. It makes a sensation for them." The cool way in which he was rolling a cigarette made Ray ashamed of his panic. Lemolli's eyes were smiling no longer. "You will keep away from here. Those are my orders. See?"

Ray nodded.

"You will keep in your *pension* to-night so that I can telephone if I want to. Now go. You did wrong to come here."

He drove on to join the main road lower down, conscious that the girl was watching him curiously. "A man of mystery!" she said. "Or were you just reading the inscriptions in those ruins?"

"You'd be surprised," he told her.

THERE was no imagination about the fact that there were plenty of police and guards on the road to Nice. In Cannes he saw three military *camions*, outside the Mairie, with crews of mobile guards lounging nearby. They seemed to be watching cars going towards the frontier. He picked up the girl's trunk in Nice, and took her to a place for tea.

"I shared a room with two other English girls," she told him. "But they went home."

"Why did you stay on?" He surprised a funny look in her eyes. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen. And I stayed on because it costs about ten pounds to get back and I thought I'd stick to my ten pounds and get another job here."

"And didn't. Don't take any notice of me asking all these questions, but who taught you to sing, and what do you want to be doing jobs like this for?"

"My mother taught me to sing. She was on the stage. But she died last year, and so I came along here."

He was watching the brittle smile on her lips. "And what did your father say to that?"

She laughed. "We lost him in Chicago during the War. Perhaps he's still there, but I couldn't say. I was about two months old at the time. Are you a detective, or something?"

"Yes, if you like. As long as you don't want me to find your father. We'd better be getting back." He had begun to think of the police again.

"They seem to be after this bandit, Lemolli," he mentioned as they passed more guards on the road.

She nodded. "It looks as if they were closing up on him. You seem very interested in Lemolli."

"Me?" He kept his eyes on the road ahead. "I'm interested in him all right. How would you like him to hold us up, for instance?"

"A man like that would kill you as soon as look at you. I hope they shoot him and shoot him quick."

"You wouldn't give him much chance. You don't shoot a rabbit until it begins to move."

"Animals are decent compared to these rats. You're anxious to defend him, aren't you?"

"Not me," he told her quickly. "I was only thinking it must be lonely work to be on the run. I mean, with practically a whole nation ready to shoot you on sight." He had an urge to tell her about Lemolli. He would have liked to confide in someone, but common sense held him back.

IT was early evening when they reached Saint Raphael. A panic made Ray want to hurry past the garage where he had been recognised, but fate had it that a heavy *camion* stalled him right in front of the pumps, and waving the mechanic came over to talk to him.

"Have you heard, m'sieur?" he asked. "They have found one of the bandits. In the hills here."

Ray's heart stopped beating. "Here?" he echoed.

"Dead. I have just been talking to a flic who saw it, not twenty minutes ago. They sent him to call out a doctor."

"They shot him?" he found himself asking.

"Non, m'sieur! It was a goatherd in the hills that found the body in the outhouse of a deserted farm. (Continued on page 108)

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It was the man's dog that called his attention to it, and he hurried to inform the police."

His throat was dry. "Then Lemolli—"

"It was not Lemolli, m'sieur. But a man called Le Grec who was with him. They say Lemolli cannot be far away and that it is impossible for him to break through the net they are tightening. Was I not right when I warned you to take care?"

He moved on with a nod. His face was white and he had to hold on tight to the wheel to prevent the tremble in his hands showing. The girl noticed something wrong.

"You're upset about something," she decided, watching him closely. "I believe you know something about all this."

"Don't be absurd!" he laughed. "Why should I know anything about it?"

"I don't know. But I wouldn't mind betting that somehow or other you've let yourself get mixed up in it."

He forced a smile as he turned to glance at

her. "What would give you that idea?"

"Just the way a woman can read a situation—and that ruined farm, with the outhouses, you stopped in at this afternoon—" She laid a hand on his arm. "You weren't looking for that body, Ray, were you?"

He drew up the car and turned behind the wheel to face her more squarely. "You're right about me being mixed up in this," he said tensely. "I'm going to tell you about it."

The girl was watching him, a trace of fear showing in her eyes. She said nothing.

"I knew this man Lemolli in Paris. He used to come into the place where I worked quite a lot, and one night he sent a man to ask me to meet him and I did. He told me he was in trouble with the police and gave me money to buy this car and drive him south. I always liked him. He's a decent sort and—"

"A decent sort! How can you call a

Blood Money

murderer a decent sort!" There was a fierceness in her voice that surprised him. "Your life was hanging by a thread all the way down. He'll kill you as soon as you're no longer any use to him. He meant to kill you all along."

"I've got to get out to that farm and warn him."

"You're mad!"

"He saved my life one night in Paris. I can't let him down now that he's all on his own against—"

"If you try to get out to warn him I shall go straight to the police."

He moved towards her and she opened the door of the car behind her ready to slip out. "I'll break your neck if you repeat one word of what—Get back inside this car!"

She stood on the roadway. "I think I'm going to the police, anyway."

"Get back inside this car—d'you hear?"

For a while she thought, then she stepped back into her seat. "I'm going to stay in this seat," she decided. "If I left you to go to the police you'd try to dash out there."

"What's all this got to do with you?" he demanded angrily.

"Never mind. Have some sense. If Lemolli is still at that farm they'll have got him by now. If he's not there how will you find him?"

He started the car. "I'm going back to the pension where I'm staying," he announced. "Lemolli may telephone."

SHE followed him up to his room at the pension to wait, and while he moved restlessly round she sat and watched him. Night came to follow the blue dusk and as time dragged on he turned on her for the first time. "I wish you'd go and leave me alone," he said.

"You have a mind like a boy scout," she told him quietly. "If you won't eat I'm going to make you some coffee."

She made the coffee over his spirit stove and when they had finished it he turned her round, tray in hand, by her shoulders. "Look here, Mary," he argued, "you're a fool to mix yourself up in this. But if you've made up your mind, at least you could be useful."

"How d'you mean?" She was thinking as she searched his face that men were fools, if this one could not see why she was acting like this.

"You could find out the latest news about Lemolli for me. I've got to know. I'll wait here for you. Promise."

She set down the tray and from the window he watched her cross the road under the street lamps, making her way to the restaurant by the beach. She was a fine-looking girl. She was not away long. "Give it up," she advised when she got back. "All the town's talking about it. They've rushed up more police and guards and the hills are thick with them. He hasn't a chance to get away."

"If they haven't got him yet that means he's already got away. It's this waiting that gets me down."

"It's not my idea of a brisk night, either. Let's go through some numbers together—what d'you say?"

He sat down at the piano and together they went over the hits of the last months. Someone would build up a good song personality out of this girl. He explained a lot of things to her that she did not know and for a while he forgot about the man hunt in the hills.

About midnight the telephone rang, and something came to ease the breaking strain on his nerves as he took up the receiver. He answered briefly twice then hung up. "I'm going to pick him up," he told the girl. "He got clear, and I'm going to give him his chance to get away."

She gathered her bag and gloves. "All right."

"You're not coming! If we get challenged we'll have to drive through. They'll use the car as a target."

"Not with a woman in it and— Listen! If I choose to make a scene I could stop you going. Better give me your revolver if you have one. With me in the car, he'll find it



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more difficult to shoot you in the back when you're clear."

He gave her his gun. "I don't think we shall have any trouble with the police," he told her. "He's just the other side of Boulouris at a tracklayer's hut beyond the level crossing. That's on the coast road to Cannes. He must have seen that goatherd and got clear before they raised the alarm."

THE moon had not risen and the night was black as he urged the car along the coast road behind the glare of the headlights. He slowed in Boulouris to allow gendarmes to glance as they passed inside the car. No attempt was made to stop the car. When they ran into the trees with the level crossing ahead he switched to the parking lights and slowed to a crawl.

"I'm going to park for a while and we'll see if anyone is round. If they come up to ask questions I'll have my arm round you and I'll act romantic."

"If you forgot about the acting and tried a little of the real thing," she said, "I wouldn't scream for help. There's not many I'd do all this for."

With the car off the road under the trees they waited, watching and straining their ears through the quietness of the night. After a while he stepped out, switching off the lights. Walking softly towards the hut he began to sing in English. A door creaked and a shape faintly blacker than the darkness moved towards him. It stopped abruptly.

"You've got someone with you!" Lemolli spat out. "You—"

Ray felt a gun dig into his stomach. "It's a girl. I had to bring her with me and—"

"Come here, you!" the bandit ordered. "I'm holding a gun on you. Move!"

They stood for a moment, close shapes in the darkness. "How d'you know you can trust her?" he snarled. "Why shouldn't I drill you both? We can't take a girl with us: now we can't leave her behind. Move away from her."

Cold rage filled Ray. He drew the girl closer to him. "You rat!" he flung at Lemolli. "I was going to drive you through to the frontier and give you a chance."

"We're cutting north to Switzerland. And we're not taking any women."

"I'm not leaving this one! And if you start any shooting I'll live long enough to chuck away the key of the car." He raised his hand with the key in his fingers. "Think it over. The girl has my gun."

"I've thought it over. Move away from that girl."

"Stick close behind me!" Ray threw over his shoulder. "We still hold all the cards."

For a tense half minute they caught the whistle of the other's heavy breathing through the silence of the night, then, from the direction of Boulouris came the sound of a motor cycle making speed. "All right then," Lemolli growled. "Bring the girl. See! I have put away my gun. In the car quick..."

Ray jumped behind the wheel and the bandit threw himself beside him. The girl sat in the back. He had no time to turn the car, and as they gathered speed the motor cycle shot by, braked, and began to pull up. Two gendarmes with rifles across their backs swept in and out of the headlights as Ray passed them.

"Step on it!" urged Lemolli. "Those boys will want to have a look."

Ray gave his car all the speed she would take on the winding road. Tyres squealed as he fought her through the bends; trees jumped right in front of the headlights to whip away again. But after each turn the headlight of the motor cycle picked up the rear window again, each time closer. It was not long before what Ray had been expecting happened. A shot rang out.

Ray felt the muzzle of Lemolli's gun pressed into his side. "You will drive," the bandit snarled. "If you begin to brake I shoot and jump for it. You understand?"

"I understand," Ray said. "Damn you I was going to do that for you anyway."

A second shot rang out. There was little chance of a bullet coming anywhere near them. This was a warning for people ahead. The car went to the side of the road for a wild moment

at a turn, swung half round as it righted itself and screeched ahead. A third shot sounded. "Drive!" Lemolli yelled, and Ray wondered what the girl was thinking of all this in the back.

The headlights swept on to a bunch of trees, ripped off them as the road twisted, then as he pulled the car out straight, they shone on a jumble of rolling barrels ahead. Figures showed in the distance, rushing up a barricade. "This is it!" Ray told himself and pushed his toe right down against the boards.

Stabs appeared out of the blackness ahead as they rushed towards the barrier. The car lurched crazily holding her speed. The sound of the shots grew louder as the barricade jumped closer and closer at them in the glare of the headlights. He left it until the barrels were almost under the bonnet before he ducked his head under his arm, and, as they struck, the car moved like a ship in a swell. Wood splintered all over the car and glass powdered the occupants, but they were still on the road.

"Good!" panted Lemolli. "Perhaps I may not shoot you after all. Keep—"

Something seemed to rise up and take hold of the front of the car flinging it contemptuously at the earth bank. It struck nose first, turned half over, then the back somersaulted and they plunged among the trees.

WHEN Ray came to, he found someone bathing his face. It was a girl, and he struggled for a while before he recognised Mary. She made a secret sign to him not to speak. A gendarme moved into the circle of light, bending over him. "This one is conscious," he called out. "Secure him!"

A rifle never left his breast as they pulled Ray to his feet. He saw that they had brought Lemolli up so that they could be handcuffed together. The bandit's face was covered with blood and mud, and from the way his right arm hung it looked as if it were broken. Blind hatred shone in his tigerish eyes.

(Continued on page 110)

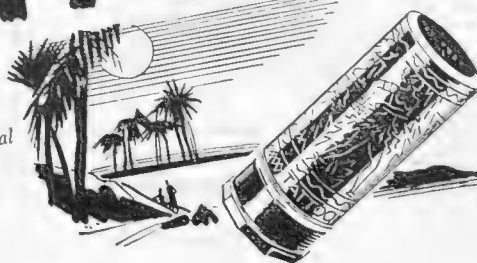
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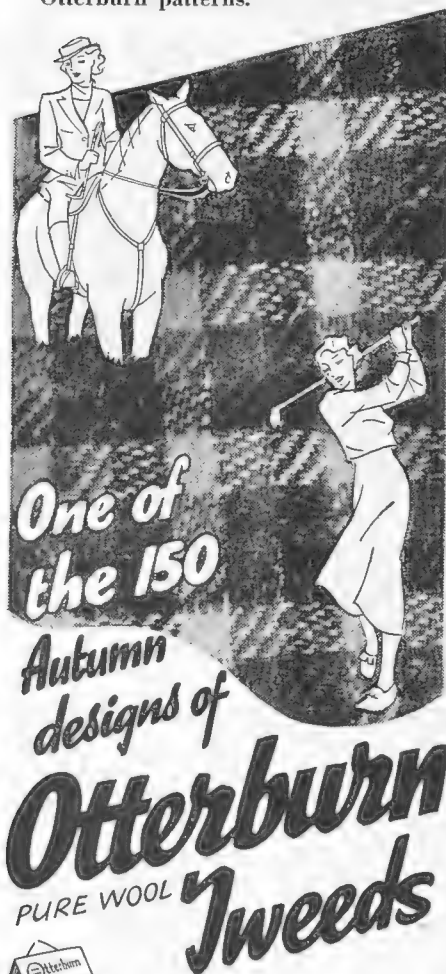
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"And the woman?" someone asked harshly.

"All together! Search them carefully, these two may be armed as well."

Ray pulled himself together. "Leave that girl alone!" he shouted. "She's got nothing—"

The rifle muzzle butted him in the chest. "Shut thy trap!" the guard shouted, then he called over his shoulder: "This one is American, or English."

In the glare of the headlights focused on to the group Ray caught Lemolli's eye. He was turning away when he looked again. The bandit was grinning. "You English!" he mocked. "I should have stopped someone who could drive a car." He spat blood out of his mouth and turned away.

"What is this?" demanded the lieutenant. "He stopped you?"

"Of course he stopped us!" the girl cried. "As we were driving to Cannes. And held us up with his pistol. Do you think we did this for fun?"

"Be so good," Ray ordered, "as to examine

Blood Money

my passport and the papers of the car..." He would not look at Lemolli.

The police drove them back into Saint Raphael eventually, and when they left the hospital with their cuts bandaged there was nowhere else to go, so they went back to Ray's room at the *pension*. For a while they sat around, finding little to say.

"There's nothing much else to do," Mary suggested at length, "I'll make a little more coffee."

"I thought you were going to say: 'Thanks for the lovely evening!'" He caught her hand as she passed, stopping her. "Honestly, I don't know why you've gone through all this!"

"I've an idea we're going to put on that show together," she said. "It should be good."

She shook her hand free and bent over the spirit stove.

Ray sat and watched her. He had an idea it was going to be good, too.

END

Books

(Continued from page 30)

in a wide variety of ways—in the pulpit, on the stage, in politics, in literature, in society, in medicine and in business.

Among the fifteen women whom the book features are Lady Oxford herself—a sparkling contribution, this—Marjorie Bowen, Amy Johnson, Ethel Levy, Sylvia Pankhurst, Maude Royden and Ellen Wilkinson.

Women certainly are dominating our reading this month, for here is yet another important volume by a contemporary woman in *Redskin Interlude*, by Clare Sheridan (Nicholson & Watson, 15s.).

This is an account, interestingly illustrated, of Mrs. Sheridan's sojourn among the Red Indians of Blood Reservation, sculpting them and winning them over from truculent suspicion to warm friendship.

It is a remarkable chronicle of achievement and it succeeds admirably in conveying to us the rather pathetic nobility and dignity of these people and the glorious setting which forms their background.

Mrs. Sheridan writes sympathetically of the old and the young. Every man over seventy in that now serene community has been on the war-path and loves to talk of old times.

It is the end of a colourful chapter but in this Indian swan-song we re-live the old familiar scenes; the tepee tent, the camp fire, the drums and the scalp dance, the stories of valour and endurance, the superstitions and magic of the secret societies, all mingled with something modern, human, tragic and often humorous, almost always beautiful.

IT is a far cry from Blood Reservation, with its relics of strife and its present calm, to Europe with its monuments of age-old peaceful achievement and its present undercurrent of fear and unrest.

Danger Spots of Europe, by Bernard Newman (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.), is an important and provocative work, the outcome

of fifteen years' first-hand study of European boundary and racial problems.

Mr. Newman has travelled many times along Europe's disputed frontiers, gleaning and assimilating information at first hand from the people with whom he has talked.

The temper of Europe in 1938, he tells us, bears an uncanny resemblance to that of the Europe of 1914. In 1914 the spark which set half the world ablaze was struck at Serajevo. Whence will it come in 1938—or after? Or need it come at all?

Lucidly and without bias, this work examines the "dormant volcanoes" and reveals all that the average man so earnestly desires to know about such questions as the Polish Corridor, Danzig, Silesia, Memel, Vilna, the Ukraine, the Dobrudja, Macedonia, Kossovo, Albania, Croatia, the Julian March, Hungary, Southern Tyrol, Alsace-Lorraine—any one of which contains the germ of a greater and more horrible conflict than that of 1914.

Mr. Newman is treating with dramatic material and the manner in which he presents his facts is in itself so dramatic that the book assumes a far deeper interest than would the mere recital of even such gripping international problems as those of the danger spots of Europe to-day.

In contrast with this Europe of to-day with its undertow of grasping jealousy and cruelty, let us now look back a hundred years to a spot, far on the other side of the world, from which came whispers of a fair land with golden hopes.

Promenade, a chronicle novel by G. B. Lancaster (John Lane the Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), is concerned with this land "below the horizon" of which rumour said in the 1830's that a pot and a gun would buy from the natives a small kingdom of acres.

This beautifully-fashioned story centres round an English family of county aristocracy, whose financial affairs had been brought low by the long wars on the Continent, and (Continued on page 112)

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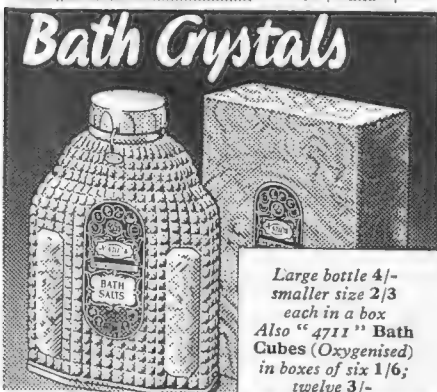
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Books

who set out in a little ship to rebuild their fortunes in the land of the long white cloud—New Zealand.

Promenade is primarily the story of a woman and a country. The woman is Sally Lovel. Her marriage at fifteen, the children she bore her unloved husband. The grace and kindness with which she took her part when he rose to eminence.

A wonderful breadth of vision distinguishes the chapters dealing with the transition from childhood to adolescence, first of the young wife herself and then of her children.

Down the century come young colonials, sailors, soldiers, statesmen, politicians, herds-men, planters, native boys with the mien of princes and native girls with a fabled grace, all in the setting of a stirring time and a fascinating country.

From the self-sacrificing of those days we turn to an example of the reckless selfishness which characterises certain members of what is euphonistically dubbed the "modern set."

The Marriage Will Not Take Place, by Marguerite Steen (Collins, 8s. 6d.), is a most dextrous piece of writing, for in reality the story is little more than a present-day society episode and yet the book grips from page one to page three hundred and eighty-three.

I suppose by certain standards one's sympathies would be less for Gaynor, the "heroine," than for Dominick her egotistical fiancé.

Frankly, I found the characters so completely without morals that it seemed to me that the fact that the marriage did not take place was only another way of saying "The Divorce did not ensue!"

Doubtless the book will sell in vast numbers, for this is 1938—alas!

Marital infidelity appears to be a never-palling source of inspiration to our women novelists nowadays.

In *Thunder Hill* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), Marjorie Booth gives us a psychological study of a marriage that is destroyed by a man's remorse for his infidelity quite as much as by the infidelity itself.

His lapse is brief and the relationship which it threatened to wreck proceeds to its proper conclusion; but from the pre-marital incident depends a chain of tragic circumstances, from which none of the protagonists is able to escape.

Those of Marjorie Booth's admirers who enjoyed her last book *Monday's a Long Day*, will find here a book of equal distinction although it is cast in a very different mould. Another woman writer has given us a strong-meat story this month.

Signature to a Crime, by Olga L. Rosmanith (Cassel, 7s. 6d.) is a grim drama set in the hectic environment of Los Angeles, that world of magnificent spending which so often is the precursor of spent magnificence.

Bert Howard, press agent for Loti Vasahly, flashiest of all film stars, has been murdered and Geoffrey Nelson is in gaol, charged with the crime.

Nelson's sister Jessica and Dr. Quetta, a strange Indian psychiatrist, collect evidence, with patience and pertinacity and gradually and carefully piece it together until it convicts the real murderer.

The story they unfold is far stranger and far more unexpected than the denouement of any film drama.

The author has a sure sense of characterisation and a forceful style admirably suited to her eerie theme.

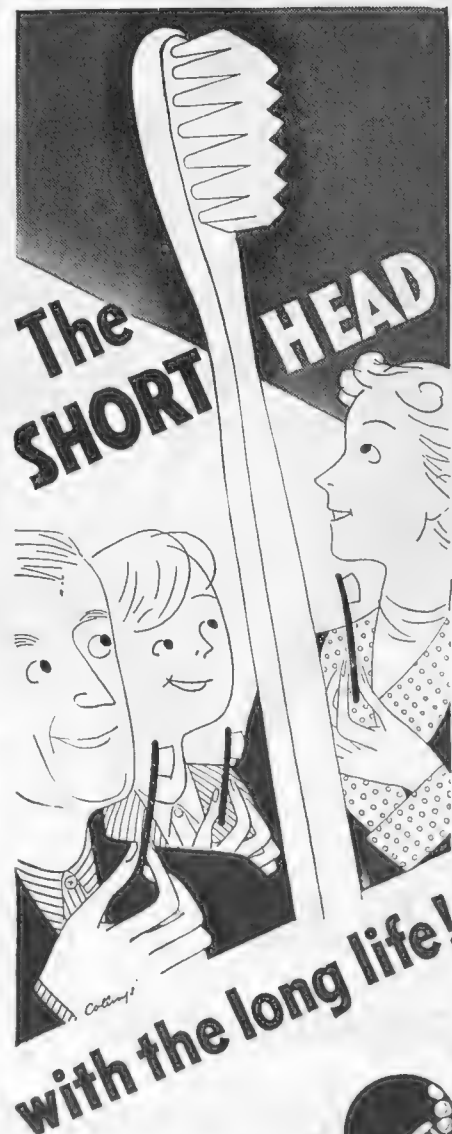
Signature to a Crime is first-rate entertainment of a kind which is always popular.

The business of crime-detection is good sport—when you are reading about it!—but it is not everyone's sport.

Tennis, on the other hand, is a sport which appeals to one more, normally, in action than in literature.

Before me, however, lies a book about Tennis and its great figures which is as good to read as the game is to play.

Aces, Places and Faults, is the long-awaited autobiography (Continued on page 114)



Tek is the shorthead toothbrush that's shaped to fit the arch of your teeth. It probes industriously into every crevice and makes a thorough job of teeth-cleaning. Its firm, springy bristles last long and stay vigorous. Dentists all over the country have given their signed approval of Tek. Buy one to-day and you'll never be satisfied with anything else. ★ Sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Hard and medium—6 colours and crystal. Extra hard—white and crystal only. Tek is a guaranteed product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave. ★ Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

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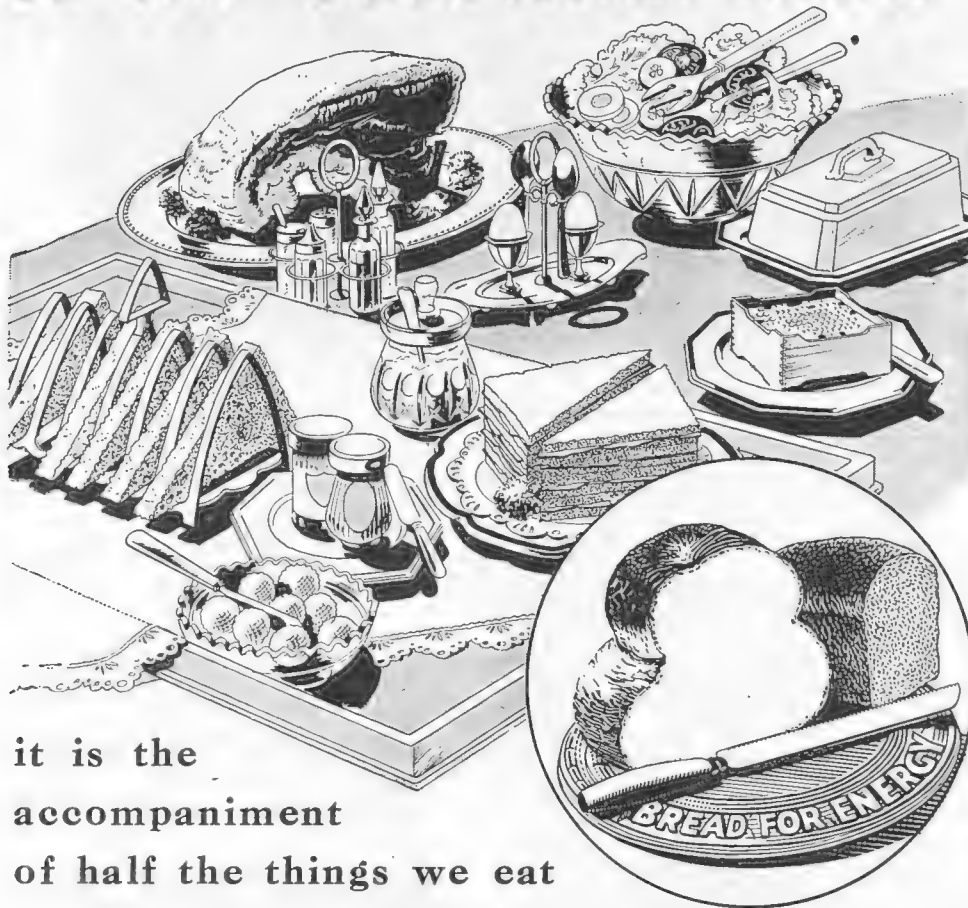
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Books

of none other than "Big Bill" Tilden, to whom I suppose I should refer as William T. Tilden, former Amateur and Professional World's Champion Tennis Player.

The book is published by Robert Hale at 12s. 6d. and contains thirty-eight photographic illustrations. In it, the author covers the entire world of tennis—and much more, for in addition to the full story of his own career, his victories and defeats, the great players of the game, men and women from Norman Brookes and Mrs. Lambert Chambers to Donald Budge and Anita Lizana pass through its pages.

Mr. Tilden tells of their skill and their personalities and indeed there would seem to be no one in the world of tennis in whom he has not taken a keen interest and about whom he has not got something new to tell us.

And not only tennis notables come under his lively scrutiny, for the author tells us of his travels the world over and of the celebrities he has met during his twenty-five years on the court.

Of especial value and interest is the complete instruction section which deals with the fundamentals to the most advanced psychology and technique of tennis.

"Bill" Tilden has played in forty countries and he here describes the type of game, the attitude of the audiences and the conditions of play pertaining to them.

His guidance is invaluable for beginner and expert alike. Almost a pioneer in the creation of the playing professional, he writes of the amateur-professional question, offering a unique solution of this perplexing problem.

And all the time, standing out against this kaleidoscopic background of tennis modes and personalities is the greatest personality of them all—"Bill" Tilden.

His book is a delight.

For fear that I will let my personal predilections get the better of me, I have purposely left until the last, this month, the book which I received with the greatest amount of affection.

I yield to no man in my admiration of the late Edgar Wallace as a writer of crime fiction. He was indeed the supreme master of this type of story.

Nevertheless, to my way of thinking, the Edgar Wallace of the crime story pales into comparative insignificance beside the Edgar Wallace of *Sanders of the River*.

When Edgar Wallace died, I lost a figure whom I had grown to revere.

At the same time I felt that he had taken with him a number of much-loved friends of

At the same time I felt that he had taken mine, people with whom I was far more intimate than I could ever have hoped to have become with their creator.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders, Captain Hamilton, the inimitable Bones and Bosambo were to me so real that when Edgar Wallace whom I never knew died, I felt as though his death were incidental to theirs rather than the reverse.

How, then, can I find words adequately to thank Mr. Francis Gerard who, in *The Return of Sanders-of-the-River* (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.) has restored to me these characters who were my personal friends?

Mr. Gerard has been inspired by an admiration for the genius of Edgar Wallace and a love of these characters second only to my own.

He has deliberately imitated the Master and his ability as a copyist is such that he has produced a book of which even the Master himself might well have been proud.

This book not only re-creates all the old favourite characters, but the atmosphere, the background, the witty dialogue, the slick phraseology, the humorous tolerance of the natives' pellucid attempts at subterfuge—all are re-born for our delight.

The book is issued with the approval and permission of the Wallace Estate, and I hereby pronounce it worthy to occupy a place on any book-shelf beside an authentic Wallace.

I need say no more.

END

Clever Fingers

(Continued from page 51)

a man of many crimes. Was this a simple death, from natural causes; or not? If not, if there was any dirty work, was it a crime of passion—the captain knew the rumours about Lady Merrill—or was it a spy story? He turned to Trugg.

"Do you want to tell me anything?" he asked.

Trugg smiled, and it was a smile which expressed his understanding of the captain's suspicion of him, and his own amusement because that suspicion was unfounded.

"He just died," he said. "I guess it was a heart attack. You see, we were having a poker game, and I was winning. It was a square game. I know what you're thinking: I'm supposed to be a card-sharp. Well, I'm telling you there was no need to cheat. He just wasn't a good poker player. I was surprised myself. With that face, he should have been. Wasted talents, or perhaps he hadn't had a lot of practice. Anyhow, I was winning. But he thought like you: that I was cheating. I guess he got heated about it. He called me a filthy swindler. I didn't say much at first, because his wife was here. Then he got sarcastic. Slow, drawing, sarcastic remarks—Gosh, you know how these English lords can do it? Made out I was a doctor who'd disgraced his profession, who ought to be in Sing-Sing, but all done so polite it got under my skin. I stuck it for a bit, then I flared up and told him what I thought of him. I told him his dirty work, selling guns to both sides in a war, wasn't the sort of thing any decent man'd stand for. Told him there was a particular spot in hell kept specially uncomfortable for his kind . . . I guess I told him a few things I shouldn't, with his wife present. But I lost my temper. While I was shooting my mouth off, I could see he couldn't take it. He was getting purple in the face. After a bit, he looked so I got alarmed. I remembered he had a weak heart. But I couldn't stop. I told him off for the way he treated his wife. Then he spoke. He said she was his wife, and he'd treat her how he liked. He started in to say some things about her I'd rather not repeat. I—I was getting madder and madder. So I thought I'd best cool off before I did something I'd be sorry for. I just got up and went out to my own cabin. I had a drink there, and I felt better. I cursed myself for a fool. After all, I'd known what sort he was before I started playing with him. So I went back, prepared to apologise. I opened the door, and there he was, lying on the floor. I could see he'd been taken ill. It's his heart, I told myself. Lady Merrill was holding his head, trying to revive him. Hold on, I said, and dashed back to my cabin for a stimulant—I'm a doctor, you see, in private life." He turned to the ship's surgeon and grinned apologetically. "But it was no good. He'd passed out. So there you are!"

"I see," said the captain. He looked squarely at Trugg, trying to sum him up. Trugg looked back, straight in the eye.

"I guess," he said, "you'll be wanting a post-mortem?"

"I think so," said the captain. He turned to the surgeon. "Perhaps you'll arrange it? I'll get the body photographed first. Then this cabin had best be locked up."

"If you don't want me," said Trugg, "I'll be getting along."

THE captain nodded, and Trugg left. The surgeon stooped over the body. Merrill wore a silk shirt, open at the neck. His coat, removed because of the warmth of the cabin, was hanging behind the door. The surgeon put a stethoscope to the dead man's chest, then shook his head and folded it up.

"Dead as mutton," he said. "Hairy devil, isn't he?"

The captain blew out his cheeks.

"Find out what he died from," he said. "I wouldn't trust Jimmy Trugg as far as I could see him." (Continued on page 116)



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SEND TO-DAY NOW!

There's some dirty work in this. Better tell the steward to find another cabin for the man's wife."

The ship's photographer came and took some flashlight shots. Then some stewards bore the body away to the sick bay on a stretcher. Curious passengers saw it pass, covered with a blanket.

"No get-away for Jimmy this time," said one man, knowledgeably.

"Don't be wet," said another. "The feller died of a heart attack."

"You're telling me! Darned convenient heart attack."

"*Cherchez la femme!*" sniggered another.

"Would you have thought she was worth it?" asked the first.

"Nix," said another man. "There's a lot behind this, I'm telling you. A man told me that Jimmy's in the pay of a crowd that wants to stop war in Europe, because war'd be bad for their particular business; and this Merrill, he wanted war, see?"

"What business don't want war?" asked another, sceptically. "Oil or steel?"

"I don't know what business it was," he confessed.

"No, I guess you don't. I tell you, this is a *crime passionel*. Otherwise, why would he do it where he can't make a get-away? He wouldn't be so daft. He just got het up over the woman and lost his head, that's what it is."

WHILE the know-alls went on discussing the case, a new cabin was found for Lady Merrill, and a stewardess went there to attend her, because she was feeling unwell, and had gone to bed.

Jimmy Trugg retired to his own cabin and dropped three packs of marked cards out of the port-hole.

The surgeon duly made his post-mortem examination and reported to the captain.

Then the captain sent for Jimmy Trugg. The captain sat behind a large desk. The surgeon was on his left, and the first officer on his right.

"Take a seat," invited the captain, as the steward closed the door.

As Trugg sat down, the first officer, rather ostentatiously, laid an automatic on the desk before him, and kept his hand on it.

Jimmy laughed. He spread out his palms, then put his hands on his knees.

"You can frisk me if you like," he invited.

"As long as you keep your hands where they are, I think it will be unnecessary," said the captain. He fiddled with a foolscap sheet in front of him. Then he looked up and added:

"According to your account, there was a quarrel, between you and the deceased, as a result of which he had a heart attack, which proved fatal?"

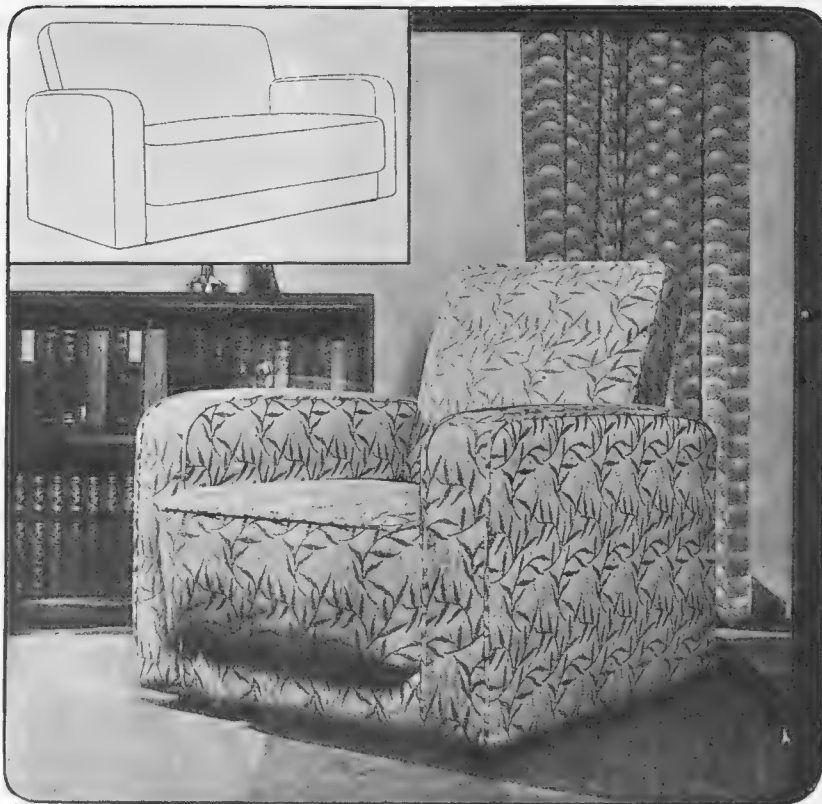
"Well, I never examined him professionally, but I guess a man with that hectic flush in his cheeks hadn't any too good a heart. And, when he got riled with me he went a nasty purple about the lips. That, as I said, was what made me stop cursing him. I was afraid this might happen. So I went out to cool off. But I guess I was too late. He must have dropped dead as I went out of the door. I tried to revive him, but it wasn't any good."

"That's the story you have already told us. May I read you the post-mortem report? I've no doubt you will understand the technicalities." There was an unpleasant inflexion about the captain's voice as he said this, but Trugg ignored it. The captain took up the sheet of foolscap and began to read. As he did so, the first officer tightened his grip on the automatic, and kept a wary eye on Trugg's hands.

Jimmy was reputed to be like lightning on the draw, and was said to have shot his way out of several awkward situations.

"I found advanced myocardial degeneration," read the captain, "and considerable amount of atheroma of the aorta and coronary arteries, with insufficiency of the aortic valve . . ." he turned to the surgeon: "That means he had bad heart disease?"

"That is so," agreed the surgeon.



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"I guessed as much," said Jimmy Trugg. "Might have died any time."

The captain went on reading:

"There was also a penetrating wound of the heart, reaching seven centimetres from the skin. No bleeding had taken place, and the entry was a very small hole concealed by the hair on the man's chest. The track of this wound led to the auricle and might have caused death by shock to the sino-auricular node."

THE first officer's pistol pointed straight at Trugg's heart, and his eyes were unwavering.

But Trugg made no move. He relaxed a little, but kept his hands where they were.

"You've got sharp eyes, doc," he said.

"Thank you," said the surgeon, very dryly.

"I gather," said the captain, "that this was the sort of wound that might have been made by a very fine stiletto."

"More like," said the surgeon, "the old fashioned lady's hat pin."

"It would be an old-fashioned lady," said Trugg.

"No need to be funny," said the first officer.

"You don't know anything about this wound, I take it?" asked the captain.

"I didn't say that," answered Jimmy. He turned to the surgeon: "Would you like to say definitely whether that wound was ante- or post-mortem?"

"I should say ante-mortem," said the surgeon.

"Although there was no bleeding?"

The surgeon looked thoughtful.

"I won't be dogmatic about it," he said, "but you'll admit there doesn't seem to have been much point in stabbing the man after he was dead."

"No?" asked Trugg. Then he added, musingly: "I've done a hell of a lot of post-mortems in my time. I've sometimes found it impossible to say whether a wound is ante- or post-mortem. When I don't know, I always admit it. It's best."

The surgeon flushed:

"All right. I'm not sure. But it's splitting hairs."

"Scientific accuracy is always worth while," said Trugg, rubbing it in. "Say, I wish one of you'd frisk me; because I want to get something out of my pocket, and if I reach for it that guy'll drill holes in me."

The surgeon came round the desk.

"In my right-hand side pocket," said Trugg, "you'll find a case. Yes, that's it. Open it and tell the captain what it is inside."

The surgeon took the flat metal case, flicked the lid open as if he was used to such things, and laid it before the captain.

"Well," said Trugg, "don't be dumb."

"Hypodermic," said the surgeon. "What about it?"

"And the needle?" asked Trugg.

The surgeon picked out the little tube which held the needle and extracted its contents. The needle was a long shining thing.

"Well?" said Trugg.

The surgeon looked at it. Then he looked at Jimmy Trugg, and a twisted smile started to spread round his mouth.

"I think you win," he said, slowly.

"Explain!" rapped the captain.

The first officer lowered his pistol, but he still kept his eyes glued on Trugg. He was taking no chances, yet.

"It's an intracardiac needle," explained the surgeon. "You see, it's too long for an ordinary hypodermic, and too narrow for an exploring needle. In fact, the only thing it's generally used for is to shoot adrenalin into a person's heart when they've collapsed. I guess," he paused, and then made the *amende honorable*, "I guess it might have made that track I found."

"I went to my cabin to get it," explained Trugg. "When I saw him lying on the floor, I said: heart attack; only one thing for it—intracardiac adrenalin. No harm trying. So I went back for it and gave him a shot. But it was no go. Same time, it leaves a mighty small track. (Continued on page 118)



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I guess it was smart of you to spot it, doc, and I can't blame you at all for your suspicions."

"Do you definitely agree," the captain asked the surgeon, "that this wound you found might have been caused by—er—Doctor Trugg's efforts to revive the deceased?"

"I guess that is so," said the surgeon. "I hadn't thought of it."

The first officer put his gun away.

The captain got up and offered his hand.

"No ill feeling," he said, "but you understand it is my duty to investigate these things, and, in view of the post-mortem report . . ."

"Say no more," said Jimmy Trugg, handsomely. "Though there was one thing might have put you wise. There was no hole in his shirt. Now, if he'd been stabbed . . ."

"I did think of that," protested the surgeon, "but his shirt was open at the neck."

"I know. I opened it, to give him the injection," said Trugg. "Well, gentlemen, if that's all, I guess there's just the funeral."

TRUGG went back to his cabin, humming a little tune to himself. He put his hypodermic case away, carefully and seated himself in an arm-chair. He lit a cigarette, puffed it thoughtfully for a few minutes, then pressed the stub out in an ash tray.

There was a tap at his door. It opened and Lady Merrill came in. Jimmy Trugg sprang to his feet.

"Why, hullo!" he said, "feeling better?"

She shut the door, carefully, and then stood with her back against it.

"What happened?" she asked. "They haven't arrested you? I thought they'd think you did it. I was coming to tell them . . ."

"Do sit down," he begged. He reached behind her and locked the door, but he left the key in the lock. "Just to prevent anyone crashing in. Say: it's a good job you didn't butt in. I told you to keep quiet and leave it to me, didn't I? I fixed them all right. Told them I gave him a hypodermic into his heart to try and revive him. Did it go down? I'll say it did. But, gee, it was lucky you didn't push that hatpin in further. It made a track seven centimetres long—that snooping surgeon measured it. And the needle's only eight centimetres."

She sank into a chair:

"Then it's really all right?"

"Sure it's all right. I've fixed up worse tangles than that in my time—far worse. You won't hear any more about it. Say! What's up? You're looking queer. Shall I ring for some brandy?"

She lay back in her chair, her face pale, but she held out a hand to prevent him.

"No; please! I shall be all right in a minute. I'm sorry. I suppose it must be the reaction. You see: I didn't know what was happening, up there. Half the time I was expecting them to come and arrest me; the other half I expected to hear you'd been arrested."

He poured a glass of iced water and gave it to her.

"Well, drink this up, anyhow. You look all in. I guess you didn't know Jimmy Trugg, or you wouldn't have worried like that. That feller had it coming to him sometime. It just happened to be your hand that did it, that's all . . ."

"Don't—please!"

"Say: I thought you had more, well guts, if you'll pardon the expression. I didn't think you'd come all over soft over a little job like that. But I suppose it's experience. When you've seen a thousand men die, you begin to forget about odd ones."

Her colour came back, and she drank all the water.

"Thanks," she said, handing back the tumbler. She smiled at him. "You've done me good. You see: I've never murdered anyone before."

"Well, of course, it is kind of upsetting

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the first time, but you'll get over it. It's a thing you get used to."

"I certainly hope not!" She laughed lightly again, but not in the least hysterically.

"Dr. Trugg," she said, "you're a very marvellous man. You've done me good. I've a strong wish to tell you just why I killed my husband."

"I know," he said. "What they call in the States moral cruelty."

Her eyebrows lifted.

"Then you do understand? That constant sneer. That constant assumption of superiority to everyone. That utter indifference to human life or love or happiness if it stood in the way of business. Oh, the times I've tried to argue, to show him how wrong it was . . ."

"I know," he interrupted. "There's no need to tell. He got me riled, even in that short time. That's why I went out—to cool down."

"Do you know what he said, when you went out? He said 'Amazing how the criminal classes fail to control their emotions!' Just like that. I got mad. His business may have been inside the law and yours outside it—but 'criminal classes.' I said: 'Dr. Trugg strikes me as a gentleman, and I'd be glad if you'd treat him as such.' Do you know, he lost his temper. The first time I've ever known him do it—and the last. He came round the table and bent over me, and he whispered—oh, horrible things: insinuations about, about me and—you. I don't know where that hatpin came from, but it was lying on the deck. I picked it up. I think I saw red. I don't know really what made me do it, except sheer fedupness, but I just put it against his heart—his shirt was open, it seemed so tempting, and I pushed—and he fell down. You've no idea, really, what a relief it was; till I began to think of the consequences. And you really say you've fixed everything all right? There won't be any trouble? It seems incredible. Besides, why should you? After all, we're just the merest of acquaintances."

"That's so," agreed Jimmy, unemotionally. "But I might have done it myself if you hadn't. Somebody would, sooner or later. You just saved them the trouble, see? And I could tell you hadn't much experience of such matters. So I thought I'd best fix it for you. It was no trouble for me at all. I wouldn't have you think that. Just a service any man might do for a lady, like fetching her a drink. Soon's I saw him there and that hatpin lying on the deck, I said to myself, best fix this. That's why I went back, so's I could say I'd gone for my hypodermic. It's a thing that's happened to me before, so it didn't need no thinking up. Then, all I had to do was to throw the hatpin out of the window—beg pardon, port-hole. Aw, forget it! Sure you won't have a drink?"

HE smiled in a slightly embarrassed way, as if he would have liked to terminate the interview. Just as a hint, he reached into a drawer and pulled out a white sweater. It was unfinished. As he moved it on his knee, she saw it still had knitting needles in it.

"You don't mean to say you knit!" she cried, astonished.

"Sure I do. Very soothing to the nerves. That's what made me cotton on to you at first, on the deck. Same hobby, if you see what I mean. Darned clever that pattern you were doing. Like you to show it to me sometime, if you would. I can't keep away from people knitting. Always makes me feel friendly like. A cop nearly got me once—he was knitting a sock and couldn't turn the heel, and I stopped to show him . . . but that's another story. What do you think of this sweater?"

He held it up. She fingered it appreciatively.

"What lovely close stitches," she said. "Why, you're an expert!"

"I always did have clever fingers," said Jimmy Trugg.

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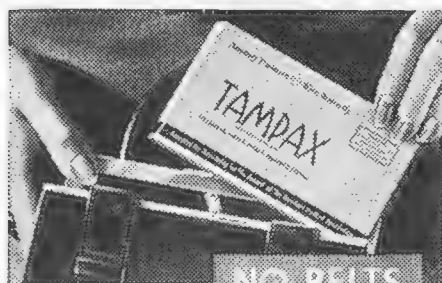
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Leslie Henson

(Continued from page 31)

I studied the pierrots at Broughty Ferry and met the sons of the famous William Mollison, the actor who staged melodrama all over England and annually had some spectacular production in Scotland such as *Rob Roy*. I became great friends with William, now the producer, and who had already started his stage career, having appeared at Drury Lane at the age of ten, and Clifford, who had since become one of our leading musical-comedy comedians. The other brother, Henry, was then at the toddling stage.

"After six months, I came back to London and worked in branches of the business at Hackney and Walworth, where the shop was opposite the famous Harker studios. Not then knowing the Harkers and quite unaware that we should become great friends in the years to come, I would poke my nose round the studio door and watch them at work, perched on high ladders, painting enormous back cloths. Most of my evenings were given over to amateur theatricals, and I got my first real part in *Jane*, the famous old farce, at the Little Theatre, Albert Hall. In this I was produced by the author, Harry Nichols, who had originally played the low comedy part assigned to me, opposite Charles Hawtrey.

"The bent of my inclinations were now apparent to my mother. She consulted father, who at once declared for letting the children do what they wanted to do in life, and advising that I be given 'my head,' so, as a result of this I was sent off to the Ernest d'Auban School of Musical and Dramatic Art, where I studied with Cairns James. At the end of a year news got round the school that Louis Rihl was going to hold an audition for a pianist. Louis then ran a concert party called 'The Tatlers' and his principal comedian had been taken seriously ill at the commencement of the season. Rihl obviously wanted someone to take his place—it was an artful move on his part to say that a pianist who could mix with the crowd was required, no doubt he thought this would save him money. Anyhow, I was dead keen on getting this engagement. There was only one snag. I couldn't play the piano. I'd had lots of music lessons but had never mastered reading from sight. But I had got an ear for music, so I stayed up until midnight learning a piece by slowly picking out the notes!

"That audition was a breathless affair. I sang a verse and the refrain from a comic song, did an eight-bar dance, and then Rihl abruptly stopped me. 'What about playing me something?' he said. 'Certainly,' I replied. With all the *sang froid* imaginable I played the piece I had so laboriously learnt, note by note, the night before. 'You'll do,' said Rihl, and I was engaged on the spot. A few days after I went off to Penarth to join 'The Tatlers.' On my arrival I sat in an audience composed of six old ladies, two small children and a dog, in a pavilion at the end of the pier, and saw the performance through. I didn't think much of it except Herbert Burney—he's my secretary now, a boy of seventy-two, you've just seen him walk out of that door—and the pianist who was outstanding, Harry Wolseley Charles; he, later became a prominent member of the Co-Optimists, he and Melville Gideon played two pianos on the stage. Charles has also written all Stanley Holloway's most famous ballads."

IN the following year, Charles broke away from "The Tatlers" and formed a new concert party, "The Scamps." Henson went with him and stayed five years, touring all over England. Finally these two concert parties combined and came to the Comedy Theatre, where they enjoyed an artistic success, which would have been a financial one as well, had the finances held out. As it was, *Nicely, Thanks*, as the show was called, was glad enough to accept an engagement at the Palace where Pavlova topped the bill, and *Nicely, Thanks* was at the bottom. Here Henson was seen by a literary agent who was so impressed that he rang up Douglas Furber,

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the playwright, and said Furber must on no account miss seeing Henson's stage work.

But meanwhile summer had come and Leslie Henson and "The Scamps" were once more touring England. Furber saw Leslie at Folkestone and was as impressed as his agent had been. He in turn, urged his agent that something must be done for him. It was not so easy, time went on, the end of the season was at hand, and also the last week of Henson's contract. The company were at Wrexham, playing twice nightly in a picture house, the only respite between six and eleven being a twenty-minute break while the house emptied and filled again for the last performance. Henson had nothing in view, Charles wanted him to go on, but he saw no future with concert parties and determined to become a free lance. On the Friday morning of that week Henson received a wire from Furber: "Come London at once meet agent with view to engagement." That night he motored after the show to Chester and caught the midnight train to London. He met Furber who took him to the agent where he was given an introduction to Edward Laurillard written on a postcard. The upshot of this interview, in sequence, was that Henson caught the 2.30 back to Chester, motored to Wrexham, arrived with barely ten minutes to make up and get on the stage, played two performances, travelled to London again on the Sunday, and on Monday morning was rehearsing at the Gaiety Theatre in *To-night's the Night*, having been given the magnificent part of one line in the second act.

"With this one line" continued Henson, "I duly went to New York. It was said to Robert Nainby, the character comedian, who will be remembered for his French parts in *The Orchid* and countless other plays, and I discussed it with him on the ship going over; on it we built up a ten-minute scene, when we arrived in New York our two waiters proved a real success at the Shubert Theatre on Broadway. Although we had never met before my engagement with the company, everybody thought we were an established vaudeville act. One often heard in conversation 'Seen those two guys at the Shubert?' I also understudied Lauri de Freece; one night he was ill and I played his part. This must have been duly noted by the management.

"We came back to London where *To-night's the Night* was due at the Gaiety. De Freece, however, had arranged to take a show on the road and I was offered his part. That was the beginning of my association with Grossmith and Laurillard. I went on to play for them for twelve years without a break, during that time only having twelve first nights, a record of long runs which I do not think has ever been approached. I didn't know what a holiday was those years. I was lucky if I got a fortnight's break between each run. When Grossmith and Laurillard blew up I was the last member of that enormous organisation, working under my contract three months after the firm had ceased to exist!

"During the run of *A Night Out* at the Winter Garden Theatre, the Co-Optimists were born in my dressing-room. During the war, Davy Burnaby, Phyllis Monkman and a bunch of us had given concerts at hospitals; in the years before the war Davy had been with 'The March Hares' concert party, and had liked pierrot work so much that he always had the urge to break into concert-party work again. At the Winter Garden, Davy shared a room with me, and night after night we discussed the possibilities of such a show. Then came a heat wave and a slump in the theatre. I was on a long contract but no one else was engaged for the new play. Davy then decided to put on a summer pierrot show—much the type of entertainment we had given at hospitals—and the idea was that I was to be in it. But I said no, I had only eight weeks before rehearsals for the new play started—if I proved worth my salt in the show, it would knock a hole in it when the time came for me to leave. But I took the greatest interest in the production. The Co-Optimists opened at the Royalty Theatre with a few hundred pounds, scraped together from two (Continued on page 122)



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'CHARLIE HAS BEEN MADE SCOUTMASTER



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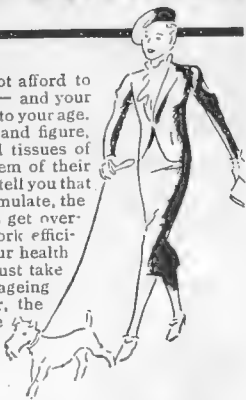


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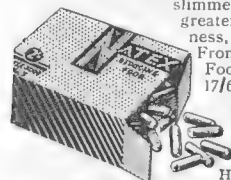
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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Leslie Henson

Fleet Street journalists, Archie de Bear and Clifford Whitley, and were a great draw for ten years. Although I never personally had a penny in the production I am always proud of my association with that grand success.

"In the Co-Optimists was my protégé whom I had 'discovered' at Clacton-on-Sea. I brought him back to London and he played with me at the Winter Garden, later he became a prominent Co-Optimist. One day I heard a story which I thought was very funny. I rushed with this to Stanley (if we had anything to laugh at, we always shared it.) He roared with laughter; for days after, whenever we met, he would say: 'Wouldn't it make a grand monologue?' The upshot was that he wrote the story in rhyme and Wolseley Charles fitted it with a running musical commentary. That was the founding of Stanley Holloway and his success as a top line music-hall star, and the story was about old Sam picking up his musket.

"Incidentally, and going back on my story, it may interest you to know that there was nearly never a Leslie Henson at all; it was a close shave. It was when Louis Rihl offered me my first engagement that I cogitated whether Leslie Henson was a good stage name or not. I decided it wasn't. What was then? My mother's maiden name was Squire, my father's christian name, Lincoln, so I decided to call myself Squire Lincoln. Then in the fluster of going to Penarth I forgot all about it and so remained plain Leslie Henson. But I always feel there's a lot in a name, a name can make a personality. Look at the most glamorous woman of the English stage, Gladys Cooper. Cooper is not a very pretty name, in fact, it's a man's trade, while Gladys is almost a joke of a name. But combine the two—and you have glamour!

"The time came when I joined Tom Walls in management and produced *Tons of Money* with a company which, led by Ralph Lynn, Mary Brough and Robertson Hare, turned into a stock company at the Aldwych Theatre for eleven years, and made, I think with all becoming modesty, something of a page in theatrical history. The productions at the Aldwych were also a big success in British pictures. Then I joined Laddie Cliff at the Carlton until that theatre was turned into a picture palace. Which reminds me that when I played at the Dominion before that, in turn, became a cinema, I acted on the stage in Holborn while the audience sat in Marylebone. No joke, but perfectly true; I worked it out, the boundary line ran clean through the theatre.

"After a run of free lancing, I wasn't feeling at all well in the summer of 1928, and wasn't worrying about looking for work. A very good friend offered me his villa in the South of France for a couple of months, an opportunity I seized upon. I had been on tour the early part of that summer. When I once more appeared in the Green Room Club it was to meet a little American actor who had just made a great success in London. It was Ernest Truex and we struck up a friendship at once. His play was just coming off and we arranged to share the expenses of the villa between us and to motor all the way. It was all fixed for us to leave London on the Thursday. Lunching at the Green Room on the Wednesday afternoon I met my old friend and producer, Felix Edwardes. He asked what I was doing in the autumn and I replied that I had fixed nothing. 'What about you and the Astaires together in town?' Felix remarked. I thought that seemed a good proposition. Felix said: 'See Butt this afternoon.' I did so, had five minutes' chat with him, and it was arranged that I should open at the Princess Theatre with Fred and Adèle Astaire in *Funny Face*. Actually Adèle Astaire was *Funny Face*, but the public, until they had seen the show, all took it for granted that *Funny Face* was me. After my holiday, we opened with an unknown comedian called Sydney Howard and the play was a smash hit. Howard became a star in a night and all the leading parts enjoyed a success.

"The famous drunk scene I had with Howard in this play was the easiest but the

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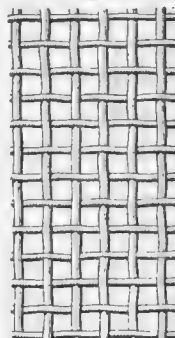
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most effective scene I've ever played—a grand, quiet comedy scene. I've got a record of it—incidentally I was paid 1½d. royalty on every record sold, and I received a cheque for £400, so you can work out for yourself how popular that record was. That disk contained every word of our scene and played for three and a half minutes. But when we played it on the stage it often ran into twenty-five minutes—which meant there was twenty-two minutes of laughter while Howard and I never moved, just stood and looked at each other for the laughter to cease. Most of the effect of that scene was got by facial expression.

"*Funny Face* provided an awful contretemps on the first night. There was a scene in which Howard was supposed to shoot me, and I did my best to help him, even advising him on the best position to take aim properly. Finally he did shoot me. Knowing that old trick of stage revolvers that don't fire at the right cue, I thought I would lessen the risk by having a revolver in my pocket. If Sydney's didn't go off, then I could go over to him, produce mine, and say: 'Try this one.' That would also get another laugh. To still further lessen the risk the stage manager in the wings was provided with one, as was also the property man on the other side of the stage.

"The scene started. As I expected, Sydney's revolver refused to function. I handed him mine—big laugh—that didn't fire. Audience thinking this part of the show screamed. I looked hopefully into the wings. The stage manager was pressing on his weapon with desperation, on the other side the property man was giving what seemed an exhibition of all-in wrestling with his. I never know how that scene finished; I do know that not one of those four revolvers went off.

"After the show a full court of inquiry was set up. It was then discovered that one of the property master's assistants had tried to load the revolvers with cartridges that were much too large, so he had actually hammered them in. He provided the four revolvers but was the only one who was fired.

"Soon after *Funny Face* I made my first appearance in a non-musical play. W. H. Berry was playing in a farce *Warm Corner* at the Princess; I was on holiday at Le Touquet, when my partner wrote and asked me to come back to London for one day to, as he put it, clean up some general business in the office. I didn't know of the foul scheme he and the author, Austin Melford, had concocted until I arrived. After business had been discussed, Firth Shephard informed me that Bill Berry had been taken ill, and the doctor had expressed the opinion that he would not be able to return to the cast of a *Warm Corner* for some considerable time—if ever! With that, Austin Melford casually strolled into the office, just as if he had been waiting for a cue, and as I had never seen him there before, I immediately got suspicious. He started on me and tactfully explained that I must open in Berry's place. This happened on a Thursday afternoon. Finally, I fell for their blandishments. Both embraced me. Then it came to the question of when did I open? I said I might learn the part by the following Thursday. Melford quickly swung in a left hook to the jaw: 'What about Monday?' I accepted his challenge, studied the part Friday and Saturday, had a rehearsal with the company on the Sunday and played the part on the Monday evening. I am proud to say that I was word perfect and never had to take even one prompt all through the evening.

"I played in *Warm Corner* for the rest of the run and during that time made my first talking picture, which was also the first talking picture which Victor Saville produced. He didn't care for the new medium at all. My chief recollection of that picture is of him constantly moaning all through the shots 'Oh, for the good old silent days!'

"One afternoon I dropped into a matinée and visited a friend in his dressing-room. Installed there for the afternoon was a fortune teller. Of course, I had to have my hand read. The gipsy-looking woman said: 'You are faced with a big decision in your career. You have got

(Continued on page 125)

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Britannia & Eve for September, 1938

Leslie Henson

to make up your mind whom you are going to join forces with. Two tall blond men offer you future work. One is in the theatre, the other I cannot explain, whatever it is, it is not in the theatre. I can see you walking up a rough path besides field into a big barn—it looks like a barn—and there you will work on this business. It isn't a theatre. It all sounded like a lot of nonsense to me.

"Within two months of that reading, I walked up a rough path between fields into the big film studio at Elstree, then called 'The Barn,' and there made a film with a tall blond, Victor Saville. During the production he said to me: 'If you care to leave the stage altogether and join me, I can guarantee you more money than you are making in the theatre and half the work.' At the same time another blond, Firth Shephard, was asking me to join forces with him permanently.

"I chose my original love, the theatre, and am still at it.

"Sydney Howard and I had another success in *It's a Boy* with a drunk scene in which we drank milk with a dash of whisky, but the milk lessened with every drink and the whisky increased. Finally we finished with a tumbler of whisky and a spot of milk on my finger. There was also another good scene where we met disguised as two women. Austin Melford had adopted this play from a famous German farce, but the two high spots in the play were both his own invention.

"From then on I have worked with Firth Shephard, reverting to musical comedy with *Nice Goings On* and *Lucky Break* at the Strand, and then back to my old home at the Gaiety, where I held my twenty-first theatrical birthday on the stage of the same theatre in which I had first started. Since then I have produced *Seeing Stars*, *Swing Along* and *Going Greek* with the same company. In fact, the Gaiety is fast turning into a stock company with a settled policy.

"I would like to say how proud I am to have produced in plays such actors and actresses as Godfrey Tearle, Stanley Lupino, Lilian Braithwaite, Alice Delysia, Isabel Jeans, Fay Compton, Ronald Squire, Yvonne Arnaud and a host of others."

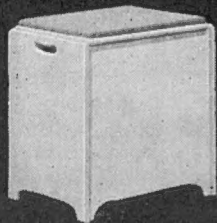
I rose to go. Mr. Henson looked somewhat tired. "Never mind," I remarked. "Tomorrow's the week-end. You'll be able to ease off." He laughed. "Shall I tell you one of my typical week-ends?" he said. "Do," I replied. "Here goes then," said Henson.

"Saturday morning: Rehearsal from 11 to 1 of radio commercial programmes. Lunch 1.30. Afternoon, play at matinée. After matinée rehearsal for big charity show, have to produce fifty to sixty well-known names on the stage. All have had to be written to and called to rehearsal. To my astonishment, they all turn up. Start rehearsing 5.45. At 6.45, remember that all on stage must have food before they go on to their theatres. Rush home in car—I always like to sit down for half an hour and have meal at home. Then back to the theatre and play in evening show, always strenuous on a Saturday. Afterwards make speech to audience and thank them for their applause. This lasts seven or eight minutes. In dressing-room, tear off make-up, rush into street clothes, jump into car and motor into country—perhaps to Raymond Massey's lovely house on the other side of Horsham. Arrive there about 1.30, if lucky, in bed by 2.15. Up early in morning, breakfast and a round of golf with Massey at Pulborough. Lunch, then relax. Leave at 4, motor London, home at 5.30. Write speech for public dinner that night. Christy upstairs with bath and clothes. Get into evening dress and go to some Park Lane hotel, dinner—which I can't eat for nerves and thinking over speech. Speech over, I swallow one more cup of coffee and leave the company to dance. Rush to the Gaiety Theatre to appear in a Green Room Rag or a Savage Club Parade, and then to the Palladium to appeal for some good charitable cause. Back to hotel, pick up wife, drive her home, which we reach, possibly by 1.30, possibly not. And so to bed, as Mr. Pepys would say, refreshed by my week-end, and ready for the week's work."

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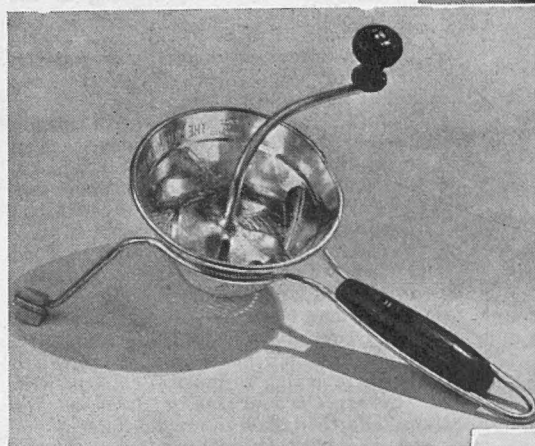
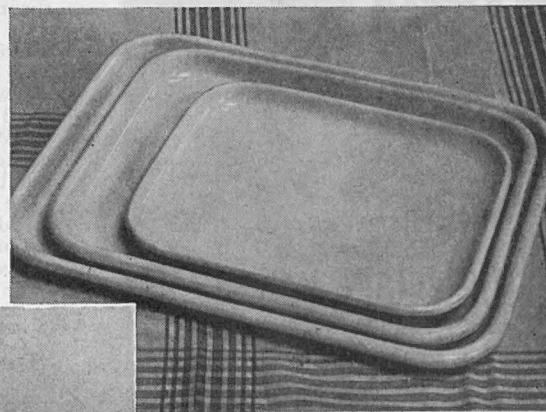
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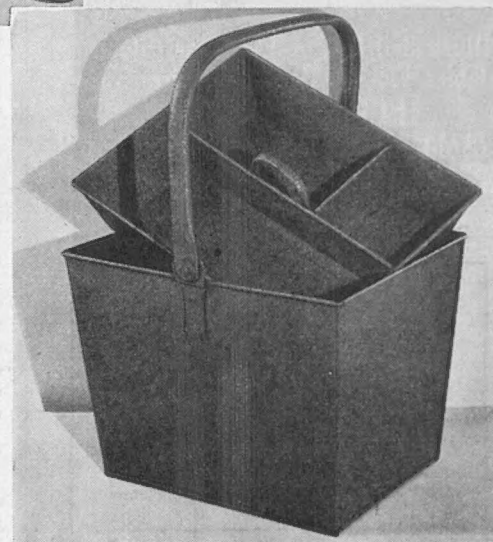
KITCHENCRAFT

Right: Save larder space by keeping bacon, cheese and other foodstuffs on these flat, white enamelled trays which lie flush side by side. Sizes 12, 14, 16 18 and 20 inches, prices 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d. and 4s. 9d.



Left: The "Moulinette" self-sharpening mincer for parsley, mint, meat, fish, suet, bread, peel and almonds. Also excellent for purées. Price 2s. 6d.

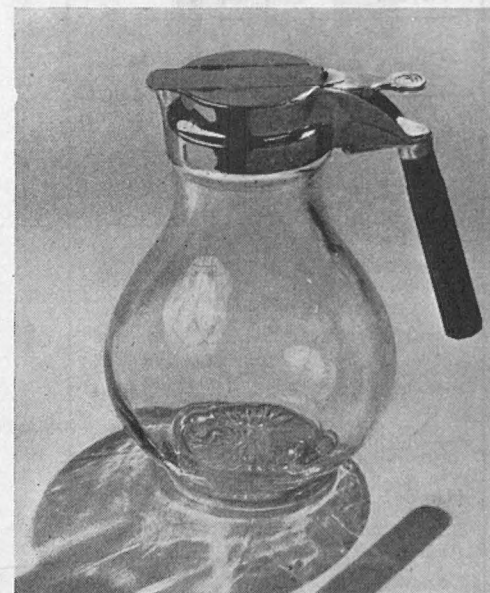
Below: Useful housemaid's box in green or blue japanned iron, light and strongly made. Price 7s. 6d.



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Right: The household "Dripcut" pourer, a new dripless server with chromium plated top incorporating a slide which cuts off drips like a knife. For golden syrup, mayonnaise, salad oil, ketchup, which can be poured freely without fear of subsequent stickiness. In plain glass 5s., cut glass 6s. 6d.





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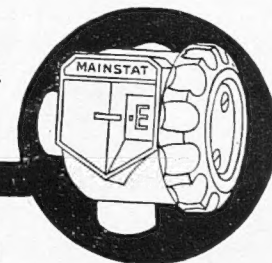


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